

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.*

VOL. XXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

No. 5.

## A NEW UNIVERSITY.

IN a previous issue the announcement was made that THE COSMOPOLITAN had taken in hand work intended to supply a gap in existing educational facilities; and that the presidency of the new university had been offered to one of the most distinguished men at the head of our great colleges. Before this announcement was given out, assurances had been received that the invitation would meet with a favorable response if the president in question could be relieved of his duties at the university then under his charge.

The central idea underlying the establishment of this new University was that of bringing liberal education, in its broadest sense, within the reach of many who have the aspiration, but are deprived of the opportunity. Enviroing duties or lack of means are barriers which exclude many bright minds from their fullest ripening. As the result of the development of our public school system, and the cheapening of books, there has grown up a large class of men and women who seek either education in its most extended aspect, or desire to extend their knowledge in special lines. But comparatively few of these are so situated that the great educational institutions of the country are open to them.

Yet it is of the highest importance to the Republic and the general welfare that education should be extended. In the intelligence of the greatest number lies the hope of good government and general prosperity. False and limited education may cause discontent. Real education opens the mind to the truth of actual surroundings, dissipates the miasma of false ideals, and tends to right thinking, right living and happiness.

The work which THE COSMOPOLITAN has undertaken is in the direction of supplying necessities long familiar to the most experienced educators. But it was impossible to undertake an organization of such a character without having secured as its head an educational mind of the first ability. Chiefly to this cause may be ascribed the delay. The president of any great university to whom application might be made must naturally hesitate when asked to step down from his position of assured vantage in order to undertake a new experiment, however promising the field.

Nor was it merely a tried educator and college administrator who was required. The director of such an undertaking must enter new territory, in which there were no precedents for guidance. The position demanded a man of the broadest mental calibre—a creative man and resourceful—one who would not be frightened by the ghosts which

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blocked educational progress for more than three hundred years. To succeed he must reason out the new problems on their exact merits, and establish a system of education suitable to the closing years of the nineteenth century. He must stand ready to avail himself, without prejudice, of all that will make for the good and well-being of the students.

Before the reader has arrived at this paragraph, he will have glanced at the portrait which appears as the frontispiece of this number and have realized how successful THE COSMOPOLITAN has been in its search, and under what favorable auspices the young men and women of the new University will enter upon their work.

It was after an unusually wide experience as college professor and teacher in many branches of study that Dr. Andrews took in hand the presidency of the chief college of Rhode Island. Brown University had at the time few students, little of prestige, and was badly provided with the buildings and apparatus required for the best results in college life. An incident growing out of a discussion as to the freedom of thought and expression permitted to a college president, by a board of trustees, left President Andrews free to resign. Under his charge the university had grown until its equipment was one of the most complete in the country, and the fame of the thorough instruction imparted within its walls had increased the roll of students to more than eleven hundred.

For many years President Andrews has been one of the strong figures before the American people. He has steadily grown in public estimation as a sincere student of the general welfare and a man of straightforward purpose and entire fearlessness. He was selected by President Harrison as a member of the commission sent to Europe to weigh the difficult problems of international finance. His history of the United States is of recognized historical importance. His supplementary "History of the Past Twenty-five

Years" was one of the most widely read historical works ever issued, having been prepared at the special invitation of the Messrs. Scribner for their magazine. Although written while many of the chief actors were still alive, it has commanded general approval by the fair-minded way in which events have been considered.

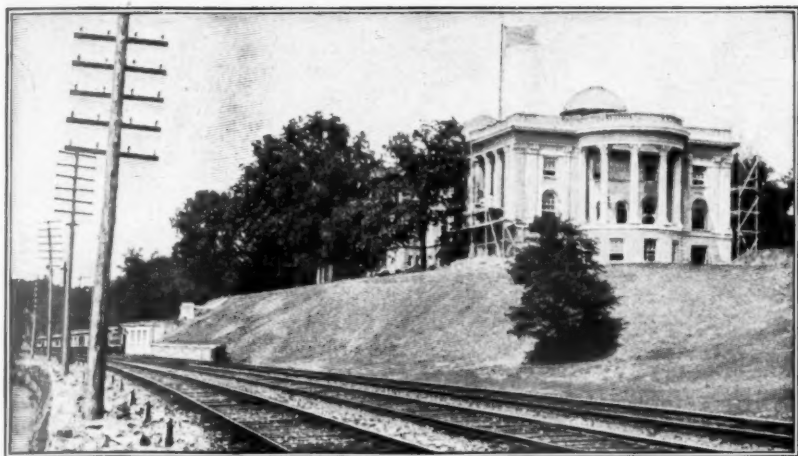
It is therefore under the most fortunate auspices that THE COSMOPOLITAN organization is begun. President Andrews will give his personal attention to the requirements of all classes of students, and they can feel the strongest confidence in the matured judgment which will be brought to the study of their needs.

Recognizing the important character of the work upon which he is entering, President Andrews has asked the assistance of a Board of Advisors, drawn from men who have the interests of education thoroughly at heart, though of widely varying occupations. The full board will be announced in October.

A feature of the new University will be that it entails no payment of fees of any kind upon the part of its students. The services rendered will be free, and no charges will be made, directly or indirectly, THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE having undertaken to provide for the necessary expenses until such a time as men and women of means shall recognize the importance of the work to be done and come to the aid of the University with financial support calculated to enlarge its powers for good.

President Andrews will take charge on September first, and the work of the University will be formally begun on October first. As was stated in the original announcement, the courses of studies will be worked out with reference to the special needs of the students, *and will be designed not only to produce broader minds, more cultivated intellects and give greater fitness for special lines of work, but to make better citizens, better neighbors and give a happier, higher type of man and womanhood.*

All instruction blanks, examination papers, official circulars, etc., will be furnished free. No conditions, except pledge of a given number of hours study, will attach to the entrance of students upon the rolls. Students desiring to enter upon a course will forward to The Cosmopolitan University, New York, the following information: 1st. Name and address; 2d. Previous courses of study; 3d. Occupation in life; 4th. Purpose for which education is sought; 5th. Studies which the applicant desires to pursue.

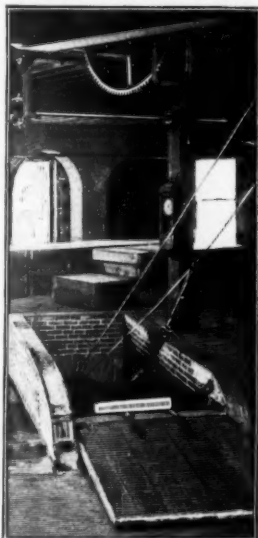


### THE COSMOPOLITAN.

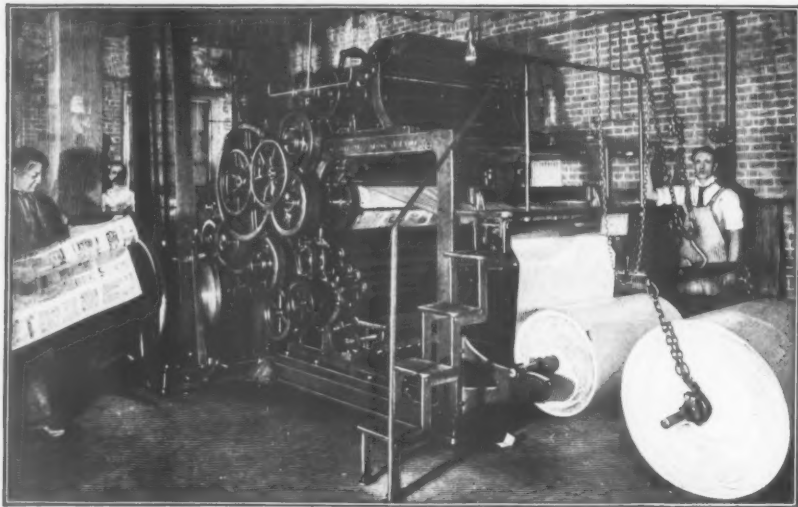
THE AIMS, METHODS AND PROGRESS OF THE MAGAZINE WHICH CLAIMS THE LARGEST CLIENTELE OF INTELLIGENT, THOUGHTFUL READERS REACHED BY ANY PERIODICAL—DAILY, WEEKLY OR MONTHLY—IN THE WORLD.

THE important move which will signalize the opening of the tenth year of THE COSMOPOLITAN under its present management would in itself be sufficient to justify some allusion to the aims and methods under which the magazine has reached its present position. But the letters which, from time to time, come to the editor out of busy cities or from remote country villages, indicate that the relation between the magazine and its readers is more than merely one of demand and supply, and that the editor has in his constituency a body of friends who feel a direct interest in the work of the magazine, understand its broader purposes and mark with warm approval each step of progress.

They have a right to take an interest in its affairs, because, after all, what is a magazine but a great co-operative undertaking, in which the readers constitute a chief factor. It is their support which makes all things possible for the editor. As stockholders, they receive their dividends in the increased excellence of the magazine and in enterprises like this new university movement, which marks a distinct advance towards public usefulness and bears upon the general welfare. The cost of the magazine is divided among them, and becomes a merely nominal sum, because they number some hundreds of thousands. It is a curious reflection that if THE COSMOPOLITAN were issued in the number ordinarily printed of a first edition of a book, it would be necessary to charge each subscriber a price of five dollars per copy, or sixty dollars a year, in order to cover



TUNNEL THROUGH WHICH PAPER IS BROUGHT FROM RAILWAY SWITCH



A COTTRELL ROTARY PERFECTING PRESS.

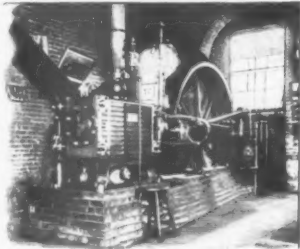
the expenses involved in the production of the magazine. Nine years ago the total number of magazines printed in the United States did not greatly exceed the figures of the present edition of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. Three splendid illustrated monthlies occupied the field. "The Century," "Harper's" and "Scribner's" magazines were all superb publications, and the American people were justly proud that in this branch of literature they were far in advance of the English periodicals. But the prices, twenty-five and thirty-five cents per copy, were prohibitive to a large number of people.



IN THE BOILER-ROOM.

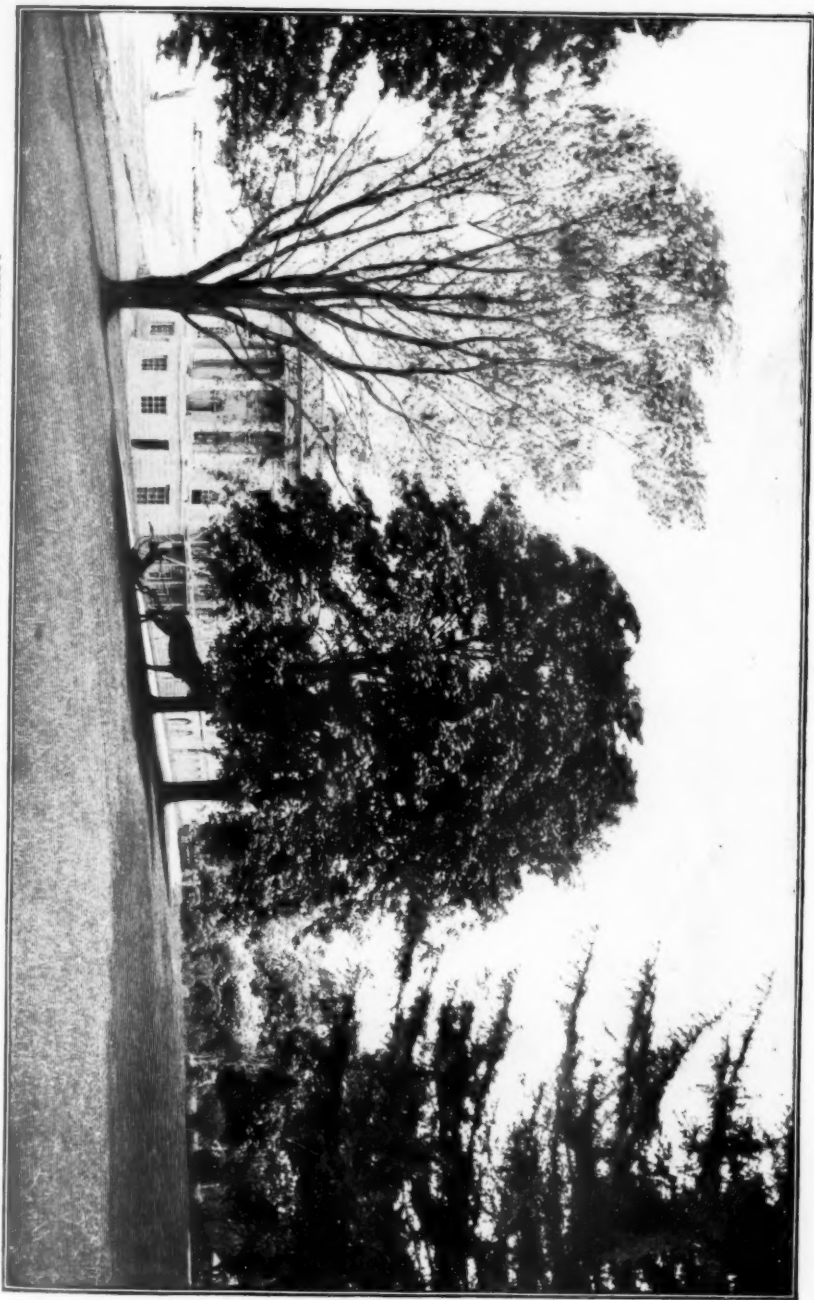
three hundred thousand mark if the magazine were reduced to twelve and one-half cents on the news-stands, or one dollar and twenty cents by the year? Increased production meant nothing additional for manuscripts, drawings, rent, management, insurance and many other items. These were fixed charges whether one thousand copies or three hundred thousand copies should be printed.

*THE COSMOPOLITAN*, entering a field so well occupied, slowly won its readers until it was able to claim third, if not second, place in the lists. At this time the magazine was being manufactured by a large job-printing house. As the editions increased, attention was called to the importance of organizing a separate printing plant, where all the machinery should be constructed with reference solely to the needs of the magazine. A year later a plant was installed, and at the close of 1892 *THE COSMOPOLITAN* was printed on machinery exactly adapted to its needs, and issued from its own press-room and bindery. The economy which was immediately evident suggested a new problem: Would it be possible to reach the



ENGINE-ROOM.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE HUDSON RIVER FROM THE COSMOPOLITAN GROUNDS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



The immense advantages which so large a circulation would possess for the advertiser, desiring to reach the general public, would very probably compensate for the profit hitherto made on each copy sold at twenty-five cents.

The suggestion was so radical in character that it required some months of figuring to make sure that no inaccuracy existed in the calculation. Finally the change of price was announced. For a time *THE COSMOPOLITAN* was compelled to endure in silence the somewhat pointed criticisms which greeted its departure from the traditions of magazine publishing. Months elapsed before the example was followed. Then came one, then another, and finally many entered the field. One publication reduced its news-stand price to ten cents. The news companies gave *THE COSMOPOLITAN* a lower rate for handling, and enabled it to bring the price on the news-stands from twelve and one-half cents to ten. As was prophesied at the time the change went into effect, it has proved an educational movement of the greatest importance, the best in literature and art being to-day within easy reach of every household.

While this radical departure, in offering the public a magazine of the highest class for ten cents, was viewed with doubt by publishers, the public itself was quick to recognize the importance of the step, and gave *THE COSMOPOLITAN* an immediate and generous support. The rapid in-

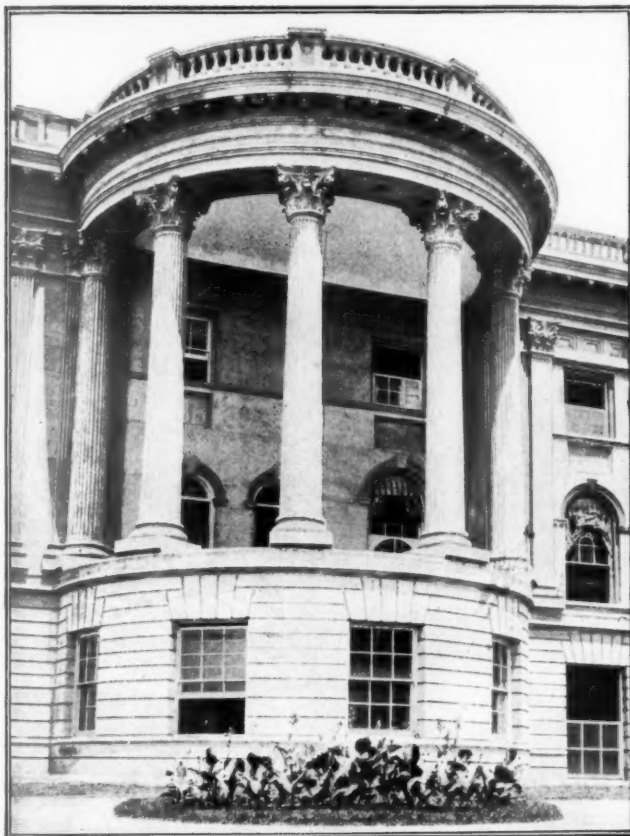
crease in circulation demanded that the existing facilities for manufacture should be trebled. Extended floor space was required, and an immediate move became a necessity.

It was while studying the problem of location, with reference to convenience for transportation, perfection of light and general economy, that a new question presented itself: Why should a large force of employes be compelled to suffer all the disadvantages of city life—narrow, badly-lighted workshops, small tenements, hot streets, high rents, noise and crowded schools for their children? In these days of rapid transit, life in the country has become a very different matter from the olden time when, in order to be under the protection of the city walls, the factory was crowded into the narrowest and worst ventilated of quarters. Mailed knights no longer frequent country high-roads. Roads themselves may be found which are well paved, and steam and electricity bring many miles into a compass of twice as many minutes.

The end of a careful study of all the requirements was that a piece of ground, embracing some twenty acres, was secured, immediately overlooking the waters of the Hudson, where the river broadens into the Tappan Zee—but thirty-nine minutes by rail from the very heart of New York. It would be impossible to find a location more admirably adapted for the purpose.



VIEW ALONG THE WEST SIDE OF BINDERY.



PART OF THE SOUTH END OF COSMOPOLITAN BUILDING, EXTERIOR COMPLETED.

After the dimensions for a building had been carefully worked out, with reference to the requirements of the magazine and to light, the plans were placed in the hands of Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. It was necessary to build speedily, and the only material available at short notice for so large a building was brick. But once the roof was covered in, the work of exterior ornamentation, in the most lasting German-Portland cements, began; and although but a small part of the exterior of the building has yet been finished, the results are such as to be more than satisfactory. The photographs here reproduced give a good idea of the circular portico on the south end and the southwest portico, one of the six which adorn the east and west façades.

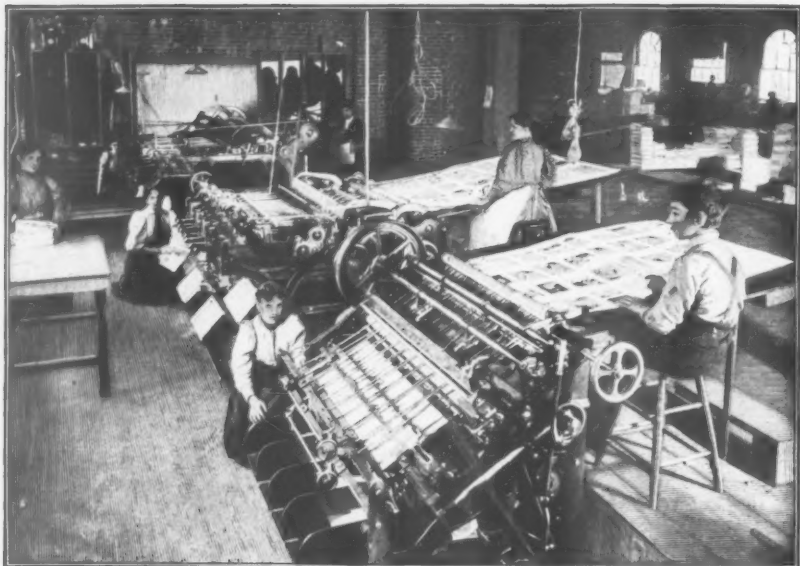
The building itself is two hundred and seventy-nine feet in length by seventy-six feet wide at the central portico. In the southeast corner a heavy fire-proof wall surrounds the engine and boiler rooms on the first story, the electrotyping department on the second, the art engraving department on the third and the photo-engraving department on the fourth floor, which is not visible from the outside, being lighted from skylights. No chimney is anywhere to be seen on the building, the south dome holding that architecturally undesirable feature. As it is finished flush with the dome,

and only hard coal is used, the concealment is complete.

The twenty-one large presses occupy the entire first floor of the main building, and rest on a solid concrete floor. The bindery takes up the space of the second floor, and the business office, composition room and editorial rooms occupy the third.

Inasmuch as THE COSMOPOLITAN'S move into the country was in the nature of an experiment, it may be well to give some opinion of the outcome, as a guide for those who have similar problems for consideration. Summed up, the advantages are:

**FIRST. SECURES HIGH GRADE OF EMPLOYÉS.**—It has resulted in bringing to THE COSMOPOLITAN a superior class of employés. To the man with a family, the Irvington location means a comfortable



SOME OF THE FOLDING MACHINES.

cottage and garden plot at a little more than the price of a narrow flat. He reaches his work within a few minutes after leaving his breakfast-table, and is saved the early rising, the half hour's ride on the elevated, and the car-fares. He lunches at home, and his children are raised amidst the healthiest surroundings. His own enjoyment of life is increased by spending hours in a well-ventilated and well-lighted workshop, and in return for this he gives better work and feels greater energy in performance. These advantages coming to be fairly understood and appreciated, the roll of applicants for places is always full, and there is scarcely a workshop in New York City wherein an employé will not gladly give up a position in favor of the country way of living. To-day drunkenness is a thing almost unknown among the employés of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, who have been picked for their skill, their gentlemanly bearing and reliable qualities.



ETCHING PLATES IN THE PHOTO-ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT.



IN THE PHOTO-ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT — PHOTOGRAPHING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT ON A CLOUDY DAY.

The office is a branch of the New York Typographical, Pressmen's and Electrotypers' Unions, and the scales of wages are the same as paid in the city. The expenses of living are maintained at about the same rate as in the city, but a man gets twice as much for his money. Each finds his own home without suggestion or interference from the employer. These results are worth weighing carefully. There are to-day hundreds of establishments in New York paying high rents for the smallest and most uncomfortable quarters, whose



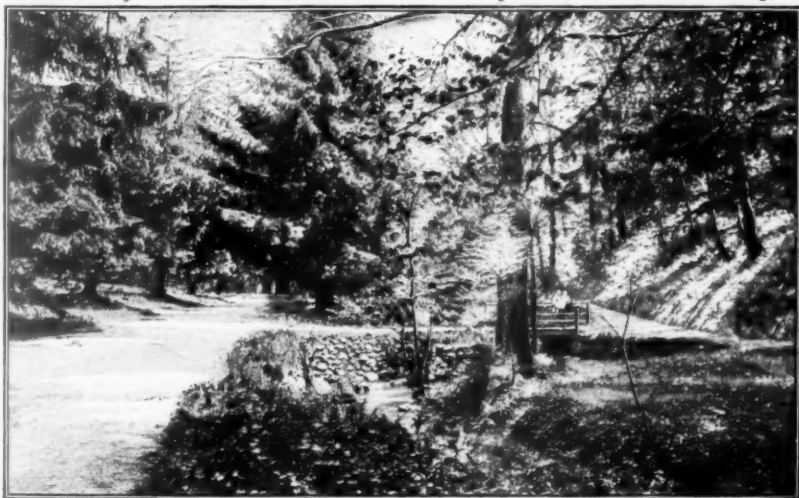
THE COSMOPOLITAN BUILDING, 279 FEET BY 76 FEET.  
SHOWN AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED. FROM DRAWINGS OF THE ARCHITECTS, MCKIM, MEAD & WHITE.

employés travel over miles of elevated roads at heavy expense of car-fare, rising at extraordinary hours in order to get to work in time. Hundreds of thousands of New York clerks and mechanics rush, at the close of business, to the ferries and depots to catch suburban trains, while the employer continues to pay enormous rentals for crowded quarters and poor light.

SECOND. ECONOMY OF HANDLING.—Through the possession of ample room for machinery and movement, the entire

transfer of material is made on wheels. Paper is placed on trucks as soon as taken from the cases, and is wheeled to the presses; from the presses to the folding machinery; from the folders to the gatherers; from the gatherers to the wire-stitchers; thence to the compressing and covering machines, and finally to the chute, down which it is sent by gravity to the mail-car.

THIRD. ECONOMIC SHIPPING FACILITIES.—THE COSMOPOLITAN building is itself a post-office, to which the post-



ROAD LEADING FROM COSMOPOLITAN GROUNDS TO BROADWAY.

master comes when a car-load of mail is ready for shipping. He drags the bags onto the large platform scales, weighing one or two thousand pounds at a time, then slides them off down an underground chute, at the end of which is the door of a mail-car. A passenger train stops when the car is loaded, backs onto THE COSMOPOLITAN's private switch, hitches on to the car, and a moment later is hurrying west with thirty or forty thousand pounds of magazines for the Pacific coast or for Chicago, or north for New England. The government itself is saved the expense of hauling more than a quarter of a million pounds of mail matter from the post-office to the railway station and the halting of trains while the bags are being lifted from the platform to the mail-car.

FOURTH. RECEIVING FREIGHT.—As the magazines leave the building by a tunnel, so all freight comes into it by another tunnel, which also opens in the ample freight-house, ninety feet in length, built along the railway switch. The heavy cases of paper are not even loaded on an elevator, but are automatically attached at the car door and pulled up a smooth incline until they land on the trucks in the press-room. In New York paper was trucked expensively from boat



MACHINES FOR PASTING WRAPPERS.

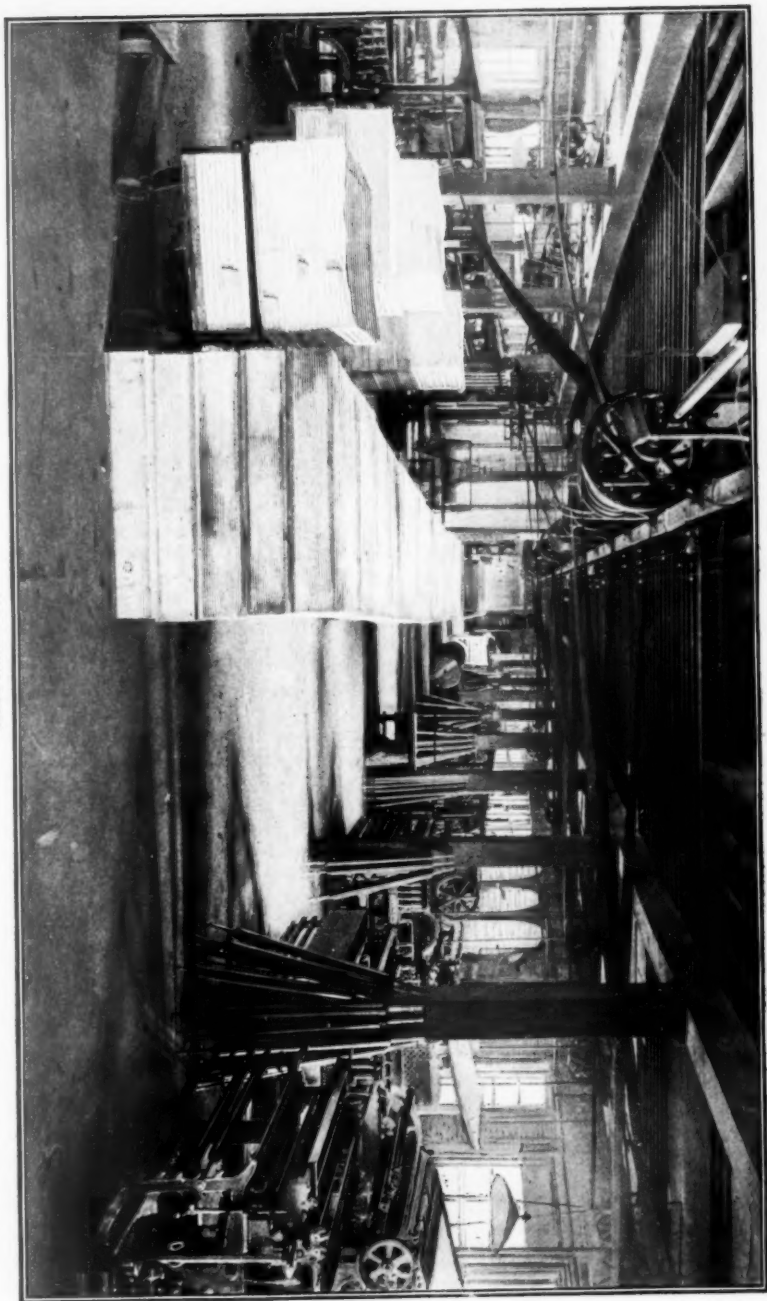
for the reception of the benzine used in cleaning the presses. Two reels, each containing two hundred feet of hose, stand ready to connect with hydrants near the building, the water pressure being one hundred and eighty pounds. Twenty Rex fire-extinguishers are scattered through the building in convenient batteries. The result is an insurance rate of less than one-third that charged in cities and an actual fire risk such as is probably not to be found in any other printing-house.

SIXTH. SAVING TO MACHINERY.—All presses and heavy machinery stand on solid cement floors. The vibration and wear and tear are thus reduced to a minimum.

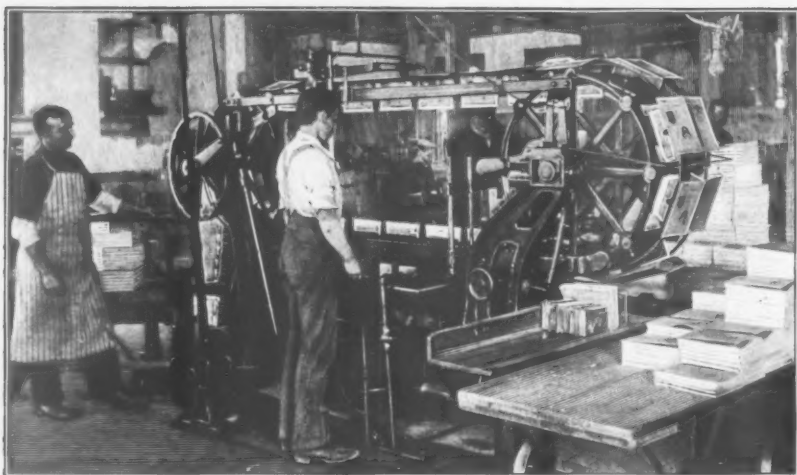
SEVENTH. SAVING IN GROUND RENTS.—The difference between the value of the land actually required for a building such as that now in use—to say nothing of surrounding acres—would amount to about one hundred thousand dollars in favor of the Irvington



GATHERING THE PAGES INTO MAGAZINES.



THE PRESS-ROOM.



MACHINE FOR BINDING COVERS ON MAGAZINES.

location Summing up, in figures, the saving effected by the country location as compared with the average workshop in New York, it is possible to put the results roughly as follows:

Saving in truckage through streets, . . . . .	\$2,300
Saving in ground rents, . . . . .	6,000
Saving to machinery located on solid ground floor, . . . . .	3,000
Saving in insurance, . . . . .	2,000
Saving by handling on trucks in building, . . . . .	2,000
Total, . . . . .	\$15,300

But this by no means covers the total. It would be difficult to combine, in the average city building, ink manufacture, roller-making, photo-engraving, knife-grinding and the many things by which economies are reached in the manufacture of THE COSMOPOLITAN as located at Irvington. As an instance, a vault

built outside, under the green-sward, holds five months' supply of coal, and permits purchase at those times when coal is at the lowest figure. The problem of country versus city for large manufacturing establishments is one which will receive greater attention as rapid transit is extended. It needs only a careful study to show how greatly the average employé will benefit by removal into the environment designed by nature for man's enjoyment.

#### SOME REMINISCENCES.

Among those who contributed in the early days to THE



ENGRAVING ROOM.

COSMOPOLITAN's growth were the members of a council which assembled every Saturday afternoon about a long table in the editor's room. The name given to this assembly was "The Damnation Society," the supposed object of the meeting being to anticipate adverse criticism by the public. Indeed, the tradition ran that a medal awaited the person who should most sharply criticize the work of the editors, in order that the mistakes of one month might not be repeated in the next. But, regardless of the rather melancholy object that brought this literary family together, the session was usually a most delightful meeting, and the afternoon was only too short. Chief in criticism and practical advice was the late Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen—one of the truest friends and sincerest critics that it was possible for any editor to have—a liberal-minded, earnest man, who constantly had in view, not merely the literary success of the magazine, but its usefulness to the men and women for whom it was published. Murat Halstead, who contributed many bright sketches and a regular department, was another genial friend who came regularly to the Saturday Board. Others were Miss Elizabeth Bisland, who has since been distinguished in many lines of literary work; the late Edward Walker, who was recognized as one of the most promising of the younger literary men of that day, and Wilson de Meza, the artist and delightful man, who had special supervision of the art department, but was even then under the distinctly outlined shadow of the death which was after a few short years to remove him from his friends.



STAMPING NAMES AND ADDRESSES.

There is a bit of personal history attaching to the establishment of THE COSMOPOLITAN which may interest some of the many friends of James G. Blaine. When about to enter upon the work of organizing the magazine, Mr. Walker, who had enjoyed from boyhood the friendship of Mr. Blaine, happening to be in Boston, was invited to join him in his car, en route to New York. This was at the time that Mr. Blaine was being discussed for the cabinet of Mr. Harrison.

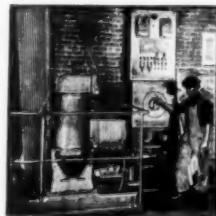
After laying his plans for the magazine before Mr. Blaine, the latter was asked to take editorial charge, it being urged that editorial work was naturally to his liking, and that in it he would find an agreeable retreat from the



From a photograph.

DETAILS OF UPPER CORNER OF PORTICO.

THE COSMOPOLITAN has had the benefit of other distinguished minds as directors of its editorial conduct. William Dean Howells was associate editor for a considerable period, resigning to give his time to the famous "Altrurian" papers, which subsequently ran for two years through the magazine. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, poet, novelist and mathematician, who is the Minister to Persia under President McKinley, was for two years associate editor and an occasional contributor. Flammarion's scientific novel "Omega," which was written for THE COSMOPOLITAN, was rendered into English by Mr. Hardy. Among the earliest of the regular contributors to THE COSMOPOLITAN was the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale has been for much more than a quarter of a century a marked personality. It would be difficult to overestimate the influence which his single pen has exerted upon our civilization.



500-LIGHT DYNAMO SUPPLYING LIGHT.



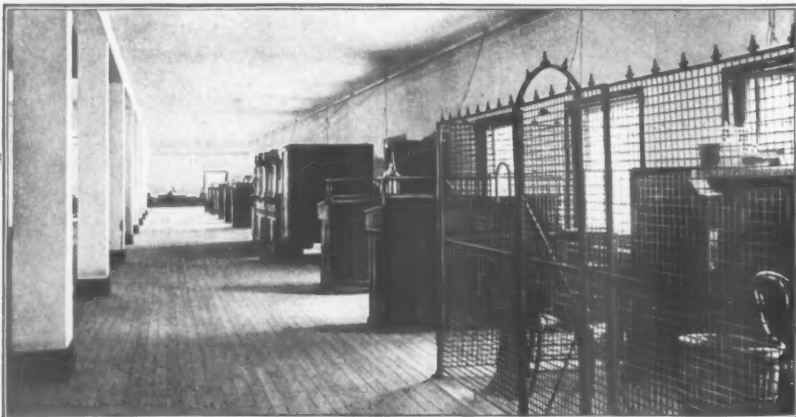
A BRANCH OF THE MAILING DEPARTMENT.

three weeks while the question of editorship or Secretaryship was being debated. The desire to be of service to the country in the matter of reciprocity, which was the favorite idea of Mr. Blaine's last years, and the opportunity offered in the Secretaryship of State to carry this policy into effect, was too great to be resisted. Had the decision been different the result would have been happier for all concerned.

#### REASONS FOR GROWTH.

While every energy has been used to make THE COSMOPOLITAN known throughout the world, it has, after all, depended for its growth upon the one thing of always aiming to give the best in thought, literature and art. There has been a steady undercurrent, running through the magazine, opposed to dilettanteism and literary snobbery in all their forms, while the general tone made for manliness of character, good common-sense in the philosophy of life and in public affairs, and a broad belief in the principles upon which this Republic was founded.

No task has been too difficult or costly if it promised substantial return to the readers of the magazine. The recent trip of Mr. Julian Hawthorne, to investigate the real conditions prevailing among the starving multitudes of India and determine the responsibility of civilization for so much misery, is an evidence of this policy.

THIRTY-TWO-PAGE STOP-CYLINDER  
HOE PRESS.

BUSINESS OFFICE FROM NORTH END.



COSMOPOLITAN FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The securing of Mr. Le Gallienne's rendering of the Rubáiyát may be cited as an instance of literary watchfulness.

The countries of the globe are divided into outposts for THE COSMOPOLITAN, organized to keep constant lookout for what is new and interesting—ever on the alert lest something of great thought or charming literary quality or artistic excellence may escape them.

It would be a long story to recite even the names of all the famous men and women whose work has appeared in THE COSMOPOLITAN. But a few may be given. Among American authors may be mentioned:

John G. Whittier, Henry James, ex-President Benjamin Harrison, W. D. Howells, Edward Everett Hale, Julia Ward Howe, Gail Hamilton, Henry Watterson, Moncure D. Conway, Rev. Lyman Abbott, George W. Cable, George William Curtis, Murat Halstead, Mark Twain, Poulney Bigelow, H. H. Boyesen, Mrs. Burton Harrison, "Bill Nye," "Jennie June," Charles Warren Stoddard, Walt Whitman, Thomas Nelson Page, George Parsons Lathrop, E. P. Roe, Octave Thanet, Edgar Fawcett, Donn Platt, Amelia Barr, Frank R. Stockton, Robert W. Chambers, Julian Hawthorne, George Edgar Montgomery, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Gen. Adam Badeau, Albion Tourgée, Thomas A. Janvier, Sara Orne Jewett, Amélie Rives, Ambassador John Hay, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Capt. Charles King, President Andrews, Brander Matthews, Marion Harland, James Russell Lowell, Henry George, James Whitcomb Riley, John Vance Cheney, Hamilton Mabie, E. W. Bok, Albert Shaw, Julian Ralph, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Cardinal Gibbons, Thomas W. Knox, Beatrice Harraden, W. H. Murray, R. K. Munkittrick, Frank Dempster Sherman, Mary E. Wilkins, Theron C. Crawford, Theodore

Roosevelt, Julian Gordon, ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, T. V. Powderly, Gen. A. W. Greeley, C. F. Holder, Kate Douglass Wiggin, Capt. Frederick Schwatka, Carroll Beckwith, Edmund Kirke, Judge Allen G. Thurman, Frederick Douglass, Rev. Myron Reed, Margaret Sangster, T. B. Connery, Molly Elliot Seawell, Prof. C. A. Young, Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, Prof. William Whitman Bailey, Prof. George F. Becker, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, Major James B. Pond, Frances Courtenay Baylor, John Habberton, Rev. Morgan Dix, ex-Senator Frye, Prof. William G. Sumner, Grace Greenwood, Gen. Thomas L. James, A. Cahan, Gustav Kobbé, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Elizabeth Cardozo, Prof. Dolbear, Katrina Trask, Prof. E. S. Holden, Clinton Ross, S. P. Langley, Hiram S. Maxim, Gilbert Parker, Maurice Thompson, E. S. Martin, Henry Clews, John J. a'Becker, Eleanor Lewis, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Lew Wallace, Reginald de Koven, John A. Cockrill, James Creelman, Gen. Thomas Ewing, Robt. Burns Wilson, Bliss Carmen, Clinton Scollard, Richard



COMPOSING ROOM.

L. Garner, Gertrude Atherton, Livingston B. Morse, Agnes Repplier, Gertrude Hall, Edith Sessions Tupper, "Buffalo Bill," Richard Henry Stoddard, Opie Read, Stephen Crane, Charles F. Lummis, Henry Cabot Lodge, Hamlin Garland, Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage, Sara Cooper Hewitt, F. T. Barnum, Gen. Horace Porter, Pres. Daniel C. Gilman, Pres. Timothy Dwight, Pres. Henry Morton, Elizabeth Bisland, Duffield Osburn and Edmund Clarence Stedman.

There is scarcely an American artist-illustrator of any note who has not furnished pleasure to the readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. Among them:

Chase, Remington, de Thulstrup, Pape, Attwood, Kemble, Clinedinst, Wiles, de Meza, both Chas. Dana and Wm. Hamilton Gibson, Wells Champney, Harry McVickar, Albert Sterner, Dan Beard, Gribayedoff, Peter Newell, F. O. Small, Reinhart, Smedley, Howard Pyle, Harry Fenn, Thomas Moran and also Percy and Leon Watson, Meeker, Austen, Herbert Pierson, Goater, Simons, Rhead, Durkin, Christopher Speier, C. D. Chapman, Robert Blum, Ridwood, Dewey-Bates, W. M. Johnston, Boston, C. C. Dodge, C. T. Chapman, J. H. Dolph, R. E. Sherwood, Eaton, Herbert Denman, H. Drake, Sandham, Filser, Henckel, Sontag, Van Duzen, "Chip," Bacher, Osterlind, Schuyler Matthews, Catherine Janvier, Wharton Edwards, Burr, Pelham, Hudson, Kline, F. S. Stoddard, Root, H. D. Murphy, Toasperm, Hooper, Allen, Gleeson, Windels, Kenyon Cox, Will Low, Frank Bellew, Charles Howard Johnson, Davidson, Zogbaum, H. S. Mowbray, Alice Barber Stephens, Frank H. Schell, Granville-Smith, Van Schaick, Wenzell, Katherine Pyle, Oliver Hereford, Alfred Parsons, Carter Beard, C. Y. Turner and F. Hopkinson Smith.

Among the English writers who have contributed to *THE COSMOPOLITAN* may be mentioned:

Richard A. Proctor, Conan Doyle, Andrew Lang, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Lewis Morris, Clark Russell, Richard Le Gallienne, Lord Wolseley, Max O'Rell, Archibald Forbes, Lady Colin Campbell, "Ouida," Sara Grand, H. G. Wells, Lady Dilke, Bram Stoker, J. A. Froude, George MacDonald, I. Zangwill and Rudyard Kipling.

Among the English artists who have



INK MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT.

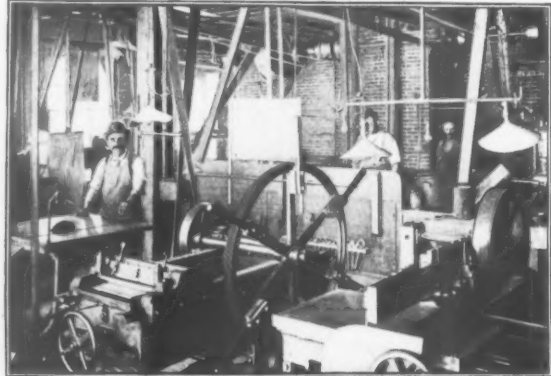
illustrated articles for *THE COSMOPOLITAN* are:

Walter Crane, Frederick Villiers, George Sauber, G. H. Boughton, Reginald Machell, T. Walter Wilson, G. Fairpoint, Cosmo Rowe, Warwick Goble and Mark Zangwill.

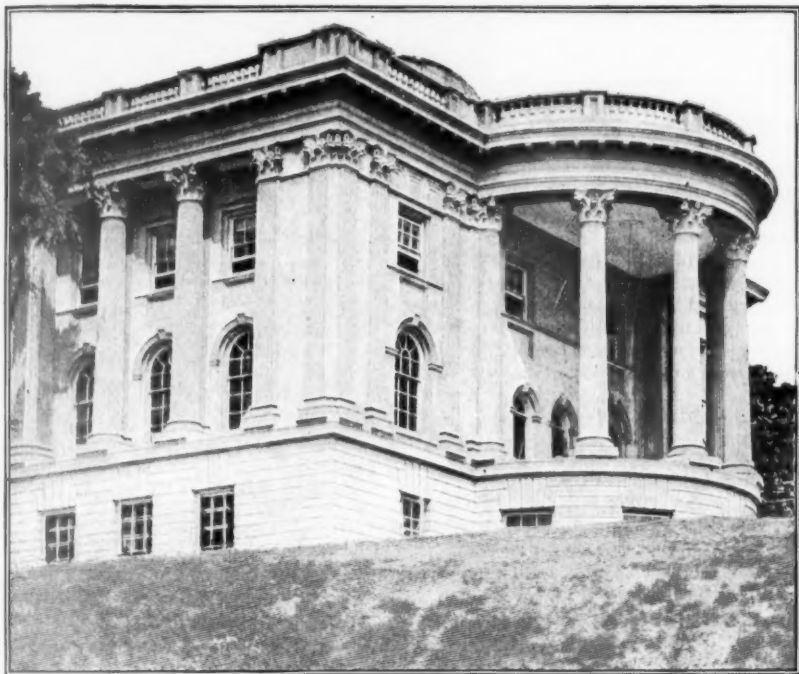
The list of French contributors to *THE COSMOPOLITAN* is headed by no less a person than Napoleon Bonaparte, the manuscript of the only love story ever written by the Emperor having had exclusive publication in this magazine. The last story written by de Maupassant, the most famous of short story writers, was published exclusively in *THE COSMOPOLITAN*. Among others are François Coppée, Barr Ferree, Ernest Daudet, Jane Hading, Sarah Bernhardt, Dr. Charcot, M. Berthelot, Francisque Sarcey and Paul Bourget.

Among the French artists whose work in *THE COSMOPOLITAN* has been most admired must be mentioned Jean Paul Laurens, Madeleine Lemaire, Saunier, Méaulle, Vogel, Rochegrosse, Geradin, Chovin, Tous-saint, Guillonnet, Carlos Schwabe, Wagrez, Charles Toché, V. Meurein, F. Lix, L. Marold, Sauber, Regamey and Rossi.

From Spain have come



FINISHING ROOM, ELECTROTYPING DEPARTMENT.



*From a photograph.*

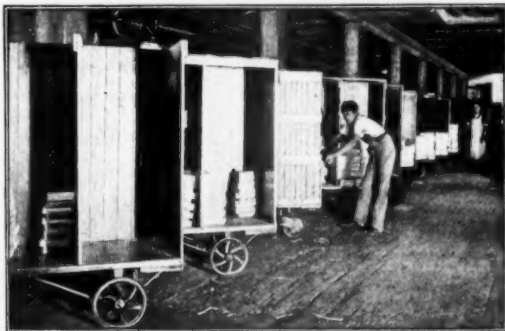
SOUTHWEST AND SOUTH PORTICOS.

contributions to THE COSMOPOLITAN by the famous novelist, Valdez, and the drawings of Cabrinetty; Hungary has sent stories by Maurus Jokai; Germany, manuscripts from Frederick Spielhagen; Turkey, from Osman Bey, and Roumania a manuscript from the Queen herself—"Carmen Sylva."

These lists are interesting to all as showing the wide extent of the field that is covered in the search for what is worth while.

There is an idea abroad that the magazines are surrounded by literary cliques—special friends of the editor—and that through favor their manuscripts obtain places in the magazine. Nothing could be further from the truth. The editor has his emissaries in every part of the world hunting for good matter. He is never satisfied with that which he publishes. "Something better" is the motto which

is always urging him on. A talented new writer is hailed with acclaim. Each manuscript is examined upon its merits, without regard to the name of the writer. The work of even the first reading must be done with the greatest care, because at any moment a neglected manuscript may be called for, and a weak or poorly-considered endorsement brings disfavor for the expert who has



LINE OF BIN TRUCKS USED IN BINDERY.

attached his endorsement. The editor himself knows that any favoritism upon his own part will weaken the magazine and bring punishment. A favor to a friend may cost him several thousand subscribers. His success depends upon the judicial fairness with which he exercises judgment.

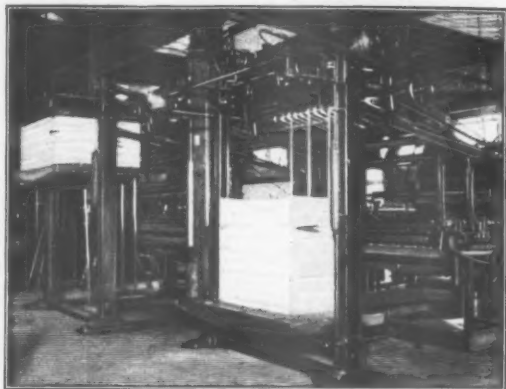
The editor sometimes publishes an article, or a series of articles, which he very well knows will lose him the kindly feeling of many subscribers and result in some pecuniary loss. But he must, nevertheless, follow the dictates of his best judgment. Any weakness would be quickly recognized; for his readers are keen to read between the lines. He should keep before his eyes Victor Hugo's great saying: "Mankind lets everything perish, which is nothing but selfishness—which does not represent a virtue or an idea for the human race."

What of the future of *THE COSMOPOLITAN*? Is it too much to hope that with daily-growing facilities it may reach, after it has come to be thoroughly known, an edition of a million copies—a clientele of four or five million readers? With every added subscription its prestige is increased and its opportunities broadened; and this prestige is in itself an important aid towards excellence in the magazine. Writers whose work is the most sought after, in turn, do not care to waste their best on small audiences. They not only prefer to cover the widest possible field, but it is to their pecuniary advantage, inasmuch as it carries with it wider popularity, and in the end greater demand for their literary output. As a direct result of its extended circulation, *THE COSMOPOLITAN* receives each year about fourteen thousand manuscripts—novels, sketches, articles on travel, political essays, et cetera. The choice given by so large a

number of contributors is a very valuable one.

Magazine-making is not like an ordinary business. It is so mixed up with the business of humanity that after a time the editor comes to learn that other people's affairs are his. The effect of even the slightest word scattered among a million and a half of readers is so pronounced that he comes to weigh with the utmost care every sentence and page, for which he must stand responsible. From this he gets finally to regarding the prosperity of his readers as his own—as it truly is. But it really does not require either courage or self-sacrifice when he knowingly publishes something that is sure to lose him five or ten thousand subscribers—for he feels confidence in the American people, and knows that in the long-run their sense of fair play will make it up to him.

It would be difficult to estimate the influence which our magazines are having on the civilization



SELF-FEEDING MACHINES ON CAMPBELL PRESSES.



TRIMMING EDGES OF ADVERTISING PAGES.



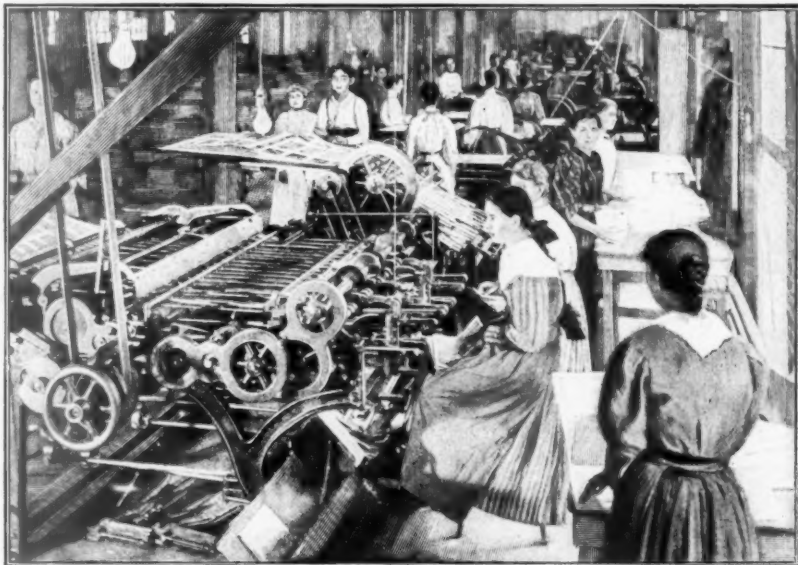
STITCHING MACHINES FOR BINDING THE MAGAZINE.

of the time. The daily newspaper is dependent but too often upon local opinion for its success. It may be ruined by opposing the popular feeling of the neighborhood. But the magazine goes into every state and territory, every city and hamlet, and depends upon no local affiliations. The average citizen of the United States likes sincere utterance, even if it does not correspond with his own ideas. He has learned to know that truth is difficult to get at—that it is oftenest reached by the vigorous presentation of opposing views; and it is entirely in accord with his ideas of

son, has the power to advance the time when all may enjoy greater prosperity and, with the development of higher intellectual powers in the right directions, greater happiness.

The Cosmopolitan University was designed with the idea that it would be an important factor in this development.

Some stress has been laid upon the fact that President Andrews has expressed views as to the financial policy of the country, and certain journals have assumed that the University will be a propaganda of his views. Nothing could be further



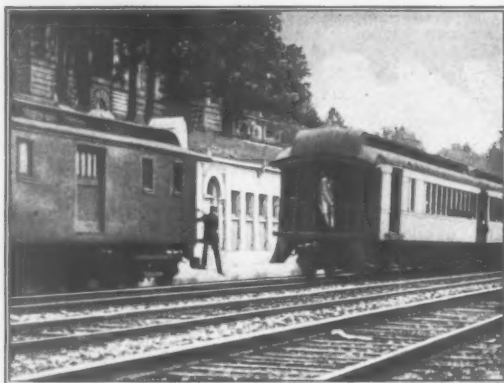
A LINE OF FOLDERS.

American citizenship that a man should be ready to stand up for what he thinks is right.

The magazines are, therefore, the most important part of the national press, in so far as they stand free to aid discussion of important topics and advance the cause of truth.

THE COSMOPOLITAN has represented from the beginning the belief that, with the closing of the nineteenth century, the human race is destined to make rapid strides towards a new and higher civilization. Every great periodical, by fearlessly championing the cause of justice and rea-

from the truth. It only requires a reference to the names of some of the Board of Advisors to completely refute this idea. The board includes such well-known advocates of the gold standard as Spencer Trask, of New York, who, besides being a banker, devotes much valuable time to the affairs of education, and has brought to his position of President of the Board of Trustees of the Teachers' College of New York, a mind unusually well-informed concerning all educational problems. He undertakes his new duties as a member of the Board of Advisors of The Cosmopolitan University with



PASSENGER TRAIN ON HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD SWITCHING POSTAL-CAR TO COSMOPOLITAN FREIGHT-HOUSE.

much enthusiasm as to the wide influence which such a movement may exert in the direction of higher education.

Two others of like political opinion are General Samuel Thomas, who, in addition to his familiarity with railway affairs, takes a lively interest in all questions of national advancement, and Hon. George Frederick Seward, President of the Fidelity and Casualty Insur-

ance Company, who is a student of educational methods, ranging from the Imperial College of Peking to the public school matters of his own home in New Jersey.

It ought not to be necessary to deny ulterior motives in a work of this kind, but the criticism of many prominent journals, made because of inadequate information, justifies such a statement as will, for once and all, set the matter in its proper light.

The surprising results which have attended the announcement of the undertaking more than confirm this impression.

This page has been held in order that some data as to applications should be in hand before writing these final lines. Less than ten days have elapsed since the plan was given to the public.

As this is sent to press, the rolls of the University already contain the names of more than seven hundred students.



CHUTEING BAGS OF MAGAZINES FROM MAILING-ROOM TO THE RAILWAY CARS.



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI AS A SENTIMENTALIST.

BY ELEANOR LEWIS.

"SOME dirt sticks longer than other dirt," says Cardinal Newman; "but no dirt is immortal." He, if any one, may serve as illustration to his own axiom, for although in his lifetime he was heavily pelted, not the least spot now sullies his pure fame. Another illustration of the same saying may be found in the continual modification of the verdicts of history until all its factors have due weight. Through the mist of personal feeling both

sinner and saint loom larger than life. The historic judgment, like a pendulum, swings backward and forward with the years, describing an ever-narrowing arc, until, at last, vibration ceases—the true line of repose is reached. To use yet another comparison: "It will be noticed," says Charles Sumner, "that the best legislation comes not so much by enacting new laws as by repealing a mass of old ones." Just so with historic verity—

it is secured not so much by the presentation of new facts as by the accurate research and sifting comparison which eliminates old errors. So true is here as elsewhere that the truth alone can make us free.

It is the greatest characters on the historic stage who have suffered most from misjudgment. Their contemporaries were dazzled by the glare of the footlights, and posterity merely accepted the verdict bequeathed to it. Staunch Protestants still revere Queen Elizabeth, although in point of fact she never did anything for the cause of Protestantism unless urged to it by personal interest. Cesare and Lucrezia Borgia are still names of infamy, although the one was no man's mistress, but a faithful wife, and the other, as Barbey d'Aurevilly points out, was no mere vulgar poisoner, but rather a master-mind in the art of war—a giver of battles by poison instead of cannon. Philip II.'s theological sympathies were no doubt restricted, but in private life he was a devoted—almost childishly—loving father. Bloody Mary shed hardly more blood than Elizabeth, and, as a woman, was a much more estimable character. Even Nero had enlightened ideas in art and a tender regard for his aged nurse.

One of the most striking examples of historic injustice, or, better, of historic misunderstanding, is Catherine de' Medici. Until quite recently she has stood forth a sinister, black-robed figure, thrown into high relief against the lurid glare of the Saint Bartholomew. Murder, individual and wholesale; passionless pursuit of

statecraft; hideous indifference to high ideals and to the use of vice as a lever—such are the characteristics as handed down to us of the "Medea of the Reformation." Most historians quite ignore the fact that Catherine had a heart as well as a head. Its existence, it is true, was habitually concealed beneath a level indifference of demeanor; but three times, at least, in her life it betrayed its presence

by strong, deep throbs. The circumstances of her life were such as to enforce reserve, for she was debarred from each natural outlet of the feelings. Orphaned at the age of a week; brought up by ecclesiastics and nuns in an atmosphere of embittered party strife; married at fourteen to a husband who became within a year the devoted lover of Diane de Poitiers; for ten years childless, holding her position on sufferance, obliged to guard each gesture, look and word—here was poor soil for the affections. That they flourished at all in such earth and air is evidence of constitutional vigor.

From her father, the Duca di Urbino (grandson of the Magnificent Loren-

zo), she inherited the art-loving, sensuous and astute mentality of the Medicis; from her young French mother, the blood of the Bourbons, the pure tint of her skin, an admirably modulated voice, and an immense fortune. Her father's enfeebled, vitiated constitution was the one lawful inheritance withheld from her, although the taint which spared her superb physique reappeared with tenfold force in her children, only one of whom lived in health to old age. The race of the Valois had be-



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.  
FROM A PAINTING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY BY  
AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

come in every sense unfit—its survival was negated by immutable law.

Catherine, it may interest readers of George Eliot to know, was baptized as Catherine Maria Romola. Being left a desolate baby in the great empty palace of her ancestors, she was taken to Rome, where for a few months she was under the care of her paternal grandmother, Alfonsina Orsini, and both then and afterward under the close supervision of her great-uncle, Pope Clement VII. She had a

second brief experience of motherly care from her aunt, Clarice Medici Strozzi, but in 1527 was placed for greater safety, as well as for education, in the convent of the Murate at Florence.

Catherine had experienced one siege in Rome; in Florence (1530) she was to know another, during which the Medici palle and the Medici princes were equally at a discount. In the last days of the siege it was even proposed by one of the *arrabbiati* that she should be extinguished in a

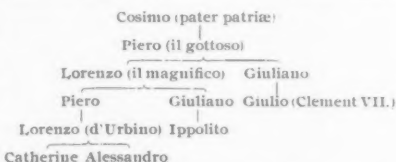


DUKE DE ALENÇON.  
FROM A PAINTING BY JANET IN THE LOUVRE.

house of ill-fame, or suspended in a basket from the ramparts as a mark for the besiegers' balls. She may, she surely must, have heard of these proposals, as her extreme terror at being taken from the convent and her attempt to assume the religious dress shows. Among the influences that steeled and embittered her, this terrific memory may well have played its part. The fact that her "seigneurs florentins la voudroient de bon cœur en paradis," as the Vicomte de Turenne wrote about this time, was ill-calculated to make her love the people. Fortunately the experience was not prolonged, and, as the palle were restored, Catherine once more met with general good-will. Just here let us pause a moment to make clear the relationship of the few surviving members of the older Medicean line.

Cosimo (pater patriæ) was succeeded by a son, Piero, who, in himself a nonentity, served to transmit the abilities of his father to his two sons, Lorenzo (il magnifico) and Giuliano. The latter was assassinated in the Cathedra

dra at Florence, leaving as son, Giulio, who, pushed by family interest and his own brains, became Pope Clement VII. Lorenzo married Clarice Orsini, and among other children by this union had Giovanni (Leo X.), Piero (grandfather of Catherine and Alessandro), and Giuliano, Duc de Nemours, who left a natural son, Ippolito. In tabular form:



Thus it will be seen that the Pope, Ippolito de' Medici, Catherine and her bastard brother, Alessandro, were the sole representatives of their family. There was a younger branch of the Medici, descended from the brother of old Cosimo, but this had not yet come to the front.

Catherine regarded Alessandro with unmitigated aversion. He left hardly a trace upon her life, and she experienced no emotion at his violent end. On the other hand, between the ill-fated Ippolito and herself there existed an ardent affection—an affection taken little account of by historians, yet—it can scarcely be doubted in the light of later information—largely instrumental in the development of her character. The Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici had been forced into the priesthood directly contrary to his own wishes. His protests were not only disregarded, but treated with disdain. "He is mad," commented the Pope, with contemptuous amazement; "the devil, he is

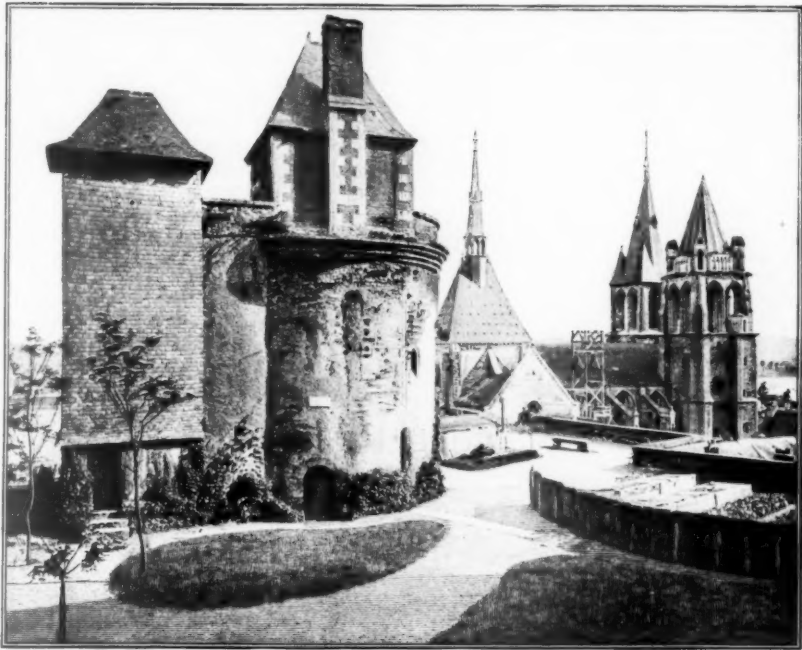


ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF SPAIN,  
WHEN 14 YEARS OLD. DRAWN  
BY CLOUET.



IPPOLITO DE' MEDICI.

FROM A PAINTING BY PONTORMO IN THE PITTI GALLERY.



ASTROLOGICAL TOWER AT BLOIS.

mad! He won't be a priest." And although eventually he yielded to the pressure brought to bear, he refused utterly to wear the clerical habit or assume clerical duties. His portraits always represent him in secular garb—in armor or in citizen's dress, or—as in the finest portrait of him extant—in the magnificent attire of a Hungarian noble. Still stronger evidence of revolt may be found in his physiognomy—his bold, haughty, resolute features and defiant pose.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.  
DRAWN BY CLOUET.

The accident of relationship and of residence for some time in the same place brought the cousins together. Ippolito's seniority and splendid presence had their natural effect; still more, his exquisite kindness to the lonely little girl met prompt return. "She put all her confi-

dence in him," says Soriano, "and ever had recourse to him, and to none else, in all her needs and for all her wishes." The marriage would have been a most desirable one for him—and who knows if not for her also! One can but think wonderingly a moment how the face of history would have been changed if this little idyl had reached its legitimate conclusion. One cannot but think tenderly for a moment upon the Catherine lost to history—a Catherine with her heart at rest, her ambition confined to her home, and her power to her native Florence! We all, perhaps, might be virtuous if there were no opportunity for sin. I do not doubt that Becky Sharp spoke literal truth when she declared that she could be a good woman on ten thousand a year; nor do I doubt that "the great Massacre" would never have been heard of if Catherine had been the happy wife of Ippolito de' Medici.

This unfortunately was not to be. Ippolito's intentions were so plain, the mutual attachment of the cousins was so evident, that the Pope felt it time to in-

terfere. To this end he separated them for the time being, and pushed on her marriage. The most advantageous of the many offers for her hand was that of François I. in behalf of his second son, the Duc d'Orléans; it was accepted, and in October, 1533, she was married. Ippolito, in his capacity of near kinsman and cardinal, was obliged to accompany the Pope, who personally escorted his niece to France and celebrated the marriage. He saw Catherine for the last time in her wedding brocades and ermine, adorned with those priceless pearls which she afterwards presented to Mary Stuart, from whom they were grabbed by the unconscionable Elizabeth. He was offered rich pensions and benefices by François, but refused them all with scant courtesy and returned to Italy. Disappointed of his dearest wish, he threw himself with redoubled ardor into the factious politics of the time, came to a decided disagreement with Alessandro, and at Istri, between Rome and Naples, died of poison, administered, it seems likely, at his cousin's instigation. To Catherine's feelings on this occasion we have no clue, as La Ferrière significantly points out. Young as she was she had already learned to govern face and voice. The world might guess, but it would never know from *her* how the tragedy of her love was received. In any case, it was gradually softened to her by the second great and—as it proved—lasting passion of her life—her love for her husband.

The marriage was moderately popular at first, while Henri was merely the king's second son, and Catherine herself was liked. Her manners were gracious and gentle, her tact unvarying and her

appearance certainly pleasing, if not beautiful. Brantôme describes her as "de fort belle et riche taille, la peau très belle, blanche et pleine;" praising also the beauty of her hand and arm. This is not inconsistent with Soriano's earlier description of her as small, slender, thin, plain, but possessing very fine eyes. A few years would make a great difference; and with fine hair, eyes and complexion, she might easily become the beauty Brantôme esteems her. These attractions, however, were as nothing compared with

the worldly knowledge and ripened charms of Diane de Poitiers, now fully forty years of age. As Duc d'Orléans, Henri was hardly worth this mature siren's attention; as dauphin, which he became in 1536, he was a prize worth capturing; all her arts were bent to this end, and were speedily crowned with success. Clement VII., who, in spite of his unpopularity, was a shield of defense to his niece, had died in 1534, and Catherine's situation, at all times difficult, would have become impossible but for her marvelous, her unflinching tact. She made herself in-

dispensable to her father-in-law, and utterly effaced herself before her husband and his mistress. His slightest wish or word was her law. If he chose to devote himself to the Duchesse de Valentinois, she accepted it as *his* will, and therefore *hers*. She did not even allow the least sign of dislike or jealousy of the duchesse to appear, but was so humbly, sweetly submissive, so anxious to be guided by the latter's advice, that Diane actually gave it, and she—the mistress—graciously took Catherine—the wife—under her patronage and protection. She did more—she lent the weight of her influence



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI  
FROM A PAINTING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY BY  
AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.



CHARLES IX.  
DRAWN BY CLOUET.

against the divorce which Catherine so much feared, thinking — with reason — that another wife might not be so tolerant of illegal claimants to a husband's love. The wife's patience had its reward. After ten years of marriage, in January, 1544, an heir to the throne was born, and from this moment her position was secure—it was not likely that the mother of a dauphin would be divorced.

Nine other children were born in swift succession, and in them a new field was opened for Catherine's activities of mind and heart.

Her love for Ippolito was a thing of the past, an emotion of youth. As a wife, her heart turned instinctively and without reserve to her husband, for whom she came to feel a most genuine and fearing love. "Elle aimoit eperdument Henri"—she loved him to distraction, says the Duc de Bouillon. It was in the very fiber of her nature to love or hate absolutely; her heart was really a volcano, although so covered with verdure that few realized its volcanic character. In one of her rare confidences, written to a friend during Henri's absence, after congratulating the friend on her husband being with her, she adds, "Would to God that mine were with me!" When he received his fatal wound at the tournament (July, 1559) in honor of his oldest daughter's marriage, she sat in speechless grief at his bedside. When he died, she took for her device a broken lance with the motto, "Lachrimæ hinc, hinc dolor," and wore mourning the remainder of her life. "You know how much I loved him," she wrote

to her daughter, "but God has taken him from me." As consolation, seven children were still left her, but even here she was not free from care. It was in the December of this luckless year, in her astrological tower at Blois, that she was shown by Cosmo Ruggieri the horoscope of her sons, three of whom were to reign, all to die young, two by violence, and none were to leave an heir.

Both Catherine and Henri were devoted parents, according to their lights. Historians, unfavorable to Catherine, represent her attachment to her children as a mere animal instinct—the devotion of a tigress to its young. But surely this is far from just, and far from covering the ground of their mutual relation.

The royal nursery was established at St. Germain-en-Laye, with frequent shifting to other places for change of air and scene. Catherine's favorite son undoubtedly was Henri, Duc d'Anjou. "M. le



LORENZO DE' MEDICI—FATHER OF CATHERINE.  
FROM A PAINTING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

Dauphin and the Duc d'Orléans," she said (referring to her two oldest sons), "belong to the state, but this child shall be my own." He was a very delicate baby, scrofulous and afflicted with an impediment

—of Catherine's, in particular. She feels constant anxiety about their health, advises panada for Madame Claude, washes for Monseigneur d'Anjou's skin, closer study for the dauphin, etc., etc.

An amusing letter from Henri is dated December, 1546, when the dauphin was not yet two years old. "M. d'Humyères:—I have received your letter of the ninth, with its news of my children, and of my son's desire no longer to wear petticoats. I am quite willing to grant his wish. It is right, indeed, that he should wear breeches if he asks for them, for I do not doubt that he knows perfectly well what is needful." No stronger evidence than this letter could be added to prove that



FRANÇOIS II.  
DRAWN BY CLOUET.



CHRISTINE DE LORRAINE.  
FROM A PAINTING BY SUSTERMANS.

in his speech, but soon recovered in the more healthful air of St. Germain, where he was sent at the age of four. His brothers, sisters and little Mary Stuart, the betrothed of the dauphin, were there already in the midst of a juvenile court, composed of about one hundred and fifty children of high birth, known as "les enfants d'honneur de Messieurs les princes et Mesdames les princesses."

"This little court," says Hilarion de Coste, "has been a pépinière of kings, queens, heroes and heroines, whose names are celebrated in history for their valor and magnanimity."

M. d'Humyères was chief governor of this royal nursery and training school, and it is through the parents' correspondence with him that we gain the best idea of their unremitting care



FRANÇOIS II.  
FROM THE ENAMEL BY DELIMOUSIN IN THE LOUVRE.

princes are made of the same clay as ordinary boys. About the same time, Catherine requests portraits of the children; a little later, announces the receipt of and her



MONS. D'ANGOULÊME.  
DRAWN BY CLOUET.



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.  
FROM LEONARD DE LIMOUSIN'S VOTIVE PICTURE IN ENAMEL IN THE LOUVRE.

satisfaction with the same. Portraits from this time on were frequently ordered, and Clouet had his hands satisfactorily full.

August 29, 1549.—“Pray send me news of my little girl (Élisabeth) and how she is getting on. If you think her still ailing, I would advise you to send for the doctor at once.”

May 25, 1551.—“I have sent the tailor who makes dress bodies for Madame la Connetable to make some for my daughter, Madame Claude.”

August 13, 1552.—“As to the diet of my

son d'Angoulême (Henri), I am of opinion that he should not be encouraged to eat largely, for my children are rather ill from being too fat than too thin.”

Clouet's drawing of the dauphin as a baby bears out her opinion. Cappello describes the latter at eleven as a little advanced for his age, fully aware of the fact that he is dauphin, and as having his mother's physiognomy rather than his father's. “He does not lack ability,” adds this acute observer, “but takes more pleasure in sport . . . than in study.” Charles IX. he considers a child of great

promise—his countenance pleasing, his heart generous, and with great fondness and ability for study.

D'Alençon, the youngest son, was no



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.  
FROM A PORTRAIT BY CLOUET IN THE LOUVRE.

favorite with anybody except his sister Marguerite. Catherine said bluntly that he was always playing the fool (*il faisait toujours le fol*). Feeble in body, like his brothers, in mind he combined the worst characteristics of the two families, being taciturn, faithless, fickle and treacherous. He was a continual source of vexation to the queen-mother, who tried—but vainly—to dispose of him in the matrimonial market. Her most amusing attempt in this line was with Elizabeth of England—he being eighteen and she fifty at the time. The venerable coquette encouraged him until she had gained her own ends, then left him—planté là. His death was not without suspicion of poison, and did not cause the slightest regret.

As second child and eldest daughter, Élisabeth de Valois naturally held a prominent place among the royal children. Her godfather was Henry VIII., her godmothers were Éléonore d'Autriche and Marguerite d'Angoulême. After the baptism, which was celebrated with extraordinary splendor, she was removed to St. Germain with her nurse, chief dresser,

governess, chief lady, and a whole staff of rockers, waiting maids and valets. The Abbé St. Etienne instructed her when she was seven in Latin; she had learned Italian, begun Spanish, and danced à merveille before she was ten. She was often shown off with Mary Stuart in the dance, and much of their study was done together. Élisabeth was the quieter, the more sincere; Mary the quicker, more vivacious, more adroit. Her youthful fiancé was devoted to her from the first, while, as for François I., "he," writes the Cardinal de Lorraine to Mary's mother, "has taken such a liking to the queen, your daughter, that he spends much time with her, and she knows how to entertain him with sage and pleasant conversation as well as a woman



IPPOLITO DE' MEDICI.  
FROM A PAINTING BY TITIAN IN THE PITT GALLERY.

of twenty-five." She was on equally good terms with Henri II., whom she calls "*mon petit papa*." But Catherine did not like her, and between herself and Élisabeth no love was lost. The letters that were exchanged by them during their school days were themes rather than effusions of friendship. Nevertheless Élisabeth danced with Mary at the latter's wedding and was greatly admired, especially in the management of her train, which being

six yards long, was borne through the mazes of the coranto by one of her gentlemen. Her own wedding with Philip II. of Spain lacked nothing to give it éclat, and the bride herself was so covered with jewels that they shed a lambent light around her as she moved. Her record as girl and woman, wife, mother and queen, was faultless. She was the flower of both Medici and Valois, and her untimely death plunged two nations into mourning.

Claude (who became Duchesse de Lorraine) also died young and greatly beloved. But Marguerite—the gay, witty, fascinating Marguerite—left but a tarnished reputation behind her. Her morals permitted much to be desired; her beauty nothing. She ran through the entire round of dissipation, but “no easier nor no quicker passed the impracticable hours.” The queen-mother after a little left her entirely out of her calculations; the king, her brother, insulted and drove her from the court; even her husband's easy-going morals could tolerate her proceedings no longer; and it was not until she consented to a divorce that she was able to return to Paris, where she died at the age of sixty.

As Charles grew older, he failed to get on harmoniously with his mother. Their wills often clashed; she had need of all her wits to get her way—with him opposing—yet she got it in the main. The story of the famous Massacre need not be entered on here; enough that from that moment her influence with her son, as her love for him, steadily declined. Without considering her his murderer it is easy to understand that she must have felt genuine relief when his death opened the throne to her favorite son. On leav-

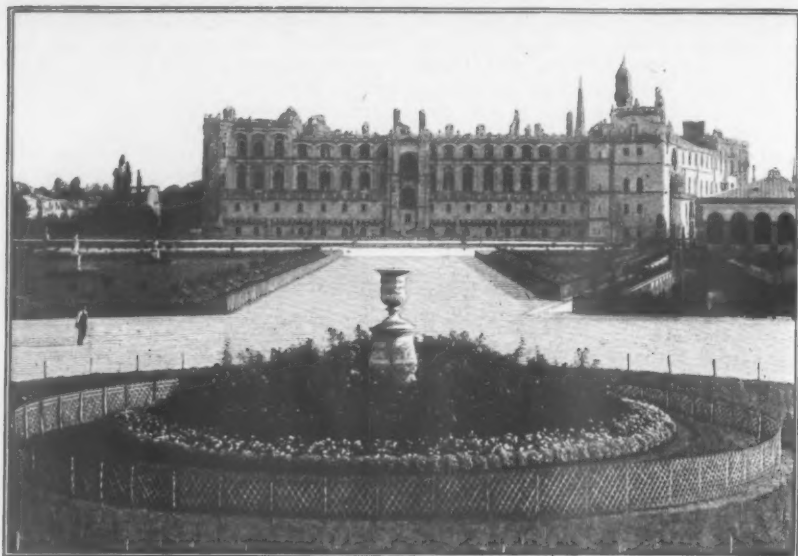
ing the room where he had just painfully passed away, she took up her pen and wrote to the new king as follows: “Your brother died this afternoon at four, after having received the sacrament—the best Christian that ever was. His last words were ‘My mother!’ This event can only be an extreme grief to me, and I find no other consolation than the prospect of seeing you here soon, as your realm requires, and in good health; for were I to lose you, I should desire to be buried with you, living in the grave.”

She spoke but the truth—all her affection, her ambition, was centered upon *him*. Élisabeth de Valois lay dead in Spain; François and Charles were almost forgotten; d'Alençon was a hated presence; Claude was to die within the year; while the graceless Marguerite, with her black eyes and golden hair, her fascinations and her follies, was a source of disgrace and care. Practically there remained to her but the one idolized child. Their natures



HENRI II.

FROM A PAINTING BY CLOUET IN THE PITTI GALLERY.



CHÂTEAU OF ST. GERMAIN.

touched tangent at many points—they were at one in their love of splendor, the narrow range of their affections, their craft, indifference to plighted faith, and superstition. But there were other points in which they were the poles apart. Catherine's was the strong nature; his the weak one. She could always subordinate personal feeling to policy; Henri could not. His petulance would undo in a moment his most carefully laid plans. He relied upon his mother only when he could not do without her, and the deepest sentiment of her life met in him, its object, with the least return. A gleam of light was thrown over her later years by the warm, spontaneous affection of her young granddaughter, Christine de Lorraine, who was brought up at the French court, and married in due time to Catherine's kinsman, Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany. There was a marked personal resemblance between the two, as will instantly be seen by comparing the portrait of Catherine in old age with that of her granddaughter. The sympathy between them was no less marked than the resemblance.

Nothing seems more certain than that the oft-quoted "Saint Bartholomew" was a political measure on her part rather than an outbreak of religious frenzy. She was

in no sense a fanatic, and was the last person in the world to yield to exasperation or blind animosity. There is little doubt that if she could have managed the contending parties without appealing to party feeling, she would gladly have done so. In spite of her good sense, however, and freedom from religious prejudice, she had her vein of superstition; and this "queen without illusions" constantly wore an amulet, believed in the evil eye, and put faith in astrological predictions.

The legitimate outcome of her environment and race—her vices were such as her contemporaries hardly blamed, while her virtues were hers in her own despite. She was both "devil and angel." With the hardihood of the ages she had ordered her nude form to be sculptured beside that of her husband under the marble canopy of their monument in St. Denis. She had had no illusions in life—she would have none in death. She confronted old age and the loss of personal charms with the same courage she had once opposed to a rival's power. A brave woman, for good or evil, without a murmur or a protest, she passed quietly to her own place, and to the eternal judgment that awaits us all,

## MRS. CLYDE.

BY JULIEN GORDON.

### I.

"WHY, girls! Double puffs all round! Ringletta, too, with her curls tucked up! What a surprise! How well you all look—I meant to do your hair for you, and you are already in the fashion! And, Gella—my, what a beauty!"

The carry-all had landed its freight at the piazza steps, on which four young girls were sitting in a row, airing themselves, after their day's work, this mild November afternoon. The work had been half practical, half intellectual. They rested in the twilight.

The freight was breathless with unspent speech, exclamatory, vivacious, pretty, slender, even elegant. Her small trunk, propped on the front seat, was lowered by Ezekiel, the coachman, and left unceremoniously upon the gravel, end upwards. Two of the girls surrounded and kissed her, two others seized the small box between them and pulled it upon the veranda.

"I only brought this valise, because my husband expects me back in the early train Monday." There was a slight toss of the head; the voice held a triumphant note. The girls looked at each other and laughed.

"Dear me," said Ringletta, "how married we are!" Her real name was Gertrude, but from early infancy her tangle of

brown curls had named her. Now they were no longer tangled, but caught up and confined by the exigency of a late mode. She was exceedingly fair, sweet, refined, but her figure hardly matched



Drawn by R. West Clinedinst.

"HE SOMETIMES SPOKE FRENCH WITH GABRIELLA WHILE SHE WASHED THE CUPS AND SAUCERS."

her lovely face. It was boyish in its spareness, the waist a trifle short, the arms angular, and she lacked what the girls called "style"—in vulgar French, *chic*. Chic is not taste, but character—inherent; never learned. It is not a matter of an occasional good gown or hat. She and Gabriella were the beauties of the flock. Mary and Lydian were less handsome, albeit, tall and straight, and comely enough as maidens go, hardly yet out of their early teens. They were all full of spirit and energy—that New England energy which knows no rest until, having performed prodigies in the intoxication of its own fatigue, it breaks suddenly at high-water mark and leaves wreckage in its wake. It has not learned the value of repose.

Gabriella, although older than young Mrs. Devereux, was her particular friend and favorite, and, after a brief colloquy in the hall, attended her to her "chamber."

This was a pleasant room on the first floor, which looked out across the lawn, where it lost itself in the mill-stream that flowed by, swift and deep. Weeping willows leaned across the water, whose silence was later incited to turbulence where it turned the mills.

Ellen, the servant, and one of the girls had carried the guest's trunk and deposited it under the window-sill. This maid, who cooked the meals and served them, which double feat she achieved with marvelous dexterity, had still her sleeves rolled to the elbow, with vestiges of her bread-making between her rough red fingers and on her sturdy arms. A stalwart Irishwoman came for three days every week to do the family washing. During those days the house was always pervaded with the smell of soap-suds; the midday meal was somewhat abridged; there was a cold-cut and no pudding, although fruit and preserves were served, with richest cream and cakes.

Gabriella was fond of sweets and ate so many that her complexion suffered. Later, when she learned, with many other things, the wisdom of abstemiousness, her complexion became very beautiful. It coarsened again in her last years.

"You are a regular beauty with your hair like that!" Mrs. Devereux removed her bonnet and its flowing veil and took

off her mantilla. Her dainty girlish form, her small feet, her white hands, gave her an aristocratic air. It was not many months since she had been the belle of Dunham.

Her friend, Gabriella, was of quite a different build. She was fashioned on a Junoesque mold—tall, large, with rounded bust, full hips, plump arms. Her brow was low and wide, which, not being the fashion, she tried to remedy by pushing back her hair as best she could. This dusky hair was somewhat coarse. The eyes, under half-closed lids, were dark, far-seeing, searching, imperious. The nose—straight, fine, small—was full of vigor, wit and arrogance. The mouth—strong, a trifle hard—sweetened when shaken with laughter. Gabriella was merry enough at times. Her teeth were strong and white. There was a rich bloom on her cheeks. Her hands were short and broad—the hand of action—with slightly spatulated finger tips, denoting the dramatic element. They seemed to designate that the material in her nature—markedly developed—would still be tinged with a certain artistic tendency; that her career would be stirring. They were sanguine hands, full of blood, powerful at the wrists, which were too thick for beauty. There was something positive about them. Gabriella Dunham, in fact, was not a celestial being, but essentially a nymph of earth, eagerly listening for earth's message, which made her glad or sorry as its purport might be, but which, at any rate, she found poignantly interesting.

"You are a regular beauty."

Now, the flattery of those we envy is rarely convincing, and Gabriella envied Mrs. Devereux. She approached the mirror and looked at herself. "I did not suppose," she said, with a half sigh, "it was the right way."

"I had Monsieur Diomède dress mine for the Sears' party last Tuesday, and yours is better done. You are wonderfully clever."

One unconsciously wounds the vanity of others by being their superior, and Gabriella had so long been everybody's superior in Dunham that her friend's generous tribute, so pointedly expressed, was unusual. It was rather the mode to decry her, and if the girls did not dare

snub her, they certainly rarely flattered her. Her father was mayor of Dunham, universally respected, an important member of a growing community, which had named its township after his family. His eldest daughter was treated with courtesy by the men who were under obligations to him. She was less honored by the women, who were unconsciously jealous of her.

Now, however, the tables were turned between these two. Elevated to the importance of the *madame*, with a nice house in Boston, a comfortable income, and an adoring husband, Clara, or Coy Devereux, as she was called, could afford to be encouraging.

"People always say I am so clever," Gabriella spoke bitterly.

"Well, my dear, you are a very accomplished young woman," Mrs. Devereux was a trifle patronizing, as from a ground of vantage, not too remote to blur detail, but sufficiently so to lend leniency to judgment.

"And of what use are my accomplishments?" The girl gave a listless shrug.

Mrs. Devereux adjusted her curls and patted her full skirts. "Don't you care for your Tasso and Dante classes any more? You used to enjoy that sort of thing. 'Di rose colte in Paradiso il fior,' how prettily you recited that at the last sociable. Then that horrid bit, don't you know, about the count and the archbishop—I forget their names? Oh, yes; Ugolino, isn't it?"

But Gabriella did not seem to heed. "Do you still go to the Sears' class? I thought you would give it up when you were married." Clara had spent a winter in the city before her marriage.

"Well, dear, so I did. To be married, or out three seasons, is to be shelved at the 'Hub;' but I did go last Tuesday, and some old chums took pity on my forlorn state, and I actually got partners and danced! My dress was just splendid."

All listlessness was out of Gabriella's attitude. Her eyes sharpened under their arched brows.

"There were a lot of college lads, and quite a large party of foreigners Mrs. Dennison Fay Prentiss brought."

"Foreign ladies?"

"No. But the Earl of Dearborn, who

is in Lord Elgin's party. You know he is very celebrated—Dearborn."

"The author?"

"All; everything—author, diplomat, man of fashion and flirt. Whew!"

"What, that old married thing!"

"In Europe, it seems, such things are permitted. He must be nearly forty; but he left his countess in Washington, and he was very polite to all the girls, and, by the way, he is dying to see you!"

"To see me! Clara, are you insane?"

"Not in the least! I talked to him about you, my best friend. We talked *hours* one day we made up a party to Cambridge. If you will come in next week and pay us a visit, you shall meet him. He is going to New York, but returns in a few days. He is here for some historic research with the professors over at the college. You know he is a man of learning."

"I have read his works."

"Oh, you've read everything!"

"Not quite," said Gabriella, smiling.

"And how is Perry?"

"He is at his sister's now. He is sick; he has got a fever." The listlessness returned, enveloping Gabriella in its gray shadow.

"Such a fine man."

"Yes."

"If he were my lover, I'd be proud."

"What about?"

"Why—why—"

"I am sick of it, I tell you. Manila has ruined him, his health and his future. The climate of the Philippines does not suit him. But he will stick to it; I know him. I will be a withered old woman before we are married, if he doesn't die. He ought to have been a lawyer; he was not made for business."

"You, of all creatures, I declare, to talk so, who carried away the one desirable beau of Dunham, put him in your pocket, and left us on the stalk! How does he look?"

"He has not grown any taller, and I am so big."

Then Clara came and put her hands on Gabriella's shoulders. "Are you tired of him?" she said. Gabriella moved her eyes away uneasily, scowling.

"I am tired of my life. Why, Clara, I am twenty-four. At the sociables here I am already neglected."

"Engaged girls cannot expect to be belles."

"Well, I have had four years of it. As soon as Walter can crawl he will go back to Manila. He is bound to make a success of the hemp. But heaven knows how long it will take, and Ringletta is miserable because Ball Crane wants to go too. It is a craze."

"Are they engaged?"

"I think there is an understanding. We won't have any men left, except Mr. Clyde."

"He was not cut out for adventure." Mrs. Devereux laughed.

"Well, hardly. A man of fifty, and his old mother so dilapidated and hanging upon him. He will die at his old desk; but they say he is making millions. Are you happy, Clara?"

"Yes; absolutely contented."

"That is a pleasant thing to hear a young wife say," a voice spoke from the threshold.

"Aunt Laura! how glad I am to see you." Mrs. Dunham was not Clara's aunt, but an intimacy in the families had resulted in this appellation.

She was a short person, in a brown alpaca gown, with a black silk apron. She wore a scarf of black lace on the top of her head and a white knitted woolen shawl across her shoulders. Her wide, spotless linen collar was fastened by a large brooch. It bore the painted head of a child—the likeness of her dead son, who had died before the daughters were born—many years ago. He was now a sweet and tender memory; no longer a grievous one. Her face was at once gentle and inflexible. One felt that her standards were high and even noble, but that had they been low it would make no difference; she would forever remain a law unto herself, complacent. She had the self-assurance of the woman who rules absolutely her own small world; who is deemed strong because she wields sovereignty over her own immediate community. A life of seclusion engenders a form of conceit, of which the storm and stress of the outside world make havoc. She was serious, but not sad; her heart had, in fact, never been wrung. At her son's death, the pervading sense of how beautifully she bore the trial sustained her. From this lofty plane she received

condolence. There had been grieving, but no anguish. Her self-appreciation was too intact for despair. She was not worldly, because, having little imagination, she did not know what worldly emoluments could mean. She had, therefore, looked with some solicitude upon Clara's marriage. Mr. Devereux was a widower, and fifteen years older than his wife. To her old-fashioned prejudice, these objections were hardly outweighed by the Boston home and handsome income. To Gabriella the house and income seemed to balance the scales on which woman weighs the pros and cons of matrimonial venture.

Mrs. Dunham thought a boy and girl should begin life together, mutual helpers to a common welfare. If the man wore homespun, and the girl a sun-bonnet, it was all the more romantic. She had thus started upon her own course, full of hope and dignity. She was romantic; she had married for love.

"Dear Aunt Laura, I am happy." They kissed.

"I wish Gabriella was as safely settled," said Gabriella's mother. "We hope next year . . . The mills are doing nicely . . . perhaps her papa . . ."

Gabriella shook her head. "Walter won't take a penny with me," she said.

"He is a very fine young man," said her mother, "and has the proper feeling."

Gabriella remained silent. After a few words of admonition to the young people to be punctual at supper, which would be ready at six, Mrs. Dunham left them.

"Tell me more about Boston," said Gabriella.

"Why, there is not much to tell. The gentlemen all drove out to Ovid Train's, at Jamaica Plains, on Saturday, and some of them got drunk."

"Coy, how dreadful!" Yet there was a horrible attraction to Gabriella in this license. A sort of atmosphere of liberty, expressed in Clara's words filled the quiet room with fevered dreams.

"Well, my husband did not—that is the important. Mr. Train is just in with his packet, and has brought the loveliest things! Embroideries, perfumes, a carved ivory desk, fit for an empress; and dear Charles says he will buy it for me, if Train will sell it."

"And do you already know Mrs. Den-

nison Fay Prentiss and visit at her house?" asked Gabriella with wide eyes.

"Of course. Why should I not, when her house was always open to Charles?" Clara's disingenuousness passed unquestioned; she had not yet been to Mrs. Prentiss' house.

"Do they live very elegantly?"

"Oh, yes! The house is perfect. If you come, I think I can get you asked there. She gives dinner parties."

"I'll come."

"Have you a nice dress?"

"Would my taffeta do?"

"Hardly."

"I will ask mother about a new one."

The tea bell rang through the house. The table was set with cold ham, two mince pies as side dishes, preserves in saucers at each plate, doughnuts and apples in plated baskets. Mrs. Dunham poured the tea; Mr. Dunham carved the ham. Ellen bore in hot biscuits, which she dispensed.

The host was a tall, spare man, dressed in broadcloth; he always put on a black suit in the evening as a compliment to his women. He had small, kindly gray eyes, a handsome aquiline nose, lips full of beneficence and wisdom, and the bloom of yesterday's youth lingered on his face. Philosophic, scholarly, he was a pillar of the Unitarian church, whose tenets he vaguely held in a spiritual compromise between himself and conscience. Beliefs he considered of little moment, and the intellectual doubts which are to many an agony were to him things to be brushed aside as lightly as the buzz and sting of an unwelcome insect. He accepted the immortality of the soul. Minor dogmas were the playthings of children and, as such, robbed of absurdity. His calm presence, devoid of all self-assertion, commanded respect. He loved his wife and children with a vast indulgence, and yielded to them in all small matters. To consult their wishes and pleasures was the unwritten *vade mecum* of his conduct. He owed no man anything, was just in his dealings, sane in his judgments. He had never been heard to utter an angry word. All men know provocation; not all temptation. The solicitations which sap and desiccate, the storms which uproot and destroy, the passions which devastate the human soul

passed beneath, above, around him, like noisome vapors; they never touched him. His sorrow for his boy had been deep, but not irremediable. He had a pagan serenity. He hoped to meet him in those Elysian fields where innocence and experience shall clasp hands in everlasting union. He could afford to wait. He had a firm conviction that somewhere underneath were the "everlasting arms." Time and space were insignificant. To this healthful philosophy he joined much practical goodness; an ability which, if it had not secured the brilliant gifts of fortune, had removed him from its torturing cares. He had made, through his own exertions, a comfortable competence. He had never been to college, but he would have shamed many professors of dead tongues with his ready knowledge of the classics. At fourteen he had swept out his father's store and had studied Greek and Latin late into the nights. At fifty he did not sweep any more, but he still studied. He read French and Spanish. He spoke the first well, having made friends with a French refugee to perfect his accent. He had a graceful, almost childlike humor, which leavened the earnestness of his life, and lent its lightening influence to the grave purposes and occupations of manhood. He sometimes spoke French with Gabriella while she washed the cups and saucers after supper.

The girls took turns in this office. Mrs. Dunham usually dismissed the single servant with the words: "You can have your evening; we will see to the table. It is Lydian's night."

Ellen was a Yankee, who called all the girls by their Christian names. She was treated with extreme consideration, as one would treat a distant relative, tenacious of right, whose temper might be umbrageous.

She and the horse were less for service than for "help." She was, in fact, called the "help." Only two persons ever entered the carry-all at once, lest the horse should be overstrained. If there was a third, he or she tramped to the station.

The girls did housework with their mother in the morning, but the afternoons were devoted to intellectual pursuits, in which Mrs. Dunham took

diligent lead, less through taste than from a sense of duty. She was said to have the "faculty"—a term expressive of some peculiar and perplexing form of capability which made certain housewives famous in Dunham for the multiplicity of their occupations and the magnitude of their performance. It must be acknowledged that at these afternoon symposiums Mrs. Dunham was sometimes a trifle distracted by molesting fears. What if the tea-biscuits should not rise while free from the vigilance of her watchful eye! What if the pies should burn to a crisp! Notwithstanding these appeals from the cuisine, she never flagged from her self-imposed task. To such of her daughters as had done with schooling, she forced herself to comment on Tacitus, to spell out Virgil, or to close her eyes in profound patience while Lydian recited, in lighter moments, from Mrs. Hemans' poems, or Gabriella read aloud a new essay of the "Dial's."

In this house of virtue, prosperity and honor, an element of discord had, however, already crept. It harbored an insurgent, ready to spring, crouching, awaiting opportunity, willing to die or escape this thralldom. The strength of the parents had surely descended to their progeny. In one, at least, their energy meant not peace, but revolt.

## II.

Gabriella was this rebel. Dunham is to-day a fine place, having grown with a rapidity known only to American history. Her vacant areas of waste land have been built up in two generations into a populous and splendid city. The swift river which crosses the town has granted its natural resources to the inventive industry of the robust Puritan. To-day Dunham's real estate values and personal property lie in the millions; her population has reached the seventy-five thousand mark. She is one of the famous mill towns of the Eastern world, which decks itself in the textile fabrics of her weaving. A protective tariff has permitted her to develop her powers. To-day her bells toll, her flags fly, her traffic moves, her orators declaim, her products are distributed, her street bands play, her banks give out gold, her engines snort in the view of a wide audience.

When Gabriella was a girl the town was far less important. To her impatience, it seemed stagnant. She was too young to appreciate the first throbs and sighs, the stretchings and muscular contortions of the infant giant. It is the starved side of rugged natures which produces good work. Obstacles are incentives. This Gabriella was too young to discern. To her the fact that Dunham was daily, slowly growing apace was meaningless; she did not see that she was a part of this vast machinery and of this progress, and drink refection at the spring of such knowledge. She remained cold before the promise of a Darwin; a Galileo's *e pur si muova*, rich contribution to a slumbrous world, left her of ice. However the doctrines of evolution may enrapture its discoverers, they will always seem a trifle pale to the individual pulsations of a maiden's heart beating for life.

The self-hood in the girl—which was of no mean proportion—panted for expansion, and if her father, nearing the goal, could solace himself with the reflection that in the Elysian fields he would meet, not alone his lost son, but such of the comrades of high thought and sublime disposition as he had missed on earth, Gabriella desired her Elysian fields immediately. She felt ready to hang herself on vain delusion and silly promises.

Her spirituality was not salient, and her philosophy was overtaxed. She was weary of listening to dance music trilling a measure she wished to tread herself. Her parents, in their sagacity, always advised the investing of capital. They were wont to quote the well-known adage, that you cannot have your cake and eat it too, and therefore counseled the saving of the cake. Prompted by this exhortation, when still a very young child, taking tea one evening with a schoolmate, Gabriella had heaped about her plate several little toothsome jumbles, of which she was exceedingly fond, intending, while she sipped the acrid Oolong, which she disliked, to eat them at her leisure. She had even hoped to slip one unobserved into her pocket, and thus prolong the feast. Alas, for human planning!

"I see you don't like our cakes," said the little friend, who sat beside her. "I guess I do, so I will eat them for you." Thus speaking, she fell upon and de-

voured at one fell gulp Gabriella's hoard. It was characteristic of Gabriella that in her disappointment she did not feel angry at her friend. She thought it quite natural that people should want cake, their's or another's, and she blamed only her own stupidity. She rather admired her school-fellow's craft, and decided thereafter to follow her methods. She had once reproached her sister Lydian and called her "real mean" because she had only granted her eighteen bites out of an apple. It is probable that had Lydian refused any bites she would have respected her more. These lessons sank into the clever child's mind and bore fruit. She began to think that, in some things, her parents might be mistaken. She wanted cakes and she must have them!

She liked to read such works of fiction as dwelt on large, successful experience. She vaguely felt that fiction alone is true biography. The average biography is valueless because it deals but in data and facts. The novel, which furnishes impulse and motive, is turned to with avidity by the young. Data and facts are mere repetition—similar in all lives—whose hidden import remains unrecorded. Men in the fury of religious passion rarely follow tradition. She was tired of temporists. She looked upon her lover's mild routine of labor with sentimental contempt.

"Another year, and I claim you," he had said, as he came back and forth patiently from his voyages to the East Indian Islands.

There were moments when her poor little love affair looked very forlorn to her; it looked unusually so as she tripped up the steps of her friend's mansion in Upper Bowdoin street, on the last day of November, with her modest luggage at her heels.



Drawn by  
B. West Clinedinst.

"GONE UP TO HER ROOM TO WRITE A LETTER  
TO HER MOTHER."

The house was not large, nor was it in any sense imposing, but it was pretty, bright, freshly painted. The maid who opened the door was neatly dressed, and ushered Gabriella into her friend's drawing-room with a ceremonious respectfulness which impressed Gabriella, accustomed, as she was, to Ellen's red-armed and easy familiarities. The domestics in the Boston young ladies' school, where she had finished her education, had been hardly more distinguished for amenity than the scant "help" of Dunham. A delicious sense of emancipation from her past, a prophetic insight into a future big with possibility, filled her as she seated herself in a cushioned corner to wait for her hastily-summoned friend.

Now, this friend was far less happy than

her guest. She was, in fact, greatly worried and distraught. The anti-Christmas festivities were all announced—nay, the invitations for two or three of them were on her table, but no card had as yet arrived for Mrs. Dennison Fay Prentiss' long-talked-of musicale. Now, this was bitter enough to bear alone, but the idea of revealing the fact to Gabriella Dunham filled her with mortification. Day by day, hour by hour, the apprehension that she was not to be asked to this party of parties, given in honor of Lord Elgin, at which all the best people were to be present, had developed into a certainty. In vain she had sounded her husband as to why and wherefore a lady who had called upon her—yes, once—a card had been deposited by a footman—it lay uppermost in the coupe on the hall pedestal—should repudiate the old friendliness extended to his widowed days, and leave him and his new young wife out of her list. He had met her exclamations of surprise, her daily increasing anxiety, with an exasperating male vagueness, which aroused her resentment against, not only Mrs. Prentiss, but himself.

What was a husband worth, an assured income, a comfortable house in one of the best streets in the universe, if she were to be left at home on this night of nights—alone, pining, humiliated, undone? And before her friend! Some of her new acquaintances had paraded their cards with insolent assurance, dangling before her thirsting soul the full cup of their security. The invitations had been out a fortnight; there were now only six days left. She was extremely distant to her husband; she hardly spoke to him. She felt that had he had the right spirit, he would have seen to it that she was protected from insult. Perhaps he was a poor, feeble creature after all; he was certainly much older than herself. She examined his legs critically as he crept downstairs to his breakfast, crushed by her frigidity, and decided that he would soon be infirm, invalided, and she a nurse.

She sighed, and decided that come what might, she would be dutiful. She began to pity him and to address him in the voice which we use for invalids and for people who are a trifle deaf. She had made her bed, and she must lie on it; its hardness must be accepted.

He, poor fellow, ate his meal in silence, absorbing his mush and milk and pork and beans with a piteous longing for some of the sweet smiling which had been wont to beguile the early hours of day. He was very much in love with his wife. She answered these advances with a forced gentleness; she even resignedly offered to get a shawl for him one morning, if he was cold, suggesting rheumatism. But when he tried to possess himself of her hand, she evaded him, murmuring something unintelligible about that sort of thing being "over." He went to his office wondering in what way he had offended, profoundly miserable. He had forgotten all about the *soirée*. She had ceased to speak of it. There are dilemmas in which speech is unavailable. And Gabriella coming on the morrow! How should she meet her? She thought of writing to postpone her visit, of feigning indisposition, of taking a journey to see some distant relatives, but all these pretexts crumbled before the lingering hope that some chance of fortune, some trick of fate, would yet bring to her the hoped-for summons.

If Charles had forgotten, so had Mrs. Prentiss. She had never cared much for the plodding, stolid man, who had merely filled a niche in her popular salon, because he was unencumbered and good-natured. By some oversight his young wife's name had not been inscribed upon her books. It is certain had she known the unhappiness she was inflicting, being an amiable person, that she would have sent the note to the "little country girl" whom Charlie Devereux had fallen in love with and married.

It was Mrs. Devereux's hope when she met and embraced Gabriella that no allusion would be made to the impending function. When she felt the girl's strong arms about her, and her hearty kiss of greeting, a sudden rush of home-sickness seized her. She longed to fall upon the breast of her tall friend, pour forth the hideous truth and be at once shamed and comforted. But Clara, although very human, and a woman to the core, was still a daughter of the Puritans. She therefore gulped down the rising sob, whisked away the moisture from her eyelids, strangled her emotion, and met Miss Dunham with apparent unconcern.

The Devereuxs dined at two o'clock and supped at half-past six, as was the custom of those days. Mrs. Dennison Fay Prentiss was the only lady in Boston who dined at six and had men servants, and her habits and hours were the topic of many an awed conclave. Mrs. Devereux was somewhat calmed by the fact that Gabriella, by some miraculous intervention of the deities, did not mention the subject she so dreaded. Charles grew happier because his darling became kinder to him. She had vouchsafed to touch his forehead with her hand in passing, as he lay stretched in his arm-chair—warming his feet and reading his newspaper after supper. It was then that the door bell announced a visitor.

Evening visitors were rare, but not, as in modern times, unheard of. The evening, not the afternoon, was the hour of relaxation, and at a time when dinner parties were infrequent, the male friend or admirer would come, after supper, to the social tryst.

Gabriella had gone up to her room to write a letter to her mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Devereux were alone.

"It is the Earl of Dearborn, ma'am," announced the maid, opening the drawing-room door.

It is to be supposed that before he threw Mrs. Devereux's number to his driver, the Earl of Dearborn had exhausted all the resources that the provincial Boston of those days offered him. He had in one short week been dined by friends at the Tremont; had smoked and drunk sherry at the Somerset Club with the wits of the hour; had attended a dance at Papanti's, where he had looked in vain for the gay matrons who were his most willing allies in Europe, and had found nothing better than strictly virtuous mothers and bread-and-butter lassies; he had wearily listened to the songs at the music hall, and had even been dragged an unwilling victim to a "rehearsal." He had visited the Howard Athenæum, where he found a few moments' solace in flirting with a popular actress in the coulisse. There seemed to be nothing left for him to do; if there had been the earl would have done it. He had sunk into the last stages of boredom. Even his friend, Mrs. Dennison Fay Prentiss, had left him to shift for himself. She

was playing whist at the Winthrops', whose house adjoined hers on Pemberton Square. Thus, he had suddenly remembered Mrs. Devereux's tremulously given address, and the pretty crisp, nasal English in which she had said "I shall be pleased if you would call some evening." A young married lady, graceful, nicely dressed, passably educated, who blushed when he spoke to her; who did not comprehend any of his *doubles entendres*, and, therefore, frankly laughed at them all; who had a charming camaraderie; who showed a row of very white little teeth as she asked him questions of such extravagant ingenuoussness that he had to gaze into her candid eyes to make sure that she was not laughing at him; who overflowed with vivacity, and yet was so unmistakably "honest," as the French have it, was a new sensation. The earl was fond of new sensations.

He had thought of the little lady several times since their two meetings, when it had amused him to single her out for special attentions. Her reception of these as a right, her entire absence of reverence for his person and his rank, while at the same time she expressed appreciation of his intellectual prowess, whose feats, to his surprise, were not unknown to her, piqued the curiosity of this man of the world. He had therefore decided to see her again. This decision was not upheld by any of the incitements which drew him usually to feminine commerce. Mrs. Devereux appealed about as much to his imagination or his senses as would a lively kitten full of harmless trick and wile.

The men shook hands, and Charles threw away his paper; but, never a conversationalist, there was something in Dearborn's personality which seemed to make him peculiarly awkward of speech. He soon found himself crowded out from an animated tête-a-tête between his wife and the Englishman. With the American husband's conviction that his wife should do the entertaining, in twenty minutes he had excused himself on the plea of a call he must make to a business acquaintance, and Mrs. Devereux and her visitor were left alone.

The door had hardly closed upon him when Dearborn asked the question which Mrs. Devereux so feared. Now, Gabriella's "chamber," as Mrs. Devereux

would have called it, was directly over the drawing-room, and as he asked the question Mrs. Devereux heard the young lady's chair pushed from the table, where she was writing; heard her step toward the dressing-table, doubtless to smooth a recreant lock of hair, and then lightly and firmly advance in the direction of the stairs. Her letter was written! She was coming! In half a moment she would be upon them; in less than a moment she would know all.

"We are not invited," said Mrs. Devereux, with a burning blush. It was over! Not so terrible after all! It was easier to tell a man than a woman, less galling; easier a foreigner, who would go back to England and forget the ignominy of it all in weightier concerns. At any rate, the die was cast.

"It is surely a mistake," said the diplomat gravely and quietly, with no exclamatory or wounding astonishment—"a mistake that——" Before he finished his sentence there was a flutter at the door—Gabriella entered. He rose and bowed as Mrs. Devereux presented them.

The girl down at Dunham had called him an "old married thing." Somehow, as she glanced at him now, she felt that the description was hardly adequate.

### III.

"This is Miss Dunham. I told you about her," said Mrs. Devereux.

"I remember perfectly," said the earl, who did not remember in the least.

Gabriella's father was a gentleman, if clean hands and a pure heart, a cultured brain, respect for woman's weakness, uprightness in affairs, lofty thoughts and courtesy of manner are enough: her lover was one, if chivalry, integrity, disinterestedness, bravery are enough. Mr. Crane, the Episcopal clergyman of Dunham, the father of Ringletta's friend, Ball Crane, was a gentleman, if studiousness, abstemiousness, philanthropy, meditation and spiritual virtues are enough. And there were others. Charlie Devereux in all his blunt simplicity was yet no boor. The men whom she had known might be plain; they were in no wise rude. The New Englander who in New York to-day is called "self-made" is often the descendant of a refined and gentle ancestry.

He is not, like the self-made man of the Empire State, grown into the railroad magnate or bank president, the son of immigrants, whose father could not spell and whose mother was illiterate.

Gabriella, therefore, had lived with gentlemen; but if there were any men like the earl in America, and it is possible that there were, she had not seen them. He was not, strictly speaking, handsome, nor had he that perfection of physical robustness, high coloring and health which one expects from his race and class. Nevertheless, in grace and ease, speech and accoutrement, he seemed to Gabriella a very flower of the world. Of that world which haunted all her dreams Lord Dearborn was the epitome; and if the flesh and the devil were not far distant, who shall say that it was not to their assistance that he owed the peculiar shiver of expectancy that shook Gabriella at his salutation. He met the anxious glance of her dark eye as it fell full into his own with a curious sense of discomfort, for, strangely enough, this rather dazzling young person, so unexpectedly encountered, made him feel that she was judging him. Dazzling, he certainly thought her, brilliantly handsome and most desirable. She was dressed very simply in black, but she had passed a scarlet ribbon through her braids, while the same warm tint showed at her throat.

"La belle Hamilton," he said to himself, "and here in Yankeeland!" A little Yankee girl from a manufacturing village! It seemed absurdly incongruous.

Gabriella knew her dress becoming, which gave her repose. Her hands were cold, and her blood rose to her cheeks in two bright spots, but her manner was composed, without undue boldness.

Dearborn recovered from his momentary embarrassment, and the three fell into pleasant talk. Nettled at the newcomer's attitude of indifference, the earl determined to display for these two obscure young women all the gifts, graces and fascinations, in which he was already so proficient and for which he has since become so justly celebrated. He told them things, which electrified their imaginations, of the strange, foreign countries he had visited, of adventures by sea and land, yet was never verbose or egotistical. He charmed them with the fine



Drawn by  
B. West Clinedinst.

"THE MEN SCANNED EACH OTHER NARROWLY  
AS THEY PASSED."

point of his railery and wit, astonished them with his eloquence, then suddenly became colloquial, made them shine in their turn, flattered them with caressing questions, threw in now and again an earnest compliment, in which there lurked a touch of feeling; and all the time Gabriella knew, as women know, all-inexperienced though they be, that it was all for her. When he rose to take his leave she was filled with suppressed excitement, and the hand which she gave him for a moment was so tremulous that the man noticed it with fatuous amusement. Dearborn was a libertine. He had already sworn to whistle to this splendid bird, capture and make it his own. He had not missed the effect upon her of a single one of his words. He had already

guessed and fathomed her ambitions, wondering how best he could pander to them—he always appealed to the worst side of women's natures; it was the quicker way he thought—and fancied he had solved the riddle when he bowed his low good-night.

"It is surely a mistake about Mrs. Prentiss," he whispered in farewell to his hostess—"a mistake a word can rectify." The look of enraptured gratitude which Clara gave him revealed to him what she had suffered, and that these two pretty women should owe to him a service gave him an agreeable titillation of vanity. A more decided satisfaction swept his consciousness as he once more turned to Gabriella with a last look of admiration, which she received a little defiantly.

"*Ce n'est pas la première venue, c'est une personne,*" he said to himself as the door closed upon him. He had been at school in Paris, and sometimes thought in French. Mrs. Devereux, still unused to city etiquette, opened the door for him herself, letting him out under the stars. "*C'est une personne,*" he repeated. "Who would have expected it in this dull hole, in these bourgeois surroundings?"

Clara, when she got back, made a rush for Gabriella, and the two executed a mad Indian war dance for

the benefit of the cat, which blinked on the hearth rug. They had managed to knock down several chairs, overturn a table or two and to singe the hem of Gabriella's petticoat at the fire, and were still whirling about like two mad creatures when Mr. Devereux returned. Clara ran to him and threw her arms about his neck, kissing his astonished face. She was happier than Gabriella. Relief from anxiety is one of the highest forms of earthly felicity. Gabriella could hardly have said why she danced. A sort of exuberant vitality seemed to force her to the exercise. Like all highly organized persons, she needed expression, notwithstanding her education of self-control. She felt, for almost the first time in her life, that she lived, and not that cold gray life gathered from

books—common heritage of the disinherited—but a reality. They both told Charlie Devereux how delightful, and distinguished, and agreeable they thought the Englishman, and he told them they were silly, nonsensical geese, but his wife's kisses were still hot on his lips, and he was in no humor to chide her—he had been starved too long.

The earl duly asked Mrs. Dennison Fay Prentiss for the invitations. "My dear madam," he said to her, "you have forgotten two lovely creatures," and then he named them.

"Oh! yes, to be sure. Charlie Devereux's little new wife. I don't object to her in the least. She is countrified, but she is nice-looking. The Dunhams? I don't know the name. Harriet," she called to her young sister, who was arranging some flowers in the library—"Harriet, who are the Dunhams?"

"The Dunhams from Dunham, do you mean?" cried back Harriet through the velvet portière.

"I suppose so. Lord Dearborn wants them asked."

"One of them," said the earl, laughing.

"Well, one of them, and that is quite enough."

Harriet appeared at the door. "They are pretty girls. Emily Lyman knew Ringletta at school."

"Ringletta?"

"Yes; so they called her."

"This young lady's name is Gabriella," said the earl. "She is a fine young woman."

"We don't know her," said Mrs. Prentiss.

"Oh, my dear lady, you must make her acquaintance!" said the earl.

Mrs. Prentiss desired that the earl should meet only the best. "There are distinctions here, though you may not believe it," she said to him with a grimace.

He felt glad that there were, as he remembered Gabriella. "Of course," he said, "of course."

"You cannot expect me to let the entire Merrimac River flood my drawing-rooms," she continued in expiring protest. The Devereuxs and Gabriella were invited.

The girl did not electrify the entire company. People did not hang over the

staircases to watch her evolutions, or pause in crowded doorways to see her pass, nor were all the other maidens and matrons cast into darkness and relegated into oblivion. She was, however, noticed, and she was admired within reasonable limits. She was not neglected at supper, and she had partners for the impromptu dance which ended the evening. Her gown was pretty and fresh; her eyes and her cheeks bright. The Earl of Dearborn did not quite fulfil her expectations as a cavalier. He was less attentive than she had expected, but the thought that he had a countess and a little son floating about somewhere relegated him to an older generation, and since she owed him her invitation, she felt inclined to view him as a valuable friend, not a possible beau. The earl, however, had never lost sight of her, and while his vanity would not have allowed him to languish at the feet of a little girl from a factory town in preference to the higher game which this particular soirée offered him, he returned to his allegiance the very next morning.

Something in Gabriella piqued his curiosity. He saw in her eyes that she was fevered, and felt it would occupy an idle hour to solve the enigma of her discontent. Manlike, he attributed it to a thirst for sentimental experience—such a creature, he thought, in a Yankee mill town!—and decided that if it was this she craved she should have her fill.

"Did you tell him I was engaged?" Gabriella had asked of Mrs. Devereux.

"Why, no; I think not," Clara had answered.

"Well, don't then."

"What can it matter?" Clara asked, puzzled; but Gabriella vouchsafed no explanation.

#### IV.

He remembered her on the morrow. He came to take the ladies to see a collection of etchings, and the expedition prolonged itself with a drive and a luncheon in the "ladies' ordinary" of the Revere House. Again, the next day, there was an engagement made for a picture gallery. Clara became a little sleepy, but Gabriella's enjoyment never flagged. The trysts multiplied. By tacit consent, Mrs. Devereux dropped out of them. She was naturally a

good little woman, full of household cares and solicitudes. It was rather a relief to have her handsome guest off her hands for a certain part of every day. The visit, at her own urgency, had prolonged itself. Three weeks were drawing to their close. Gabriella lingered in Bowdoin street; the Earl of Dearborn in Boston.

There is nothing so flattering as to be listened to, probably because nothing is so rare. There is much perfunctory politeness in the world, or at least there was in those days, and there is a certain amount of affected sympathy; but when we find the genuine article we recognize it. The rapt interest with which Gabriella listened to Lord Dearborn's lightest word, the almost anguished attention she accorded to his descriptions of his world, the palpitating questioning of her whole attitude, might have deceived a keener reader of feminine mystery. It deceived him. He was becoming seriously épris of this odd, beautiful young woman, who so trustfully accepted all his propositions, walked, drove, ate with him. He was also becoming somewhat impatient. He had allowed the Elgin party to leave without him. The countess wrote that Washington bored her. His plea of literary and historic research amid the annals of Cambridge College, and the inspection of such musty palimpsest as the Boston library offered for his work on America, was becoming suspiciously prolonged. Boston is chill and windy in December, and the public tables of a restaurant and the halls of museums are not convenient places for love-making. The earl had caught a cold in his head standing about in draughts and on street corners, and he was beginning to feel cross. It is all very well to be fascinating, but to be fascinating under such conditions is inconceivably distasteful. Yet there was that about Miss Dunham which arrested upon the man's lips any suggestion of more propitious tête-a-têtes, and then, in fact, where and how and when? She was a lady, if a facile one, and he instinctively felt that she would be alarmed and perhaps hurry back to Dunham if he permitted himself an imprudent step. He was allowed to call frequently, it is true, in Bowdoin street; but Mrs. Devereux was generally present, and Mr.

Devereux always a possibility. Gabriella sat at some distance from him embroidering the seam on a nondescript garment, which she said was a flannel petticoat for her sister Ringletta. It was, in fact, a part of her own marriage outfit. She had been at work upon her trousseau for two years.

At last the earl's determination to gain an opportunity of greater expansion, amid safer surroundings, seemed miraculously granted. Mr. Devereux was called by a peremptory summons to the sick bed of a widowed sister, who was to undergo surgical treatment. Mrs. Devereux decided to accompany her husband. Gabriella offered to return to Dunham, but, as Christmas was nigh, and as she had arranged to pass it with her friends, it was concluded that she should remain and await developments. Mrs. Devereux thought the sister unduly alarmed, which, in fact, proved to be the case, and in four days Clara had returned to Boston. These four days, however, were to leave their indelible mark upon Gabriella's destiny.

On the morning of the Devereuxs' departure, Gabriella received a letter from Walter Perry. He was recovering from his illness. He was now able to leave his room, to go out: and since she did not come back to see him, he had decided to come to town and see her. The letter was reproachful. She had only written to him twice during her absence. The letters were not such as she had once addressed to him. They were kind, but cold. A cooled affection is always kind. Remorse pays tribute. He found fault with their tone. He seemed perplexed and dissatisfied. He ended his missive with the hope that she had not forgotten that this trip to Manila was his last. He should return in the spring and claim her. He insisted upon this, repeating several times, "We will be married in June." He told her that on the following day, at three o'clock, he would call upon her in Bowdoin street, and finished his letter with protestations of ardent devotion.

Now, Gabriella had made an appointment with Lord Dearborn for that very hour that very afternoon. He was to call and take her for a walk. She did not know that, having learned from Mrs. Devereux of her intended absence, he had mentally decided to postpone the walk and to

pass the afternoon with the girl in her friend's drawing-room. But, had she known it, her only disquietude would have sprung, not from any apprehension of the solitude à deux, but rather from vexation that a third should venture to disturb such rich communion.

To her it mattered very little if she saw the earl in the streets or between closed doors. All she asked him to give her, there or here, was the knowledge for which she panted. Walter Perry did not tell her if his stay in Boston would be prolonged, and there was no time to answer him. His letter caused her a certain degree of compunction. He had been ill, he was evidently hurt; but the thought of putting off the earl, of losing the joy of her afternoon, the pleasure of, perhaps, passing some of her Dunham acquaintances—in town for the holiday shopping—in the company of a man whose elegance caused persons to stare after them, filled her with anger. Walter's visit seemed to her purposely inopportune, uninvited—a persecution. She had sometimes in the past accused him of supineness, of a lack of energy, of willingness to wait for her too calmly, of accepting too surely her own loyalty. Women resent such surety. She had never, however, thought this the result of indifference. It was the security born of his own absolute fidelity. The heart swelling with its own wealth of feeling is less doubting than the one which distrusts itself. Walter Perry knew no such distrust and no remorse. If there had been flaws in his conduct, they were not deep ones—not such as wound a woman irremediably. He believed too well in himself not to be sure of her, and Gabriella guessed it, even when she accused him in her mind.

With her, the easy conquest, as she stepped into womanhood, of the best beau of the town, of the petted and adored "young man" of all the maidens and their mothers, had sufficed. Not analytic, her pride had lured her into the belief that she was attached to him, which belief had been kept alive by the envy of the other girls and the absence of any more important suitors. What was there in Walter Perry to so attract women, or, at least, the women of his village? One must fit standards to environment. He was not

better-looking than Ball Crane; nor so clever as Lloyd Taintor, the young Unitarian minister; nor so muscular as Julian Adams, the banker's son; nor so good at the dance as Sears Williams; nor yet was he rich, like Mr. Clyde—yet he remained their superior. In later years, when he became a great general, after the war, where he so distinguished himself—years later, when his hair was quite gray, and Gabriella met him again, she understood better his power. He had not yet found his bearings or a channel for his genius. Born to execute and to command, he languished in his fetters. Descended from a line of warriors, the life of the camp and of the open were to form him. The times were not yet ripe.

Strangely enough he was very short of stature, shorter than Gabriella, to whom this fact never failed to bring mortification. His features were regular, but somewhat finnikin. He had brown eyes, Hyperion locks and a small curled mustache. His taste for the military had induced him to join a company of militia, to whose captaincy he had promptly risen. Proud of this advancement, in imitation of the regulars, he wore a round cloak and a peaked hat, which the belles of Dunham thought "ravishing" and "lovely," and which gave him the aspect of a tenor or a troubadour. One expected from his lips a romance d'amour; one looked unconsciously under the hem of his talma for the handle of a concealed guitar. He was picturesque.

Gabriella sent a message by one of Mrs. Devereux's maid servants—there were but three—begging the earl to postpone his call until half-past four o'clock. This would permit her to get rid of her lover before Dearborn's advent; and, if too late for the walk, it left, at least, a chance for a brief interview. But as ill-luck would have it, Perry's train was belated, and not reaching his innamorata's door until half-past three, when he left her, in an hour, he encountered Dearborn on the porch. The men scanned each other narrowly and passed.

"Who is the little man in the little cloak?" asked Dearborn of the girl.

"The little man in the little cloak," she answered him with sudden resentment, "is the young gentleman I am going to marry."



*Drawn by T. West Climedist.*

"HE HID HIS FACE AWAY FROM HER AND WEPT."

Her nerves were in that state of exasperation when a woman finds relief in any rashness. Her interview with Walter had been stormy. He had upbraided her with heartlessness, and the charge had left her speechless. Every word he had spoken, every tone of his voice, had shot through her the certainty that her love, if love it had ever been, was well over. Much as she had chafed under the tediousness of her long engagement, its wearisomeness, its discouragement, a speedy marriage now loomed before her, portentous and dismaying. She hardly realized herself that in these few brief weeks an unbridgable abyss had been forever dug between her lover and herself. The promises made to her of her own cottage near the mills, a maid to wait upon her, a garden to amuse such hours as should be free from household tasks—with the handsome Walter at her side—now appalled her. She looked at his crisp, brown hair, his rather uncared-for hands, his clothes, with their attempt at the fine dandy's, and their forlorn shabby inelegance. She smelt the perfume of the well-known pomade he used, which had intoxicated the senses of virgin Dunham, and felt that he had dwindled. Something akin to disgust arose in her breast and stifled her. Gabriella adroitly controlled, however, all expression of this reaction. She smoothed him down with pretty phrases, lulled him with false excuses, and yet as she did so, she was resolving that she would not see his face again, and in her ears was the reiterated refrain, "It is over, it is over." If only he would go and give her time—time which had seemed so long—to gather herself together, muster up courage to break through this cowardice which was an acknowledgment of the other's force! How should she tell him the truth! She thought of Mrs. Prentiss' musicale, and of the men and women she had seen there. She thought of Dearborn, and her whole soul revolted at the prospect of a narrow life at Dunham, spent with this once-admired village swain. And once it had seemed sweet!

He was moody when they parted; albeit, he insisted he should remain in Boston and visit her again on the next day. He named the hotel where he was stopping and left her miserable—and it was in this mood of misery that Dearborn found her.

The defiant announcement of their relationship whetted the passion of the earl with a sudden sting of jealousy. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Do you mean to tell me a glorious creature like yourself, made to rule the souls of courtiers, is to be tied to a ridiculous coq de village like that! Ha, ha! Try another form of play with me, Miss Dunham. This joke is hardly in good taste, and does you little justice."

Her reply to the earl had in it a vestige of that pluck in which she was not lacking, but his questions and his comments sealed Walter's fate. Her faltering fancy died in the throes of an unexpected pain.

Before the earl had left her, she had unburdened her heart to him, and told him all her doubts and fears.

"You do not now love him," he had said seriously and kindly, desisting from any further use of those weapons of ridicule which he but too well saw had done their work. Before he left her, in the late twilight, she had promised him to write that night to Walter Perry his final and irrevocable dismissal. "You will be more at peace," the earl had said to her. "Mr. Perry may have excellent qualities, but you could not marry such a one. It would be an absurd union. I gauged him at a glance."

"No, it has been a grave mistake," said Gabriella, her eyes skyward. She was still burning from the exaltation of her confession. How pleasant it was to find a friend to soothe her terrors, to dry her tears and tell her what she did was well! When the earl pressed her hand and imprinted a respectful kiss on her low forehead, just where her hair grew heaviest, she looked up at him gratefully from under half-closed lids. He was fraternal.

She ran to her room and wrote to Walter. She then put on her bonnet and mantilla and herself sallied forth, light of foot, if not of conscience, to leave it at his lodgings. She knew the way; it was not far.

"Give it to the gentleman immediately," she told the negro porter, who assured her that Mr. Perry was in his room. All the evening she feared that he would come—at least she expected an answer to her letter. None came, but early in the morning he came himself.

"I could not move last night," he said

to her sadly; "your note had paralyzed me. I could only read it over and over like a man struck with palsy. I only understood it when it was too late for you to receive me. Dear Gabriella, tell me that this is a hideous nightmare, a dream of the night hours, and that this bright sunshine sees you still mine."

She did give him her hand a minute, but he wore the little cloak. She had seen it coming up the street waving in the wind behind him, and had marveled how it was possible she could ever have thought of this man, who was absurd—yes, absurd—"the little man in the little cloak," as a possible husband.

Well, the little man was found to have a big spirit. He made a fight for his girl. How could he give her up? How could he give her up, and all the hopes and all the longings of the years! Why, such a thing was monstrous—this hard struggle and no recompense! He paced the room in wildest agitation—pleaded, implored. He asked her to name the test of prowess that should win her back again; he blamed and scourged himself for having lost her. He threw his pride down at her feet and groveled there himself; then turned as if a snake had stung him to bid her name his rival that he might slay him. Was it the man he had met on the doorstep yesterday?

"Pshaw!" said Gabriella. "That is an Englishman, the Earl of Dearborn"—she hated herself for naming him—"a married gentleman who calls on Clara Devereux." To the ingenuousness of Dunham this seemed conclusive.

He had worked like a dog through his best years of youth to scratch up the small income which should enable him to claim her. "Oh, Gella, Gella!" The pet name made her wince. At last he hid his face away from her and wept. She remained firm, dry-eyed, dry-lipped, before this strange agony, which touched her little—which seemed to her a sort of punishment, harder for her to bear than for him to inflict. She wished he would stop. She wished he would go away. It wearied her. Nevertheless she had never thought him worth as much during all the years she had misunderstood the depth of his attachment. She gazed at him wonderingly, with the feeling that she had never known him at all well before; that she had been stupid, and Gabriella hated stupidity. When, at last, broken, exhausted, suspecting everything but what was true, Walter left her, she did him full justice. He had gained dignity. He, at least, had ceased to be ridiculous. He, on his part, went out with death in his soul. The poor fellow loved her.

(To be continued.)



## THE REAL INDIA.

WHAT IS ENGLAND GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE, THE COSMOPOLITAN'S  
SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO INDIA.

AS I sat in my whitewashed room at the Jubbulpore hotel on the forenoon of the day after the visit to the famine-works I saw, between the slats of the blinds, two figures come and seat themselves beside a footway in the rear of the hotel buildings. The blinding sunshine fell on them; they squatted in the dust, making no attempt to protect themselves from a heat which would soon have been fatal to a European. They were garbed in the fewest rags, and the filthiest, possible.

They were a grown person and a child of six. I took the former at first to be a man; but after scrutinizing the figure for some time, I suspected it to be that of a woman. There was nothing womanly left about her; but there was a fragment of cloth over the shoulders and hanging down in front which a man so destitute would hardly have worn; he would have restricted himself to the loin-cloth. The head was covered with matted, lustreless hair. The face was held downwards so that the features were not clearly distinguishable; I could see only that they were repulsive. She sat with her heels drawn up close to the body, the bony knees on a level with her jaws. She was filthy beyond expression, and as nearly a skeleton as almost any one I had yet seen alive. She uttered not a sound, and the only movement she made was ever and anon to scratch herself with her talons, now here, now there, with an abrupt snatching movement, like a surly wild beast. In the intervals of these snatchings and rakings, she rested her arms on her knees and held her head between her hands. At long intervals, too, she would partly uplift her hideous visage and give vent to a low groan. She resembled some ghastly ape much more than a human being. Her body was shaggy with filth, and every vestige of modesty had long since vanished from her.

Her companion was a little girl, perhaps six years old. She was not so bony as the woman, and her manifestations

were all animal-like. Her face was broad across the cheek-bones, and her thick black hair had never been combed; it was gray with dust and harsh with dirt. Her eyes were round, shining, and with the expression of a little wild beast. She would protrude her chin and draw back her lips, showing her white teeth; she bobbed her head up and down and swung it to and fro, like an idiot. At times she bent forward and laid her forehead or cheek in the dust; or would rest her brow against the rim of the tin dipper she held and roll it from side to side. She spread her legs apart and twisted them this way and that, as if they moved on toggle joints. All this was while she was unconscious of observation. But by and by a servant passed through the yard, and then this small creature looked up and gave utterance to a long-drawn, whining noise—a mere string of vowel intonations, with no words; it was the professional appeal of the beggar caste, to which the two belonged. The woman said nothing. No notice was taken of them for a long time; but they were apparently settled there for the day; they made no offer to move. At last a woman in European dress, who was, I believe, the landlady of the hotel, happened to cross the yard and saw the unsightly group. She said something sharply in the native tongue, and putting her hand in her pocket, tossed a small copper coin—a pice—towards them and passed on. The little girl immediately jumped upon it, monkey-like, on all fours, and presented it to the woman, who clutched it, and with slow deliberation hid it away in a fold of her loin-cloth. Then she slowly arose, an awful spectacle; and I now perceived that both her eyes were gone; they had decayed out of her head. The little girl had a long rod in her hand; she put one end of it into the hand of the woman, and thus led her away. At a little distance the woman stopped to readjust her garment, and the stick fell to the ground. Instead of stooping to pick it up, she felt

in the dust with her feet, and caught it between her toes, just as an ape might have done. Then she hobbled away in her darkness and filth, and I saw her no more. She was a woman; she might have been my mother, my sister, my daughter, my wife. What had her life been? What is it to be, here and hereafter?

## II.

In the afternoon I departed towards the north. At the railway station were a man and wife, with their little daughter, who was quite naked except for a bit of rag across her shoulders. The woman wore a similar costume, with the addition of a loin-cloth; the man, tall and fleshless, had a loin-cloth only. Had you seen them out of India, you would have thought they were starving; but, in fact, they were comparatively well off. As they stood there, the man put forth a hand and laid it on the child's head, at the same time covering his face with his other hand. The little thing looked up at him, and apparently thought he was playing with her; she lifted up her arms for him to take her up. But he was not playing, nor was the demonstration one of affection, as I had supposed; the man was engaged in prayer. He lifted his knee with an impatient movement, striking the child on the side, and causing her to stagger out of the way of his devotions. When the prayer was done, the family moved away, the little girl in advance, marching solemnly in her unconscious nudity. What a lifeless life! The parents were apathetic, neither observing nor aware of observation. Their only gods were sticks and stones; their only world, this world of famine and desolation. They knew nothing but the dismal struggle for existence; and they cared for nothing, hardly even to exist. The little girl alone still retained some tender instincts; but they would not last much longer.

A starving, elderly man sat leaning against the corner of the railway building; he was too feeble to stand without support. A fat and bustling Parsi official came out, and, seeing him, caught up a stone and flung it at him, muttering some violent oburgation. The old man painfully erected himself and staggered away,

holding himself up on two sticks. His legs were as fleshless as the sticks. He made no rejoinder to the official's cursing, nor did he seem to resent it. He had the dignity of hopeless misery; he would not long be subject to such attacks.

The country through which I was now passing was similar in general character to that of the first day's journey, but more rocky and desolate; here and there bare mud fields surrounded empty mud huts; in the bottom of a few ditches were wet patches; there were a good many mango trees, dressed in mocking green, and flocks of goats and starving cattle. In one place we passed a number of open freight cars, on which were Hindu laborers, with shaven heads and black top-knots; they were being transported to the local famine-works. They were a grisly-looking array; but I had seen worse.

At Allahabad I was nearly in the center of India and of the famine district. At the dinner-table of the hotel sat a middle-aged, long-bearded Englishman who had seen the famine of 1878 and seemed to be familiar with the situation. The chief trouble in Allahabad, according to him, was the cholera; at the works it killed three hundred a week. The people ate grain improperly cooked, or uncooked, and it was no better than so much poison. I asked him whether the government efforts were effective. He said that there were not white men enough for the work; and that they were much hampered by the obligation they were under to reduce everything to writing. "Why," said he, "the correspondence of one day would cover this table"—it was about twenty feet by six. "If the folks in authority would only demand more work and less writing," he added, "we might hope to accomplish something." This was true, no doubt. And yet it is of great importance that a record of everything in connection with the famine should be preserved; for upon such records the dealings with future famines must be based.

But the long-bearded gentleman's views were unalterably pessimistic; the country, he thought, was going from bad to worse. Meanwhile I had sent to its address a letter of introduction to a local American missionary; and in the morning he made his appearance.

The hotel at which I put up was a

building which had served several uses; at one time it had been the abode of a rajah, and had, I believe, been sold by him to the amiable hotel proprietor, an Eurasian, who now administered it. Its plan was, on the ground floor, two enormous rooms, opening into each other, and extending the full depth of the edifice; they were flanked on each side by rows of small rooms. A staircase ascending, right and left, in front brought you to an identical arrangement on the upper floor—for there were two. The furnishings of the big rooms were dingy but pretentious, with many varieties of extension chairs; the front of the house was porticoed, and a veranda extended across the end above. The bedrooms had bare, whitewashed walls and ceilings, and bare stone floors; they contained each a bed, a chair, and a bureau; and in an adjoining closet was a bath-tub. Punkahs were swung in all the rooms. It was, for India, a clean and comfortable hotel; and at dinner we had the advantage of the rajah's company; he had a head like that of a Roman emperor of the decadent period, much ravaged by dissipation, and his conversation generally took a waggish turn. He spoke an extraordinary version of English, and was listened to by the rest of the company at table with a certain admiring servility, which English people of the middle rank cannot help exhibiting in the presence of royalty. As the rajah finished bottle after bottle of the champagne, which he ordered with princely recklessness, his conversation assumed a very risqué complexion, insomuch that I looked to see the ladies retire; but they held out valiantly. The rajah wore English garments; he was stout, broad and swarthy; and to the irreverent eye he looked not so much like a prince as like some disreputable buffoon, stranded from a wrecked circus, taking tipsy liberties. I presume he paid for the champagne he ordered; if so, the money must have come from—one does not like to think where; but every glass of it must have cost a human life. And the fat flesh with which the rajah's body was padded was stripped from the dry ribs of many a nameless heap of bones that had once been a man, a baby, or a woman. But we cannot blame the rajah. After deducting from him the qualities and conditions for which he was

not personally responsible, what remains might very likely have been a well-meaning creature.

But the gentleman whom I found on coming downstairs in the morning needed no apologies. He was clean, wholesome and hearty from the core outwards. His glance was direct and clear, and his talk succinct and vigorous. He was about five feet eight inches in height, broad shouldered and athletic; the muscles all over his sturdy body were hard as hammered iron. Would there were more Americans like him at home; yet I was glad, for the credit of our country, to find him abroad. I took to him at sight; and so, I am glad to say, did he to me. He was in haste, for he had a world on his shoulders, and plunged straight into the business which had brought him.

"You can't see the famine at the works, or even at the poorhouse," said he; "the place to go to is the native village. I'll take you there, and show you the inside of all my work. You'll have to rough it a little, but you'll see things. We've put in all we've got; we're here for life; we're hard at work; but," he added with a cheery smile, "we're happy." It was a magnificent little speech, such as Warren might have made at Bunker Hill. That was all there was to it. We made our appointment, and he got up and held out his hand. "Don't stay here," he said. "I told my wife you would come to us. We've got some things to show you right there. If you'll stay a week, I'll engage you see more famine than you could, traveling round, in a month." We shook hands, and he went away. He was the man for me. "I'll tell you all I know!" he called back from his buggy as he drove off.

### III.

I had the afternoon at my disposal, and I spent it in a visit to the fort, which overlooks the confluence of the Jumna, which is blue, and the Ganges, which is yellow; they meet at an acute angle in a desert plain, and flow thence in one stream to the distant ocean. The fort stands high, its walls inclosing nearly half a square mile of ground. In the courtyard stands Asoka's pillar, a slender shaft of smooth, light-brown stone, about fifty feet high and twenty-five hundred years old: its

capital stands beside it on the ground, and around its middle are incised a number of inscriptions in irregular lines, as if cut by school-boys or aspiring tourists. It was not imposing; but this fort is one of the oldest sites and most sacred places in India; here used to be an Aryan city; and the palace of Akbar still remains, though much demeaned by British occupancy as an arsenal. I descended some steps into a pitch dark crypt, the holy of holies of Brahmanism. Three or four sly and sinister-faced priests met me with servile gestures; they lighted a lamp, consisting of strands of yarn in a metal saucer full of oil, and backed before me along a narrow and low passage underground, the smoke of the burning wick streaming in my face, with a most villainous odor. The place had the appearance of a noisome dungeon: but every foot of it was oppressively sacred. At every few paces the Brahmins paused to let me do reverence to some grimy fragment of a statuette, lurking in its little niche; there was not a complete figure among them; several were but bodiless heads, the deficiency supplied by a rag of red silk hanging down; one or two of the heads were of brass, and each had its name and story. After awhile we seemed to have reached the consummation of holiness. I peeped into an aperture and saw a piece of a tree about four feet in length, consisting of a trunk divided into two branches; the diameter was perhaps nine inches. It was fitted in between the rock above and the rock below so as to give the appearance of growing out of the latter and into the former. Behind it, in the depths of the recess, was a square hole, a foot in height, entering the thickness of the rock. What were these things?

Why, this was the famous undying banyan tree; and the square hole led direct to the holy city of Benares, distant about one hundred and fifty miles. Under this tree Brahma performed his sacrifices, and through that tunnel, I suppose, the entire Hindu pantheon was wont to march and countermarch ten thousand years ago. In front of the tree was a little dishpan for offerings, containing withered flowers and small bits of silver. Here, if anywhere on earth, the grand, historic religion of countless millions of intelligent human beings found its most

glorious manifestation. Towards this stifling, stinking rat-hole the eyes of all India turned with adoration; at the feet of these sorry potsherders they bowed themselves down in their hundreds of millions and knew the awful rapture of worship. And this section of a ten-year-old fig-tree, revealed by the flaring oil wick of the jackal priests, might stand for the hub of the Brahmanical universe—a wooden lie, annually renewed, fitly commemorating the immemorial desecration of the name of the one true God.

Complying with the gesticulated urgencies of the priests, I dropped half a rupee into the dish, and was piloted out of this grave of dead and rotten beliefs with a keener appreciation than I had had before of the magnitude of historical revolutions. There was a phallic emblem or two on the way out; but I resisted any further attempts to induce me to testify my emotions in coin. I came up out of the pit with relief and joy, and there was the sky as pure and young as man's perversions of its teachings are corrupt and subterranean. But I looked abroad over the illimitable plain, and saw in its helpless barrenness, peopled with skeletons, the fruits of idolatry. Visiting India makes one value Christianity.

Early the next morning, having still time on my hands, I took the rail on to Agra, the furthest point north of my journeyings. The thermometer stood at one hundred and ten degrees in the shade. This is not the place to describe the Taj Mahal, and the other famous tombs; they are the most exquisite triumphs of architecture ever made by man. Around the stately garden, with its glorious gates, amidst which the Taj rises like an airy dream of alabaster, heavenward, are huddled crooked rows of mud huts—the most base and primitive products of human handiwork, cheek by jowl with the most sublime. Near at hand, too, were the famine-works of Agra—a naked hillside, in process of being dug away by starving Hindus to open a railway and to earn bread. There they swarmed and pottered, as I had seen them do at Jubbulpore—the same patient brown slaves who had erected the Taj more than eight hundred years ago. After all, the Taj is a tomb in which lie dead bones.

The following day my life with the missionary of Allahabad began.

#### IV.

"I'll just give you a look at our poor-house before we start in to-morrow," said the missionary, and we got into his light buggy and drove two or three miles northeast. There were no salient differences between this establishment and the one in Jubbulpore. But there was no division between the sexes—the men's huts adjoined those of the women; and even skeletons retain their vicious instincts. But to imagine the squalid and forlorn carnivals that went on after night had fallen in these hovels made one shudder. Truly, man is a pathetic creature.

The cry of "not enough to eat" was singularly prevalent; and in proof thereof the men would gather up the handful of wrinkled skin over the place where their bellies used to be and show us that there was nothing but skin there. Nevertheless there were other men, a noticeable minority, who looked sleek and well-fed; and yet all alike, according to the imperturbable overseer, got their daily pound and a half of grain. When the empty ones heard the overseer make this statement, they would turn away with a sullen, hopeless gesture. But I saw a look of deadly hatred gleam in the wolfish eyes of one of them; could he have caught the overseer alone, he would have done his best to make carrion of him. There was a man with the palsy, shaking in the still, hot air as if he were freezing to death; and a woman with a pretty baby, its eyelids darkened with kola, who sat with her face down, and could not be prevailed upon to look up. Close by was another mother whose baby was blind. Tears were running down her sunken cheeks; but she said nothing, for she knew that her affliction was beyond human help. The sturdy missionary stood in a reverie for a moment, and then roused himself with a sigh. "There's not much I can do here," he remarked. "If we interfere, the overseer complains to the government that we are trying to convert the people; and the government fears trouble from that. But wait till I show you my converts to-morrow, and

then say whether you don't think Christianity is the best cure for this kind of trouble that's been found yet?"

As we drove home I asked him about the Indian tenure-of-land system.

"In the first place," replied he, "the government is, in theory, the owner of all the land in India. Under the government there are two systems of tenure—the old, which existed from the beginning; and the new, introduced by the English in certain quarters. Under the old system, the head-man of the village divides the land around his village into portions; which are designated according to the profits from them; some of the divisions are so small as to correspond with the fraction of an anna. The product of the whole land is regarded as the common stock of the village, and each holder is credited from this according to his holding. By the new system, the zemindar, or head-man, is required to pay the government six per cent. of the yield of the village lands; he gets his profit out of what he can get from the cultivators over and above this. Under what is called the 'Bengal permanent settlement'—that is, when the land is appraised only once in about a generation—the land may increase in yield, enabling the zemindar to grow rich, while the cultivators remain as poor as ever. The government recognizes this, and is trying to frame measures to secure a share of the improvements to the cultivators. Another scheme is called the 'transient settlement'—the land is appraised every five years. But the zemindar can charge the tenant what he pleases for a plot of land and take his entire crop in payment."

"What is the difference between the zemindar and the bunniah?" I asked.

"The zemindar is the owner; the bunniah lends money and buys and sells grain; but the two functions are often combined in one person. The bunniahs are a hereditary caste. The people will buy from them when they won't from a lower caste. The government is afraid to compete with the bunniahs, lest they destroy the natural operation of trade."

"Bunniahs, I suppose, advance money to cultivators on the security of crops. But what do they do in times of famine like this?"

"They take anything they can lay

hands on, down to the roofs and doors of the huts. When all is gone they refuse to make further loans; the cultivator has nothing for it but to go on government relief—but they yield to that, as a rule, only at the last pinch, and often delay too long, and die in their empty huts or in the jungle."

"Is not that short-sighted policy on the bunniah's part? There must be more money in a live man than in a dead one?"

"Well, the debt of the father is inherited by the son and grandson; the bunniahs own all the workers, and whether this slave or that does the work it is all one to the bunniah. There are too many people in India."

We were approaching the missionary's house.

"May bunniahs legally dispossess the people of their land, as well as of everything else?" I inquired.

"Formerly, no; but now they may. The cultivator now has the right to sell his hereditary holdings; and that suits the bunniahs. But what will the end be? Here we are at home!"

### V.

"Travelers in India," remarked my friend, with his cheery smile, "report us missionaries as living in luxury, waited on by troops of servants, demoralizing native simplicity by an impracticable morality, stuffing them with theological dogmas which they can't understand, forcing them to wear unsuitable and unaccustomed clothes; and that the upshot of our work is to make them hypocritically profess a faith they don't believe in in order to curry favor, and to ruin them with the vices of civilization instead of saving them with its virtues. Well, now you have a chance to see how it is for yourself!"

The household consisted of the missionary and his wife and a young lady who was assisting them; three or four immaculate Mohammedan servants, at wages of from one to two dollars a month; a horse and buggy; a chapel; and, within the walls of the compound, some ranges of neat buildings for the accommodation of the native children who were supported and instructed by the mission.

The family sat down thrice a day to a wholesome but Spartan meal. The husband worked with all his might from dawn to dark, and after dark in his study, helping distress, averting evil, cheering sorrow, enlightening ignorance, and praying with heart and soul to the God and Christ, who was more real to him than any earthly thing. His lovely, artless, human, holy wife, with faith like a little child's, and innocent as a child, yet wise and steadfast in all that touched her work, labored as untiringly and selflessly as her husband; and so did the other angel in the house. There were, perhaps, a hundred native children, either orphaned or deserted, who had begun to get flesh on their bones, and were busy and happy in learning to read and write their native language, and in singing hymns of praise to the new living God who loves children, meeting morning and evening in the chapel for that purpose, and to listen to stories about this God's loving dealings with His creatures, told by native Christian teachers and by the missionary himself. They also learned, for the first time in their lives, what it was to live in clean and orderly rooms, and to be fed abundantly and regularly, and to be treated with steady, intelligent and unselfish affection. These children would have died of the famine had not the mission found and saved them. Many of them, in spite of their present good appearance, were liable to succumb at the first touch of any illness, for famine fatally saps children's constitutions; but they would be happy while they did live, and have an opportunity of discovering that there is a Divine Spirit outside of cobblestones and brass monkeys. But though the surroundings and influences were of the loveliest Christian kind, there was no trace of that fanatic hunger for nominal converts—that blind eagerness to fasten the badge of the cross on the sleeve, whether or not it were in the heart—which has often been ascribed to missionary work. I confess that I had prepared myself to find something of the kind. But one must live with the missionaries of India in order to understand what they are doing and how they do it. From first to last during my sojourn in India I saw many native Christians. Those that I saw are a remarkable and impressive

body of men and women. I was always saying to myself, "They are like the people of the Bible." Some wore European dress; others did not. Their aspect was gentle, sincere and modest.

In the torrid morning we went by rail to a village a few miles distant. At the station we were met by a smiling, clean, likeable native, about five and thirty years of age, who at once entered into earnest talk with the missionary. He was the local Christian preacher, having occupied that position for several years. As he talked, I scrutinized him soundly for symptoms of humbug, but detected none. The missionary was receiving his report of the condition of things in the village. A number of villages, in a district covering a hundred or more square miles, are under the missionary's care; and he makes the round of them as often as possible, say, every fortnight. In this village the famine was sore. Many of the inhabitants were either dead or had wandered off, perhaps to the nearest works, perhaps to die in the jungle. Of those who remained, the majority were of the more prosperous class, and had still contrived to hold out; but there was a residue in terrible destitution; and it was on these that the care of the native missionary, acting under the direction of his superior, was expended. The order was that every person found starving should be brought to the native missionary's house, fed and ministered to, and told to come at least twice a day. Money or grain was supplied to native missionaries by the superior (my friend), and they made their accounting to him for it when he visited them. It was easy to see that the white man and the brown were on terms of complete mutual confidence and respect.

Ten minutes' walk brought us to the native's house—it was rather a somewhat extended hut. In front was a little yard, with a slight fence separating it from the dusty highway. The porch of the hut—a structure of bamboo poles, covered with palm leaves, gave it a little breadth of shadow in front; within, the rooms were dark, but clean. Cleanliness is one of the distinguishing marks of the homes of native Christians in India.

There were some half-naked figures squatting on the hard, smooth earth of

the yard in front of the porch. Two or three women—the wife of the preacher and others—appeared from the hut and brought us chairs, and we sat down in the shadow and wiped the sweat from our faces. We stayed there nearly an hour. During that time other figures dragged themselves in out of the road and squatted down before us with the rest. Altogether there were about fifteen persons, besides ourselves and the preacher's family.

The missionary carried on conversations, first with one, then with another, translating to me as he went along what was said. Occasionally the native preacher would say something. The women were modestly silent, unless when questioned directly. They were very gentle and happy-looking women; the expression in their faces was quite different from that of the pagan women. Their eyes met my eyes with a soft, trustful, guileless look. I felt respect and tenderness for them. They were dressed in flowing garments of dull, harmonious Eastern hues, draped round the body and drawn over the head. Their feet were bare.

In the group outside were a dozen children, from five to ten years of age. A little apart squatted an old woman, one of the skeletons. There was a great open sore on her left leg below the knee. She was utterly incapable of getting a livelihood, even had there been any for her to get; but she said, and the preacher confirmed her, that she had been dismissed from the hospital. But for the mission support she must have died. She looked as good as dead—or worse. And yet there was something in her face—an intentness and hope in her glance—such as I had never observed in the women of the poor-houses and the works. She had suffered the extreme of misery; there was nothing left in the world of whatever had been hers; but she seemed to feel the assurance that, living or dead, she would henceforth be taken care of, and not robbed and outraged any more. So long as she lived she could come here twice a day and be fed and gently treated. She did not know what Christianity was; but she knew that its effects upon her were good.

Behind the others, in a drooping posture, with her grievous young face bent down, sat a widow with her child. To

the people of her own race and creed she was an accursed thing, to be used like a dog. She had survived her husband, and now any man who deigned to touch her uncleanly worthlessness might dispose of her at his pleasure; she had no rights. Her very child, should it live long enough to comprehend her position, would turn from her with contempt. The curse of thousands of years weighed her down, and she believed in its justice as much as did any of them. She could not understand why these Christians treated her with so much kindness. She dared not raise her face to theirs. She sat as if expecting that of a sudden some punishment would fall on her. Incidentally, she was on the brink of starvation; and her baby—it was too late to save that, and she doubtless knew it.

The children, who had no fathers or mothers that they knew of, squatted in a silent, immobile, apathetic group. One of them, fearful to look upon, had been picked up lying in the shade of a rock in the jungle, abandoned and all but dead. In an hour or two more the jackals would have been at it. I cannot describe the face of a child which is the face of a skull; there are no words for it, and it resembles nothing else—dull, grim eyes, staring amidst parched skin and grinning bone—the ravages of a long lifetime of suffering concentrated in the features of a babe.

"There cannot be much else as bad as this in India," I said.

"I brought you here," replied the missionary, "because the group there before you now is the type of what is to be seen in the villages all over India; they represent millions upon millions. You wanted to see famine; there it is. And remember that we've been doing all we could for these creatures for days and weeks past. Think of the hundreds of villages where no white man ever goes."

"If I could bring those people there to New York," said I, after another long look at them, "and could put them down in Madison Square, just as they are, for New Yorkers to see, I would engage to have money enough in twenty-four hours to save a million lives. But no one can believe this who has not seen it. Photographs themselves are incredible—we don't believe them. But no human being could look on that spectacle and resist it.

I shall disbelieve in it myself when I get home."

As to that, however, I was mistaken. I almost wish I had been right; for that group of figures, in the sunny front yard, rises before me vividly still, with their dull eyes, as if to remind me of something I must do to help them. I see them when I am chatting with pleasant people at table or in the club; or they come between me and the blue Sound, as I look from my study window. I cannot be free from them.

## VI.

Before we left, the missionary, looking gravely and kindly upon his audience, said a few words to them, telling them who Christ was, and what He had done; and then he prayed. It was very primitive and simple—the elements of what good a Christian may do to others. The native Christians joined devoutly and affectionately—I cannot find a fitter word—in the prayer. Then we returned to the railway station and took the train again.

We alighted toward evening, and found ourselves in a broad street, with low huts along both sides of it. Many of the huts were booths for the sale of grain. Many grain-sellers—bunniah, fat and cheerful—sat in the roadway with their baskets in front of them, overflowing with grain. They chatted and joked together as they sat, with the setting sun casting long shadows up the street. To and fro in the midst of them stalked figures of famine; hideous, jointed scaffoldings of what had been men and women. In front of a group of the grain-sellers, mostly plump, laughing women, squatted a child, picking up kernels of grain from the dust of the road. The contour of every bone in its body protruded through the harsh, lifeless skin. It looked heedfully on this side, then on that, and picked up grain after grain, slowly and yet eagerly. It put each new acquisition into a fold of its girdle. Ten feet away were the overflowing baskets; but the full-fed, laughing bunniah women offered the dying child nothing; the idea of so doing never entered their minds. And what was almost as strange, it never entered the mind of the child either. These Indians (except in the case of

blood relations) are totally destitute of all human feeling for one another; they neither feel it nor expect it. Had this child had some coppers with which to buy of the bunnials, the latter would have taken what advantage they might of its ignorance and helplessness to cheat it out of its fair measure. There is no conception among these three hundred millions of what we understand by humanity; they do not exercise it, they do not ask it, and they cannot comprehend it.

I stooped down with the intention of looking in the child's girdle to see how much grain it had collected by its day's labor. But the missionary hastily restrained me.

"Don't touch the grain," said he; "if you did, the child's caste would forbid him to eat it."

We were in one of the native states, which is governed by a native rajah, under the advice and control of a white officer. The famine is notoriously worse in these regions than in the other states, and I wished to see the local famine-works in order to compare them with what I had already inspected. We first visited the native Christian preacher in his clean little clay house, with his pretty, shy wife and his little children. He accompanied us across a stretch of barren, rocky land to the works. While we were as yet afar off, the missionary called my attention to men running across the bare fields towards the works. They were scouts going to warn the native overseers that Englishmen were approaching, so that all untoward features might be pushed out of sight before we arrived.

The work consisted of digging a water-tank which the rajah needed, and took advantage of the famine to get it done cheap. As an engineering job, it was clumsy and inefficient; its site was such that water would not readily collect in it. When we came on the ground the workers were ranged in rows, waiting for their pay. We walked up and down the lines examining the people. They were certainly in worse condition than those on other works. The insect children, the terrible women, the lifeless men. I could not find one of them all who was fit for a day's work. I took up one of the picks; it was a heavy tool with a massive wooden handle; it was almost an effort to hold it

level at arm's length. I felt the arms of a number of the men to test the quality of their muscles. There were no muscles.

Beside the people, as they sat, lay little bundles; the heaviest would not weigh more than three pounds. Yet these bundles contained the entire worldly goods of their owners; they had absolutely nothing else in the world but these, though many of them had owned house and cattle, tools and utensils, clothes and land. They kept their possessions by them because they had no place to put them; they had no homes; they slept out on the plain, among the rocks and bushes; and where, at night, a thousand lay down to sleep, seventy remained on the ground when their fellows arose the next morning.

The paymasters, with sashes across their shoulders to distinguish them, went down the lines, tossing the bunch of coppers into the uplifted brown hands. At one point a dispute suddenly arose; the overseer, a remarkably unctuous and sleek Hindu, went down to investigate. In a few minutes the paymaster at that point sullenly slipped off his sash, and it was transferred to the shoulders of another man, taken from among the workers. The missionary and the native preacher glanced at one another and smiled. It was a bit of gallery-play for our benefit. The overseer came back. "I will tolerate no official under me," he declared, his aspect distilling righteousness as he spoke, "whose honesty is under suspicion. Only to be suspected—that is enough—he is dismissed!" "He will be reinstated, though, as soon as we are out of sight," observed the missionary to me as we turned away.

The next morning, as we waited for our train, sitting at the back door of the station, a man came halting along, carrying something in a fold of his garment. We beckoned him to approach. He was in an exhausted condition; he said he had been since dawn in the jungle, picking mahwe—a kind of fleshy flower growing on large trees. A liquor is made from it, with intoxicating properties; it is also eaten by the starving people, but acts as a slow poison, producing a burning sensation in the belly. He had perhaps three quarts of it, which he could sell for two pice, or one cent of our money. He

told us he came from a village ten miles off; all who had lived in it were either dead or gone away. Some, he said, died in the village and were burned there; others had dropped out in the jungle, and birds had eaten them. They had refused to take him on at the works, because he was too weak; and they had rejected him at the hospital, because there was nothing the matter with him. We had been eating our very simple breakfast, and we gave him what was left of it—part of a roll of dry bread. He took it with voiceless gratitude, made an obeisance, and began to eat. As he ate, it was curious the change that came gradually over him. He had looked like an old and wrinkled man at first; his forehead was deeply furrowed and his lower face pinched and drawn, and all his movements were those of an infirm and aged person. But the dry bread acted upon him as a powerful stimulant—as a bottle of brandy might upon a fainting man. He sat more nearly erect, his voice gained strength, and he talked almost volubly. The lines in his visage smoothed out, and we saw that he was in reality young, probably less than thirty years of age. He rubbed his hand over his belly, and said that the bread did him good—it made him live; he would not die now. I found another piece for him, but he laid it down beside him, and being asked why he did not eat it, said that out of respect for us he would wait until he was alone; in fact, a Hindu is seldom seen to eat in public. The missionary, after thoroughly informing himself as to the man's circumstances, gave him a whole silver rupee. A sort of dim light shone through the man's face as he took it. The sensations of a human being, the desire and expectation of life, were returning to him. He said, after some thought, that he would not go to work at the tank at once; he would buy good food with this money, and recover his strength; then he would work and earn money. He was as some heir of a great fortune, planning out a happy future; the most he hoped for was not to starve; but that was enough. Presently, his exhilaration began to subside; the temporary intoxication was fading out of him. He flagged, and the exhausted look returned. The missionary bade him go somewhere

and sleep off his debauch; and he falteringly gathered up his bundle of mahwe, stowed away the rupee in his girdle, and limped away. I saw him no more.

Meanwhile a tall and aged Brahman, toothless, and with dead feet, crept to the door of the station and sat himself down in the dust. He could utter but a few words at a time; much of his speech consisted of inarticulate croakings and gaspings, and appealing looks and gestures, to intimate that his stomach was empty, which were superfluous. He was begging, but he was a Brahman, and when we offered him food, he would not take it from our hands, or from the plate which we had used, though he was fainting with hunger; his caste would permit him to accept only money from us. Then, seeing that he wore his Brahmanical cord round his neck, I offered to buy it from him for a rupee; but neither would he accept this offer; he dared not. And yet the rupee would have kept him alive for a fortnight. I tried him for a long time both with the coin and the bread, but though he trembled with longing, he could not bring himself to such deadly self-pollution; a number of spectators had gathered about by this time, and the old man was restrained by their presence; had we been quite alone, he would have yielded.

## VII.

Let me give a few more scenes as briefly as possible—I must leave the larger part of my notes untouched.

We traveled all that day through the famine country. At night we were grateful for the hospitality of a deputy opium agent—an Englishman—who put his bungalow at our disposal, and gave us an excellent supper and bed. The next morning we rose early and walked across the burning plain to a certain village.

The village had been populous and thriving before the famine came; now it contained less than twenty inhabitants.

We were joined by another local native preacher, and proceeded with our examination. We were passing a hut that seemed empty, like the others, when the preacher said that there was an old man dying within. The door was protected by a screen of wattle; we moved it aside and entered.

The hut was about twelve feet long,

seven wide and six high in the center. It contained but a single room, and the only furniture was a cot of bamboo, with a mattress of wove cord, on which the old man lay. A bit of canvas lay across his middle; his long, bare legs, skinny and brown, projected beneath. On an earthen shelf made in the wall of the hut stood a couple of clay vessels. There was nothing else.

As the missionary approached the bed the old man opened his eyes and looked at him. He immediately recognized him, and caught his hand between both of his own. It seems that the man had a son who had accepted the Christian faith; the father had wished to do so, but had been restrained by fear of his caste. The son had been compelled to leave the village, owing to the persecution which his apostasy had provoked. The old man, left alone and near death—he died that evening—regretted not having become a Christian, and now seized the opportunity of thanking the missionary for having saved the soul of his son. With a strange volubility he poured forth his gratitude and his blessings. Could he be made a Christian also, though so late? It was impossible; for baptism could be administered only after the catechism had been mastered; but the missionary spoke comforting words to him, and intimated the hope that, in the mercy of the Lord, he would meet his son hereafter. Beside the clay vessels on the shelf lay an oval brown stone, about six inches in length, and with the dull polish upon it that comes from much handling. It looked like an ordinary cobblestone, but it was, in truth, a Hindu god—a *linga*, the symbol of the mighty Krishna. The missionary took it up, and asked the old man whether he had prayed to it, and whether it had answered his prayers? The other replied that he had supplicated and worshipped it in vain; it had brought him no good; he abjured and despised it, and he now besought the missionary to take it away with him and cast it forth. If he must die, he preferred to die under the protection of the white man's God; Krishna had failed him at the pinch, and he abandoned him.

The missionary put the pebble in his pocket, and afterwards gave it to me; it is on my table as I write. In its place he

left with the old man a hearty blessing, invoked in a prayer, to which the other gave solemn attention; and also—what I think was not less acceptable—a rupee, which would suffice to insure him a decent burial and such comforts as were available in the meanwhile. The old heathen clasped the coin to his heart with a ghastly chuckle of satisfaction. Money is a deity in India as well as with us.

At the further end of the village was a well—a large opening, ten feet across and more than twice that depth, with a low stone wall built around it. Fortune so favored us that, as we drew near, we saw a bevy of girls about the well drawing water. There were four or five of them, all young and all beautiful, for they were Brahman girls; and though the famine had begun to howl at their doors, it had not yet actually seized upon them, and they showed none of the familiar symptoms—their bodies were slender, but not emaciated. Their costumes had the flowing grace of line and the richness of harmonious coloring that one sees only in the East; there were bangles of silver and gold on their delicate wrists and ankles; their eyes were dark, soft and brilliant. Drawing water is perhaps the most becoming act a beautiful young woman can perform; and these girls were types of perfect bodily grace. Their skill was also delightful; they let the pitcher down by a string to the water, filled it with a turn of the wrist, and then pulled it up so deftly that in its swingings it never came in contact with the projecting walls of the well. Having set it on the margin, they would fill another and yet another; then they would lift the first to their head, and place the others, tier on tier, on the top of that; it was a long and shrewd reach to place the last. But they made no false movement, and spilled not a drop of water. All being settled, they gathered up their glowing drapery and walked away with a step and bearing that were like rhythmic music. And before they passed quite out of sight round the corner, they turned their heads with a slow, imperial grace, and sent back over their shoulders a dark, serious, yet bewitching, glance. They were Rebeccas, every one; and it was easy to sympathize with the ardor of Jacob—his constancy seemed inevitable.

## THE KLONDIKE GOLD REGION.

### ACCOUNT OF A SIX MONTHS' TRIP THROUGH THE YUKON GOLD FIELDS.

BY ROBERT OGLESBY.

IN 1887 a miner named Williams, accompanied by a young Indian guide, reached the summit of the Chilkoot pass. Here he was overwhelmed by a snow-storm, and after several days spent in a snow hut, without a fire, and with only a little flour for food, he died from hunger

and exposure. He had traveled six hundred mile through a wilderness, in an arctic winter, to carry letters to friends in the United States and inform the outside world of the discovery of coarse gold on Forty Mile Creek. The Indian succeeded in making his way to the trading post, only fourteen miles away. For ten years previous to this it was known to the men of the far northwest that fine gold had been found along the upper Yukon and the Hootlinqua Rivers, and each

summer small parties of miners and whiskey smugglers crossed the coast range by the Chilkoot pass, and followed the river for some distance. The dangers and hardships that were encountered, the shortness of the summer season, the excessive cost of provisions, and the re-

currence each winter of famine and scurvy, had prevented the prospecting and development of the country.

In making the journey to the Yukon gold fields it is best to leave Juneau, Alaska, either in March or May. The miners who start in March generally

carry their own supplies over the pass by using sleds and packing. The lakes are frozen over and can be crossed until the river is reached, which is open for the boats several weeks before the lakes are free from ice. The lakes are generally open about the first of June, and from that time the entire journey can be made by boat.

The steamer "City of Topeka," which sailed from Seattle in the latter part of May, carried thirteen men bound for the interior of Alaska. I



CANYON AT THE ENTRANCE OF CHILKOOT PASS.

cast my fortune with a party of four young men from Montana, whom I met on board, and we afterwards added to our number a hardy young Swedish miner who owned a tent. Five days later we landed at Juneau, which is the outfitting point for that country; here we bought our grub stakes

at reasonable prices. The outfit for each man consisted of one hundred pounds of flour, fifty pounds of bacon and twenty-five pounds of beans, to which was added coffee, sugar and a few pounds of dried fruit and vegetables; this we considered sufficient to last between two and three months. Two pairs of extra heavy blankets are necessary, as are rubber boots and stout climbing shoes. When we had added to this our camping utensils and our tools for boat-building and prospecting, with rifles and ammunition, the average weight of each man's outfit was three hundred pounds.

The captain and owner of a little coasting schooner, upon payment by each of us of ten dollars, agreed to carry our party to Taiya—the time of arrival not being specified.

Taiya is the Indian name of the little mountain torrent that empties into the east arm of the Lynn Canal about one hundred miles north of Juneau, and our voyage was completed, with a favorable wind, within twenty-four hours.

The little valley at the foot of the Chilkoot pass is a mere foothold in the snow-covered granite coast range. Here we found a small trading post, the last outpost of civilization.

The trader agreed to carry supplies as far as Sheep Camp by pack horses and furnish Indians to pack them over the summit to Lake Linderman at the rate of fourteen dollars for one hundred pounds.

From the port to Sheep Camp the distance is said to be fourteen miles—so it may be by an air line; I will vouch we went twice that far. For the first six miles up the valley the trail is good, though the Taiya is forded four times; then the cañon is reached and trouble begins. The trail leads along the side, through thick timber, over fallen trees, up and down hill, through snow-drifts and across numerous small streams. Our party arrived after eight hours' constant work—all except myself; I arrived two hours later, after falling asleep from fatigue. A man came down the trail who roused me, placed before me a small pot of beans, handed me a bottle containing alcohol and water, lighted his pipe and turned his back.

Sheep Camp, so named because of the number of mountain sheep formerly killed

here, is a favorite camping place, just above the timber line. Near by were the shelters, made of brush and blankets, of the band of Stik Indians who were to pack our supplies over the summit. Seated on the ground around a blanket were a party of young bucks, playing poker; they used beans for chips, and occasionally wagered a little tobacco or ammunition.

The start was made at two o'clock the next morning, while the crust formed on the snow during the night was strong enough to bear our weight. The Indians fastened their packs on their backs with cloth straps, the men carrying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, the old squaws about seventy pounds, and even the boys bearing light loads. After three hours of hard climbing up the narrow defile, the summit of the pass was reached, about three thousand five hundred feet above the sea level. On each side were mountains rising high above us and covered with perpetual snow. Far behind could be seen the tide-water of the Pacific Ocean; close in front was the boundary line separating Alaska from the Northwest Territory, and ten miles below a streak of blue marked the mountain lake, Linderman, which forms the head-water of the Yukon.

This lake, which is fed by the melting snow from the surrounding mountains, is six miles long and one mile broad; it was filled with floating ice when we arrived, of which none remained three days later. The timber in the vicinity is spruce and pine, and does not attain any great size. We were compelled to go two miles from the lake to find any suitable for boat-building, and then could not find trees that would square more than six or eight inches.

Near us were camped several parties of men on their way to the gold fields. A party of four men from Juneau were engaged in smuggling into Alaska forty kegs of whiskey, containing ten gallons each. This whiskey, which cost them not more than four dollars a gallon, including the packing over the summit, was eventually sold to the saloon men in Forty Mile and Circle City for from eighteen to twenty dollars per gallon, and after being properly watered was retailed to the miners at fifty cents a drink.

*From a photograph.*

THE SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS.

After eight days of very hard work we had secured four hundred and fifty feet of inch lumber; this we carried to a swift little stream and made into a raft, that we might convey it to our camp. Two minutes later the raft was wrecked on a large rock, and we were all immersed in the ice-cold water. We managed to save the precious lumber, and from it, four days later, we had constructed two boats.

These boats were eighteen feet long, flat-bottomed, sharp at one end, and three feet broad in the middle, with a depth of two and a half feet. They were strongly made, but inclined to leak freely, as we

afterwards discovered. The oars were hewn out of small trees with the axe; each boat was fitted with a mast having a small wooden pulley wheel at the top, by which a square sail could be lowered or raised. One sail was made from a canvas wagon-cover; the other from old pieces of bagging.

On the 13th of June, during a snow-storm, our party started on its journey of more than six hundred miles down the river to the gold fields. None of us had ever been in a boat where a sail was used, and these mountain lakes are frequently very rough. On our first night out we

*From a photograph.*

A SHORT PORTAGE.

camped at the foot of Lake Linderman, and the next morning was spent in portaging our goods to Lake Bennett.

A narrow and shallow river connects Lake Bennett with Tagish Lake. Bands of barren-land caribou cross here each year in their migrations to the south, and the river is known to the miners by the name of "Caribou Crossing."

Tagish Lake is about eighteen miles long, and Windy Arm, near its head, is always remembered by those who have crossed it. The wind which follows the course of the lakes from the Chilkoot pass is here met by a cross-current of wind coming from the coast by the White pass; we found the water too rough to risk swamping our little boats and losing our supplies. A day of very hard work was spent in getting the boats around the worst place, a distance of only three miles—one man riding in the boat kept her off the rocks with a pole, while the others towed with a long rope, wading waist-deep in the ice-cold water.

Lake Marsh, the fourth of the series, is about twenty miles long and very shallow at the lower end. A difference in scenery and temperature here begins to be quite noticeable. The timber is of a better growth, and birch and cottonwood are plentiful. While the air is cool and invigorating, the temperature is from seventy-five to eighty-five degrees under

the influence of the summer sun, which shines for twenty hours each day. On the protected banks are masses of wild roses and blue-bells, and everywhere is the wonderful arctic moss, from six inches to a foot in thickness, so delicately constructed that it appears like lacework, and of beautiful varying shades of white, pink and green. This moss, however, is always wet and very difficult to walk on, and is the home of Alaska's great pests—countless swarms of mosquitoes and gnats. The former I know can bite through a flannel shirt, and a mosquito bar is generally worn over the head as a protection against them. I caught with a troll several fish, which my companions called white-fish, and these, with some wild onions, were a pleasant change from our salt meat.

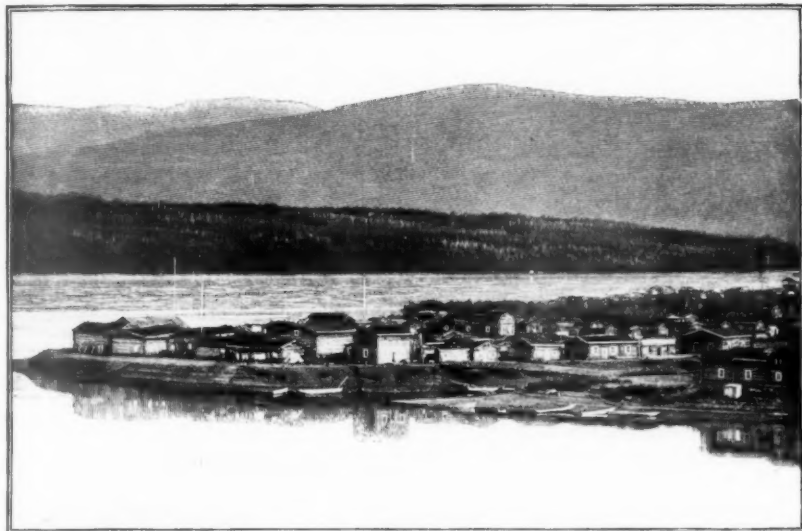
Further down the river wild blueberries and low and high bush cranberries grow in abundance, and, with salmon, form the food for the bears. I also found later in the year wild raspberries and a few strawberries.

The outlet of Lake Marsh is a broad, winding river with low banks. Here we overtook a party of four Germans, three of whom were cow-boys from Texas; their leader, from Maine, was experienced in handling boats. We continued our journey together, and soon the increased swiftness of the current and the roaring



*From a photograph.*

LAKE BENNETT.



*From a photograph.*

FORTY MILE POST.

of the water warned us that we were nearing the Grand Cañon. We landed on the right bank, in an eddy just above the entrance.

The cañon is three-quarters of a mile long, and its perpendicular walls of rock are about one hundred feet high. The walls are not more than one hundred feet apart, but through this space the river, seven hundred feet wide, must force its way. The rush of the water forms an arch or crest in the middle, several feet higher than at the walls, and on this a boat must be kept to avoid striking the sides; should that happen, it would mean death to the occupants. The portage on the right bank is about a mile in length.

In the morning, after unloading nearly all of our supplies, three of our number undertook to run our three boats through the cañon. We removed our boots and heavy clothing, that we might make a struggle in case of accident. Our craft was shoved well out into the stream, and the men rowed fiercely to gain steerage-way and avoid a large rock near the entrance; then the current caught us, and the rush began. Through the first large breakers the boat darted, rolling and plunging, but shipping only a little water; then on to the crest beyond, into nearly absolute darkness. The black, wet, over-

hanging walls of rock darted by; the uproar was overwhelming; we could not have heard each other shout; then the walls separated, the speed slackened, the eddy was reached, and half the trip was finished. But immediately it all began again and was repeated, and then the boat rested against the bank in the sunshine and the thing was done. I realized that a close finish under the wire or the tie touch-down of the Thanksgiving game were things unworthy of attention. The second boat I timed from the rocks above with watch and revolver, and the trip was made in 2:29.

Lake Lebarge, the last of the series, is a beautiful body of water, some five miles broad and, I believe, nearly forty miles long. We rowed the entire distance and rejoiced when we reached its outlet, the Lewis River, which has a current of more than five miles an hour and follows a very crooked course.

About thirty miles below the Hootalinqua River joins the Lewis, flowing from the southeast, where it rises in Teslin Lake. It is longer than the Lewis, with its connecting chain of lakes, but does not carry so great a volume of water. Fine gold has been found along its course, but the reports from there last year were not encouraging. Several bars below this

point have yielded considerable gold in the past, particularly the Cassiar bar.

From the junction of the Pelly the river is called the Yukon, and its length from here to its mouth is over two thousand miles.

There is no administration of civil law in the interior of Alaska; miners' law prevails. Whether the title to a valuable gold claim is in question or partition proceedings are in order over a row-boat the course is the same—a miners' meeting is called, and the case is discussed and settled by vote. An excellent state of law and order has resulted. Murder has not been committed along the river for years. In the few cases of stealing that have been discovered, the culprit has been ordered to leave the country and has promptly

keeps a record of ownership and transfers.

Prospecting for coarse gold is carried on in the numerous gulches, through which flow small streams, formed from the melting snow and ice of the hills. They do not carry sufficient water for hydraulic mining, though after storms they frequently rise and wash away the dams, destroying the labor of weeks. The soil, which is glacial drift, covers the bed-rock to a depth of from five to twenty feet, and remains frozen all the year round beneath the moss covering. Prospecting is done by sinking holes to bed-rock, or by removing the moss from a narrow strip of ground that cross-cuts the claim, and turning into this shallow ditch the water of the creek, that cuts for itself, with the aid of the sun, a channel through the



*From a photograph.*

SAWMILL AT FORT CUDADY.

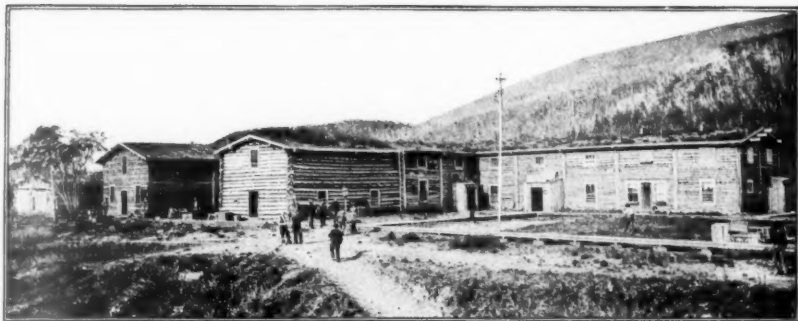
obeyed. Supplies, when protected from animals, can be safely left at any place; were this not so, the country could not be prospected.

When gold is found on a new creek, the first few arrivals form a mining district; the laws governing all of these are practically the same. One man can enter but one claim in the district, but the discoverer is allowed to enter two. A claim is five hundred feet long, up and down the creek, and the width of the gulch. Any number of claims can be bought, but each claim must be occupied during the season by the owner or his representative under penalty of forfeiture. The season is generally from the first of June to the middle of August. A Recorder is elected, who, for a nominal fee, measures the claims and

frozen ground to bed-rock. The ground is then tested with pick and pan until the pay streak is located. The soil above the pay streak is removed by a stream of water, and sluice boxes, made from lumber whip-sawed from the nearest suitable trees, are placed in position. Riffles collect the gold in the bottom of the sluice boxes, which is washed out from the dirt shoveled into them.

During the last two winters, miners have begun to work their claims by "burning and drifting." A fire is built in the hole or drift, and after the fire is extinguished, the thawed ground is removed and another fire built. The pay dirt is kept and washed out in the spring.

At the post I found a man with a boat who was going to Forty Mile, and he



From a photograph.

FORT CUDADY.

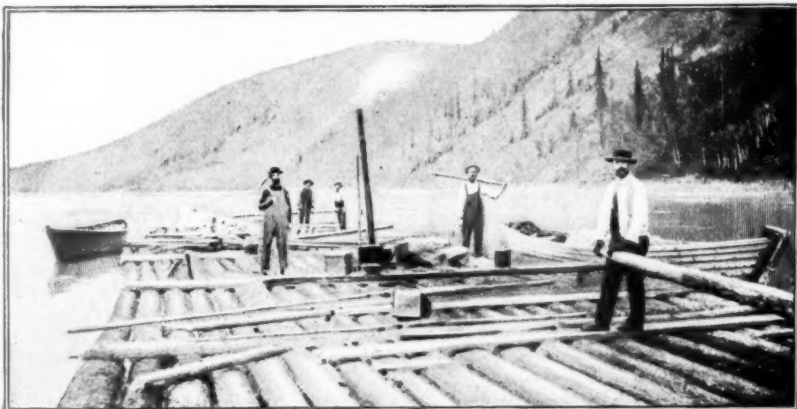
agreed to take me with him. Our cooking outfit consisted of a tin can in which to make coffee and a lard can in which sour dough bread was made and beans boiled; the top of the can was used for frying bacon.

The scenery along this part of the river journey is magnificent and surpasses that of the Danube River above the Iron Gates. At times the river broadens and is filled with numerous islands, but soon narrows and is confined by high walls of lime and sandstone, which are worn into fantastic and beautiful shapes, forming "turret, dome or battlement," and crowned by a growth of pine trees. Numerous mountain streams join the river, in which the "grayling or arctic trout" abound and are easily caught with a fly-hook. The Klondike River is notable for the salmon which frequent it, and for the number and size of the bears which come to

fish for them during the season. Quartz croppings are numerous, and there is abundant evidence of copper, iron and coal.

Near here are the ruins of Fort Reliance, and it is because of their estimated distance from this point that the creeks and rivers along the Yukon have been given their names.

My first impression of Forty Mile was that it resembled Stamboul, because of the number, hunger and fighting qualities of its dogs; my second was that I did not care to stay. It is located on a point of land formed by the junction of Forty Mile Creek and the Yukon River, and is sometimes overflowed during high-water in the Spring. Around the trading post and storehouses of the Alaska Commercial Company some two hundred log-cabins have been built; they are low and square, and made from logs with the bark left on,



From a photograph.

RAFTING ON THE YUKON.

the cracks being chinked with moss. The roof is made of poles or slabs and covered with moss, and on top of many cabins wild flowers can be seen growing during the Summer. They are easily heated, however, with the small sheet-iron stoves universally used by the miners—an important consideration in a climate where the thermometer sometimes indicates eighty degrees below zero.

The only amusements during the dark season are drinking and gambling, and there are numerous saloons, where bad whiskey is sold for fifty cents a drink and cards for one dollar a pack. There is also a bakery, where a loaf of bread costs twenty-five cents and a pie fifty cents. The price for a shave is the same as for a pie.

The Mission of the Established Church of England, built near here some years since, has lost much of its influence since the arrival of white men and whiskey.

The dogs, which are such expert thieves and fighters, become valuable as winter arrives, and with their sleds fill the place that the boats supply during the summer. All goods are freighted with them, and when not too heavily loaded they can make considerable distance during a day. After a day of hard work they are fed a piece of dried dog salmon, and lie down in the snow to sleep during the coldest weather; they are always hungry and will eat their leather harness if given an opportunity.

Fort Cudahy takes its name from the well-known Chicago speculator, who is a member of the North American Transportation and Trading Company; it is located on higher ground than the rival post, and its warehouses and surrounding cabins are made from logs that are slabbed, which gives it a more attractive appearance. Here also is a sawmill, for which many logs are rafted down the river. Logs suitable for building cabins are worth from one to two dollars each, and lumber sells for twenty-five dollars a thousand feet.

In the latter part of August I made the journey to Circle City, accompanied by a hunch-backed Indian boy, who steered my light boat. Already the nights were growing long, and as we camped with no covering but our blankets, I was sometimes awakened by the brilliancy of the aurora borealis, though it did not

display the splendor that it attains during the winter.

Favorably located on the left bank of the Yukon, near the point where it enters the arctic circle, is Circle City. This center of population already contains three trading stores, a stove-maker's shop, a restaurant, eight saloons and two hundred and twenty cabins. A Recorder has been elected, and lots fronting on the river have a value of several hundred dollars.

It is difficult to write accurately of the value of the gold production of interior Alaska; the miners are generally disposed to be secretive concerning the number of ounces that they possess. The largest "sack" that I saw taken out of the country weighed about forty pounds avoirdupois and was worth about ten thousand dollars. I heard of others worth more than thrice this amount. From men well qualified to speak on the matter, both from their position and information, I have obtained the statement that the value of last year's production was nearly one million dollars, or one-seventh of the purchase price paid by the United States to Russia for this territory; this does not include the production of the famous Douglas Island, near Juneau, or the placer mines of Cook's Inlet, and other points along the coast.

The latest newspaper reports give authentic accounts of wonderfully rich discoveries of coarse gold along the Klondike River and its tributary creeks during the past season. Many miners have returned to the States with large quantities of gold dust and nuggets which they have washed out within the last four months. A large number of the fortunes thus made amount to fifty thousand dollars or more, while several miners have brought back more than twice that sum in gold. The best informed state that between two and three million dollars in gold has been taken out of the Klondike region alone this season. In consequence there is at present a great rush of gold-seekers to the upper waters of the Yukon by both the Chilkoot pass and the river route. It is estimated that since the announcement of the rich finds was made in July, at least five thousand prospectors have entered Alaska. Thousands more are preparing to go there next spring.

## MUSIC-HALLS AND POPULAR SONGS.

BY REGINALD DE KOVEN.

**I**N spite of the very considerable quantity of music of all kinds and varieties—good, bad and indifferent—which is being turned out in this country every year, it would be difficult to attribute a very high standard of value to much of it, and still more difficult to find in the entire output even a very small modicum which, by

poser is often blamed, and perhaps justly, for being too eclectic and too imitative; too apt to reproduce rather than originate; but it is difficult to see how he could be otherwise when all his training and education has been based on forms, traditions and conventions which have been known to its followers since the art



*Photograph by Hall.*

THE BEAUMONT SISTERS.

any courtesy or stretch of the imagination, could be called distinctively or characteristically national or American. In fact, broadly speaking, up to the present time this country can hardly be said to have produced any distinctively national art at all in any branch, and in music—the last art to develop in any civilization—least of all. The American com-

poser was first formulated, and when his standing and ability as a worker in his particular art is predicated on his knowledge of and familiarity with these same formulas. But, more than this, would not any composer, however gifted, individual or original, have a hard time in being characteristically national in a country where, if the question of a na-

## MUSIC-HALLS AND POPULAR SONGS.



Photo by Hall.

G. W. WALKER SINGING  
"YOU'RE NOT SO WARM." baldi's hymn,

and others accordingly? What, indeed, has a composer aiming to be characteristically American to be national with? We have no national dances, no national airs, worth considering, no background and storehouse of folk music on which he may draw; for the nation, being as yet non-existent, has not found a voice in which to give vent to those unspoken thoughts and aspirations which come naturally from the heart of a people which feels itself to be such, and forms the basis of what is known as folk music. The few American Indian airs of which anything is known are almost valueless except as ethnological and archæological curiosities; and in spite of Dr. Dvorak's theory that the negro music may furnish a foundation on which the future American composer may build, we can, I think, hardly admit that the negro music is in any sense national until we are ready to admit at the same time that the negro is the predominant race-type of this country, which I fancy few of us would be willing to do.

The present popularity, however, of the dark song or plantation melody or dance can hardly be denied; and it must be admitted that whatever there is characteristic or original, in melody or rhythm, in the so-called "popular song" of the day can readily be traced to the form and structure of the negro melodies.

For reasons which it is hardly necessary to discuss here, the theater forms

tional air came up, the German-American would shout the "Wacht am Rhein," the Anglo-American would sing "God Save the King" and the Irish-American would intone the "Wearing of the Green" or "Erin-go-Bragh," while the Franco-American was chanting the Marseillaise" and the Italo-American was lifting up his voice in Gari-



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MISS MAY IRWIN AND "THE  
NEWEST BULLY."

the principal amusement and relaxation of an already very large and constantly increasing portion of the community; and as music of one kind or another, in some shape or another, is an important, not to say indispensable factor, in at least three-quarters of the different varieties of theatrical entertainments which are offered for the public delectation; as furthermore, a very considerable quantity of music circulates in this country, even though much of it be of a rather ordinary, not to say trashy, stamp; and as the voice of the piano is heard in almost every household in the land, it would, perhaps, be wrong to call ourselves an unmusical people. But a musical one, in the sense that the Germans, the Russians or the Hungarians are a musical people, we certainly as yet are not. The national schools of music which exist abroad are the result of a musical feeling engendered in one way or another in the hearts of the people and not the cause.

The present American people must first become a nation with an instinctive and



Photograph by Nadar, Paris.

Mlle. LE TICHE.

ingrained patriotism, and the national feeling of that nation when formed must express itself naturally, as it will, in music of one kind or another, which will represent and embody that feeling, before there will be an opportunity for the educated musician to come along and weld the materials thus created for him into artistic shape, and thus form a national school of music in this country. We cannot, as it now seems to me, look to the educated, highly-trained



comparatively less learned, and therefore, perhaps, more natural, composers who are now producing the popular songs heard in every music-hall, on every street corner, from ambulant pianos and itinerant organs, which are sold by the hundreds of thousands of copies among the masses of the people, as the early, and however crude, progenitors of the



and able musicians who are turning out worthy authentic artistic work in America as the founders of such a national school. They are too wedded to formalism, too anxious to reproduce correctly the forms that they have been taught to admire, to be readily susceptible to purely national influences, did any such exist. No—rather must we, I think, turn to those



*Photographs by Chalot, Paris.*  
Mlle. Guilbert's favorite poses.

future American music. The growth and ever-increasing popularity of the so-called vaudeville style of entertainment is one of the most significant features of the present dramatic situation. Of course we all know that "vaudeville" is a patent misnomer for such entertainments, and that it is merely an euphuism for the good old-fashioned music-hall show.

At least seventy-five per cent., I should say, of all the people who attend dramatic entertainments of any kind go to the music-hall. The music-hall is the home of the popular song, and as these songs constitute the principal, if not the only, variety of music which is now being heard by the great mass of the population, the influence of this kind of music on the taste and thought of the community can hardly be underestimated; and the study of it cannot, therefore, fail to be of interest and importance to any one interested in the development of musical appreciation among the great body of the people.

The songs which we term "popular" when they attain, as they often do, a widespread popularity, possess at least certain of the elements of national or folk music. As the author is rarely known, and if known is hardly considered by the people who sing or whistle his melody, they become to a certain extent impersonal, which is one element; while the influence that the character and subject of the words, in their relation to a phase of popular feeling or fancy, have in



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MISS MABEL LOVE.



Photograph by Hall.

JOSEPH W. HERBERT.

determining the extent of the popularity of the song is another. It will be found in almost every instance where a song of this class has attained genuine popularity that there is a sentiment—often common and homely enough; a reference to some popular amusement or feature of family life—in the words which appeals to or strikes an answering chord or sympathetic note in the hearts of the great people. A mere tune, however jingly and catchy in itself, will not suffice to carry a song to this kind of popularity if wedded to vapid or meaningless words which do not suggest some sentiment or some idea that will appeal to the popular imagination.

To illustrate, the refrain of "Comrades," one of the most popular songs of its type, contains the sentiment of friendship and fellowship which would naturally appeal to almost every one; while apart from its really exceptionally charming melody, the words of the refrain of "Little Annie Rooney" would find an echo in the heart of any one that had ever been a-courting, as most people have. I do not know whether the well-

known ditty, "Daisy Bell," stimulated the bicycle craze or was helped along by it, but the reference in the words to a universally popular form of amusement certainly had something to do with the widespread popularity of this particular song.

I have never been able to account satisfactorily to myself for the enormous success achieved by the well-known song, "Ta-ra-ra Boom-der-è." The music is not by any means up to the standard of many even of these popular songs, while the words are a mere jingle. I have often thought that it was perhaps the somewhat brutal emphasis obtained by the accompaniment of the bass drum in this song when sung on the stage which appealed to the savage instinct and love of barbaric noise for its own sake, hid away in almost everybody, which helped the song to "catch on." There can be no doubt, in this connection, that the Salvation Army people long since discovered the efficacy of a bass drum as a means of

inducing a kind of emotional



Photograph by Hall.

MISS BESSIE BONEHILL.

brings us naturally to the personality of the singer. In most instances one particular singer is responsible for the success of any given song. I very much doubt if "Ta-ra-ra Boom-der-è," for instance, would have been heard all over two continents had it not been for the distinctive personality of Miss Lottie Collins; and each one of the well-known popular ditties may in like manner be more or less connected with one principal singer. It is curious to note how

long it takes some songs to get about, and one may also well believe that many a song is written which deserves popularity but never receives it, for a lack of opportunity to be heard in public. A curious instance in point is that of Alfred Cellier's song, "Queen of My Heart," one of the most popular songs ever published in England. My friend, Mr. Chappell, is authority for the statement that Cellier came to him one day, very "hard up," and sold the song for a five-pound note. When published, it lay on Chappell's shelves for over three years without a single copy being sold. When Mr.



Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

SEÑORITA OTERO.

Coffin wanted a song in "Dorothy," Mr. Cellier bethought him of this song, written half a dozen years previously, and put it in the opera with the result that the Messrs. Chappells' in vestment of five pounds yielded them a net profit of over eight thousand pounds. My own song, "Oh, Promise Me!" had only been known to a limited few until it was sung in "Robin Hood" by Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis. I recently heard of a firm in New York who had spent five or six thousand dollars in pushing a song which they thought possessed the elements of popularity, with most satisfactory financial results. It can hardly be gainsaid that the inimitable personality and genuine feeling for comedy of Miss May Irwin has had everything to do with the popularizing of the two or three songs like "I Want Yer, Ma Honey," "Crappy Dan" and "The New Bully," with which she has attracted the public during the last year or two. There is at the present

time such a vogue for "coon" songs and "plantation" ditties as to lead one almost to believe that there was something in Doctor Dvorak's theory that in negro melodies lies a basis for the foundation of a national school of music in this country. But I think that the popularity of a song like "I Want Yer, Ma Honey," is responsible for the countless imitations which have been made of it, and the fact that there is a distinct character-

istic rhythm and mode, so to speak, throughout the negro melodies makes them easy to imitate, while their movement lends itself naturally to the dance which usually accompanies the popular song when sung on the stage.

Generally speaking, there is not much in the music of the average song of the class which attains popularity to interest or please the educated musician; but it is probably for this very reason that they appeal to the general public, which is not musically educated. The melodies are obviously simple, not to say commonplace, in form and matter; the harmonies and

modulations most elementary, and the accompaniments generally adapted to the requirements of those parlor pianists whose knowledge of music does not go much farther than the picking out of elementary tunes with one or two fingers. So far as my study has gone, such conditions seem to be essential requisites in the make-up of a popular song rather than a disadvantage. The best known of these songs possess a very strong resemblance to each other in structural make-up, and have a readily distinguishable family likeness. Without going into an analysis, it may be sufficient to say that the general characteristics of the popular song, from a musical standpoint, lie in the frequency of simple



Photographs by Falk and Reutlinger.  
Mlle. Fougere.



Photographs by Falk.  
Miss Fay Templeton.



Photograph by Falk.  
Leopold Fregoli.

diatonic progressions, in simple rhythms, in the almost complete absence of chromatic intervals, in the persistent recurrence and reiteration of the tonic and dominant harmonies, both in the melody and in the accompaniment, and in the fact that the cæsura in the verse are marked almost invariably by cadences and half cadences in the original and most closely related keys.

There is no question that many of these songs contain an element of genuine melody, and therefore of genuine inspiration, which is not taught by the schools, learned by rote, or to be measured by rule. Apart from the negro songs, the waltz rhythm is so almost universally present in the songs which have attained the greatest popularity that it may be considered a necessary element in their make-up. The fact of the matter is that the songs now written in this country which become popular represent music in a very crude state indeed; but the fact that many of them do contain at least a germ of genuine melodic feeling and expression is certainly a hopeful sign. People that can appreciate and enjoy a bit of genuine melody like the refrain of "Little Annie Rooney," or, to quote a more recent instance, "Sweet Rosy O'Grady" are capable of being educated to better things—to a larger appreciation and a higher development of the musical instinct which certainly is in them.

So taking all this into consideration, far be it from me to belittle the music-hall and what it brings to the public, or to underestimate either its influence or importance as affecting the musical development of the public at the present time. There is genuine art, and high art at that too, to be found at times in the music-hall, as those who have heard either one of the world's two greatest artists in this line, Yvette Guilbert or Chevallier, would acknowledge without argument.

It is rather interesting, as showing the difference in degree of public musical development in different countries, to compare the most popular song in the repertoire of either Chevallier or Guilbert with a song which has attained a corresponding degree of



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MISS MARIE JANSEN.



*Photograph by Nadar, Paris.*

MILLE DE MERODE

popularity in this country. Probably the best known of Mr. Chevallier's songs is the cockney carol, "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins," written and composed by himself. From a musical standpoint



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MISS HILDA CLARK

this is a better song than the generality of songs of its type written on this side of the water, as there is a distinct character and piquancy in its melody, rhythm and harmonies. The same may be said, and even more emphatically, of another favorite number of Mr. Chevallier's "Wot Cher," the music by Charles Ingle, one of the most markedly original comic songs in melodic and rhythmic structure that I know of. No musician, however great, need be ashamed of a melody like this.

Turning to some of the songs of Mlle. Guilbert's repertory, we find an advance in originality of style and treatment, as the musical development among the French people is in advance of that in England. Her song "Claire de Lune" is most artistic from a musical standpoint. I do not know whether it would be generally popular if anybody else sang it—I hardly think it would, at least in this country—but certainly as interpreted by her it was vastly popular and attractive. A song like this is perhaps a cut above the music-hall in the ordinary sense of the word and the same

may be said of several other songs in her repertoire, notably "Le Pavé." In "Ca Fait Toujours Plaisir" we have a good example of the French popular song as compared to the English or American, and it must be admitted that it is of a better class, musically, than either. Perhaps it is not more typical than "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins," but certainly far more so than either "Daisy Bell" or "Annie Rooney." I leave songs of the class of "I Want Yer, Ma Honey" out of the comparison, as I consider them, in a way, as accidental and exotic manifestations; thoroughly characteristic, if you will, but in no sense typically national.



*Photograph by Nadar, Paris.*

MADAM JUDIC.



Photograph by Hall.

THE SISTERS HAWTHORNE.

To me both Chevallier and Guilbert are great artists—great in their own way, and the ways so different that a comparison of their personalities and their methods, which depend so largely on those personalities, is most interesting and instructive. Guilbert is unquestionably the greater artist of the two, because where Chevallier is subjective she is objective. Her art, therefore, is broader, more comprehensive, more catholic and more human. Music plays a somewhat subordinate part in Mlle. Guilbert's wholly unique art; but though subordinate, it is essential, as one readily realizes on hearing her recite something without music. In the way she makes the character and color of the music of her songs the basis of her dramatic expression, and in the way in which she suits the action to the word, she is, indeed, a lyric artist and a great one at that; for whether it be so from a strictly vocal standpoint or not, her com-

mand over her voice is absolute. To call her art immoral is absurd. Intended immorality always carries with it a suggestion of insincerity, and Mlle. Guilbert is nothing if not sincere. Her art is great because so intensely human; she makes you feel the heart-throbs, grave and gay, of the great people; she brings before you the tragedy and the comedy in the every-day life of the lower classes, moving one with her marvelous fidelity of expression to either laughter or tears. It is because of the deep and intense humanity present in everything she does that we are neither frightened nor dismayed when she calls a spade a spade with absolute frankness and bluntness. Possibly I should use the past tense; for we are now told that Mlle. Guilbert is to retire from the stage. Certainly not only the music-hall stage, which she has adorned, but the whole artistic world will be the poorer if the re-

Photograph by Chalot, Paris.  
MLLE. UGALDE.Photograph by Falk.  
MISS BILLIE BARLOW.

## MUSIC-HALLS AND POPULAR SONGS.

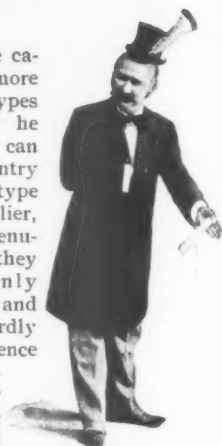


Photograph by Hall.  
MISS ELEANOR FOX.

port prove true. Guilbert was an artist by nature; without previous training; almost by chance, as it were, she achieved the success which made her famous the world over.

With Chevallier the case is entirely different. Before making a success as the greatest music-hall artist of his day, Mr. Chevallier had been connected with the theater for years. His early theatrical training was gained in the best schools, as he began his stage career under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the old Prince of Wales' Theater in London, and was afterward associated with Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Mr. Hare, Mr. George Alexander, Beer-bohm Tree and other leading artists. Knowing this, one can hardly be surprised at the facility, truth and fidelity of his dramatic expression; and so far as the English-speaking peoples are concerned, he deserves to rank with Mlle. Guilbert in having raised music-hall songs to the highest level they can attain. He takes the common clay of White-chapel, and with his beautiful method of delivery and expression, and delicate changes of manner, which can hardly be described, fashions it into real works of art. It is a pity that he chooses to make his art so circum-

scribed, for he has the capacity to give us many more varied portraits and types of human nature than he does. If the music-hall can be developed in this country to give us artists of the type of Guilbert and Chevallier, and an art of as truly genuine and high a type as they illustrate, it is certainly worthy of our respect and consideration. It can hardly be doubted that the presence of these artists in America has had an elevating influence upon vaudeville entertainments. It would hardly be fair to Miss May Irwin to class the comedies in which she appears, light and frothy as they are, with the entertainment offered by music-halls; and yet, as it seems to me, she is the one artist in this country who may be classed with Guilbert and Chevallier in the way that she sings popular songs of a certain class. She is almost alone among the women on the stage to-day in



Photograph by Hall.  
J. W. RANSOME IMPERSONATING DAVID B. HILL.

having the genuine comic touch. She also has a sincere and artistic appreciation of human nature.

The proper course of development in any science or art is from the bottom upward. It would certainly seem to me that in the popular song, the music-hall ditty of the present time, now so much in vogue, we have a starting point for development.



Photograph by Hall  
J. SHERRY MATTHEWS AND MISSES MARSHALL AND NELSON.



XV.—Continued.

AND here I come upon the most obscure of all the problems that center about the Martians—the riddle of the black gas. Each of the Martians standing in the great crescent I have described seems, at some unknown signal, to have discharged, by means of the gun-like tube he carried, a huge canister over whatever hill, copse, cluster of houses or other possible cover for guns chanced to be in front of him. Some fired only one of these, some two, as in the case of the one we had seen; the one at Ripley is said to have discharged no less than five at that time. These canisters seemed to have smashed or exploded on striking the ground, and incontinently to have disengaged an enormous volume of a heavy inky vapor, coiling and pouring upward in a huge and ebony cumulus cloud, a gaseous hill that sank and spread itself slowly over the surrounding country. And the touch of that vapor—the inhaling of its pungent wisps—was death to all that breathes.

It was heavy, this vapor, heavier than the densest smoke, so that after the first tumultuous uprush and outflow of its impact, it sank down through the air and poured over the ground in a manner rather liquid than gaseous, abandoning the hills and streaming into the valleys and ditches and water-courses, even as I have heard the carbonic acid gas that pours from volcanic clefts is wont to do. And where it came upon water some chemical action occurred, and the surface would be instantly covered with a powdery scum that sank slowly and made way for more. That scum was absolutely insoluble, and it is a strange thing, seeing the instant effect of the gas, that one could drink the water from which it had been strained without hurt.

The vapor did not diffuse as a true gas would do. It hung together in banks, flowing sluggishly down the slope of the land and driving reluctantly before the wind, and very slowly it combined with the mist and moisture of the air, and sank

to the earth in the form of dust. Once the tumultuous upheaval of its dispersion was over, it clung so closely to the ground, even before this precipitation, that fifty feet up in the air, on the roofs and upper stories of high houses and on great trees, there was a chance of escaping its poison altogether, as was proved even that night at Street Cobham and Ditton. The man who escaped at the former place tells a wonderful story of the strangeness of its coiling flow, and how he looked down from the church spire and saw the houses of the village rising like ghosts out of its inky nothingness. For a day and a half he remained there, weary, starving and sun-scorched by day—the earth under the blue sky and against the prospect of the distant blue hills a velvet black expanse, with red roofs, green trees, and later, black-veiled shrubs and gates, barns, out-houses and walls rising here and there into the day.

But that was at Street Cobham, where the black vapor was allowed to remain until it sank of its own accord to the ground. As a rule the Martians, when it had served its purpose, cleared the air of it again by wading into and directing a jet of steam upon it. That they did with the vapor banks near us, as we saw in the starlight from the window of a deserted house at Upper Halliford, whither we had returned. From there we could see the search-lights on Richmond Hill and Kingston Hill going to and fro, and about eleven the window rattled, and we heard the sound of the huge siege guns that had been put into position there. The firing continued intermittently for the space of a quarter of an hour, sending chance shots at the invisible Martians at Hampton and Ditton, and then the pale beams of the electric light vanished, and were replaced by a bright red glow.

Then the fourth cylinder fell—a brilliant green meteor—as I learnt afterward, in Bushey Park. Before the guns on the Richmond and Kingston line of hills began firing there was a fitful cannonade far away in the southwest, due, I believe, to guns being fired haphazard before the black vapor could overwhelm the gunners.

So setting about it as methodically as men might smoke out a wasp's nest, the

Martians spread this strange, stifling vapor over the Londonward country. The horns of the crescent slowly spread apart, until at last they formed a line from Hanwell to Coombe and Malden. All night through their destructive tubes advanced. Never once, after the Martian at Saint George's Hill was brought down, did they give the artillery the ghost of a chance against them. Wherever there was a possibility of guns being laid for them unseen, a fresh canister of the black vapor was discharged, and where the guns were openly displayed the heat ray was brought to bear. By midnight the blazing trees along the slopes of Richmond Park and the glare of Kingston Hill threw their light upon a network of black smoke, blotting out the whole valley of the Thames and extending as far as the eye could reach. And through this two Martians slowly waded and turned their hissing steam jets this way and that.

The Martians were sparing of the heat ray that night, either because they had but a limited supply of material for its production, or because they did not wish to destroy the country, but only to crush and overawe the opposition they had aroused. In the latter aim they certainly succeeded. Sunday night was the end of the organized opposition to their movements. After that no body of men could stand against them, so hopeless was the enterprise. Even the crews of the torpedo boats and destroyers that had brought their quick-firers up the Thames refused to stop, mutinied and went down again. The only offensive operation men ventured upon that night was the preparation of mines and pitfalls, and even in those men's energies were frantic and spasmodic.

One has to imagine the fate of those batteries towards Esher, waiting so tensely in the twilight, as well as one may. Survivors there were none. One may picture the orderly expectation; the officers alert and watchful; the gunners ready; the ammunition piled to hand; the limber gunners, with their horses and wagons; the groups of civilian spectators, standing as near as they were permitted; the evening stillness; the ambulances and hospital tents, with the burnt and wounded from Weybridge; then the dull resonance



Drawn by  
Warwick Goble.

"A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE VAPOR."

of the shots, and the clumsy projectile whirring over the trees and houses, and smashing amidst the neighboring fields. One may picture, too, the sudden shifting of the attention, the swiftly spreading coils and bellings of that blackness, advancing headlong, towering heaven-

ward, turning the twilight to a palpable darkness—a strange and horrible antagonist of vapor striding upon its victims; men and horses near it, seen dimly, running, shrieking, falling headlong; shouts of dismay; the guns suddenly abandoned; men choking and writhing on the ground, and the swift broadening out of the opaque cone of smoke. And then, night and extinction—nothing but a silent mass of impenetrable vapor hiding its dead.

Before dawn the black vapor was pouring through the streets of Richmond, and the disintegrating organism of government was, with a last expiring effort, rousing the population of London to the necessity of flight.

## XVI.

### THE EXODUS FROM LONDON.

So you understand the roaring wave of fear that swept through the greatest city in the world just as Monday was dawning; the stream of flight rising swiftly to a torrent, lashing in a foaming tumult round the railway stations, banked up into a horrible struggle about the shipping in the Thames, and hurrying by every available channel northward and eastward. By ten o'clock the police organization, the telegraphic organiza-

tion, and, by mid-day, even the railway organizations were losing coherency, losing shape and efficiency, guttering, softening, running at last in that swift liquefaction of the social body. All the railway lines south of the Thames, and the Southeastern people at Cannon street, had been warned by midnight of Sunday, and trains were being filled; people were fighting savagely for standing room in the carriages even at two o'clock. By three, people were being trampled and crushed even in Bishopsgate street, a couple of hundred yards or more from Liverpool street station; revolvers were fired, people stabbed, and the policemen who had been sent to direct the traffic, exhausted and infuriated, were breaking the heads of the people they were called out to protect. And as the day advanced and the engine-drivers and stokers refused to return into London, the pressure of the flight drove the people in an ever-thickening multitude away from the stations and along the northward-running roads. By midday a Martian had been seen at Barnes, and a cloud of the black vapor, sinking slowly, drove along the Thames and across the flats of Lambeth, cutting off the escape over the bridges in its sluggish advance. Another cloud drove over Ealing and surrounded a little island of survivors on Castle Hill—alive, but unable to escape.

My brother has described the flight of



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"TURNED THEIR HISsing STEAM JETS THIS WAY AND THAT."

the people through Chipping Barnet very vividly. And the account of his Monday morning may serve to give an idea of how it was with the individuals in that pouring multitude. He himself was no longer alone when he came to Chipping Barnet. After a fruitless struggle to get aboard a Northwestern train at Chalk Farm—the engines of the trains that had loaded in the goods yard there, ploughed through fighting people, and a dozen stalwart men fought to keep the crowd from crushing the driver against his furnace—my brother emerged upon the Chalk Farm road, dodged across through a hurrying swarm of vehicles, and had the luck to be foremost in the sack of a cycle shop. The front tire of the machine he got was punctured in dragging it through the window, but he got up and off notwithstanding, with no further injury than a cut wrist. The steep foot of Haverstock Hill was impassable owing to several overturned horses, and my brother struck into Belsize road.

So he got out of the fury of the panic, and skirting the Edgware road, reached Edgware about seven, fasting and wearied, but well ahead of the crowd. A mile from Edgware the rim of the bicycle broke, and the machine became unrideable. He trudged into the town. Here as yet the panic had scarcely arrived, and he succeeded in getting some food at an inn. There were shops half-opened in the main street of the place, and people in the doorways and windows staring, astonished at this extraordinary procession of fugitives that was beginning.

At Edgware the roads were crowded, but as yet far from congested. Most of the fugitives at that hour were mounted on cycles, but there were also motor cars, hansom cabs and carriages hurrying along, and the dust hung in heavy clouds along the road to St. Alban's. It was, perhaps, a vague idea of making his way to Chelmsford, where some friends of his lived, that made my brother strike into a

quiet lane running eastward. The torrent of people flowed on past him. For a few minutes he thought he had the lane to himself. And then he came upon two ladies just in time to save them.

He heard their screams, and, hurrying round the corner, saw a couple of men struggling to drag them out of the little pony chaise in which they had been driving, while a third with difficulty held the frightened pony's head. One of the ladies, a short woman dressed in white, was simply screaming; the other, a dark, slender figure, slashed at the man who gripped her arm with a whip which she held in her disengaged hand. My brother immediately grasped the situation, shouted and hurried towards the struggle. One of the men desisted and turned towards him, and my brother realizing from his antagonist's face that a fight was unavoidable, and being an expert boxer, went into him forthwith and sent him down against the wheel of the chaise. It was no time for pugilistic chivalry, and my brother laid him quiet with a kick, and gripped the collar of the man who had pulled at the slender lady's arm. He heard the clatter of hoofs; the whip stung across his face; a third antagonist struck him between the eyes, and the man he held wrenched himself free and made off down the lane in the direction from which he had come. Partly stunned, he found himself facing the man who had held the horse's head, and became aware of a clatter of hoofs, the chaise receding from him down the lane, swaying from side to side and with the women in it looking back. The man before him, a burly rough, tried to close, and he stopped him with a blow in the face. Then realizing that he was deserted, he dodged round and made off down the lane after the chaise, with the sturdy man close behind him and the fugitive, who had turned now, following remotely.

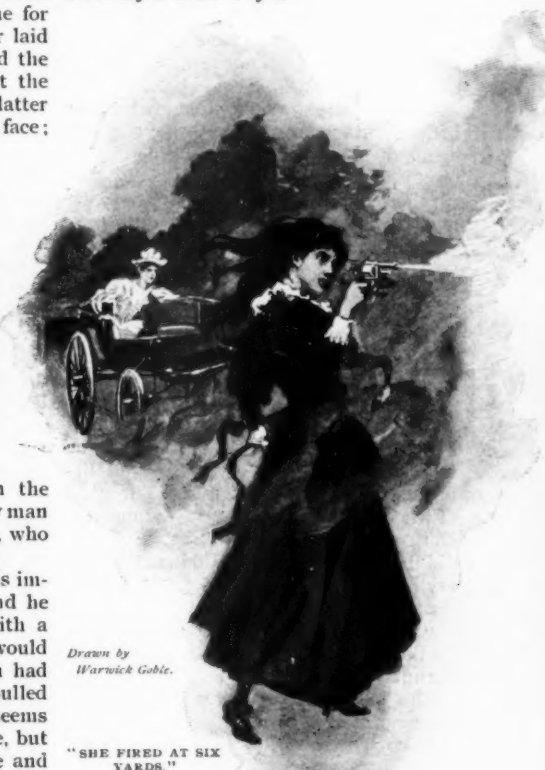
Suddenly he stumbled and fell, his immediate pursuer went headlong, and he rose to his feet to find himself with a couple of antagonists again. He would have had little chance against them had not the slender lady very pluckily pulled up and returned to his help. It seems she had had a revolver all this time, but it had been under the seat when she and

her companion were attacked. She fired at six yards distance, narrowly missing my brother. The less courageous of the robbers made off, and his companion followed him, cursing his cowardice. They stopped down the lane, where the third man lay insensible.

"Take this," said the slender lady, and gave my brother her revolver.

"Go back to the chaise," said my brother, wiping the blood from his split lip.

She turned without a word—they were both panting—and they went back to where the lady in white struggled to hold back the frightened pony. The robbers had evidently had enough of it. "I'll sit here," said my brother, "if I may," and he got upon the empty front seat. The lady looked over her shoulder. "Give me the reins," she said, and laid the whip along the pony's side. In another moment a bend in the road hid the three men from my brother's eyes.



Drawn by  
Warwick Goble.

"SHE FIRED AT SIX  
YARDS."

So quite unexpectedly my brother found himself—panting, with a cut mouth, a bruised jaw and blood-stained knuckles—driving along an unknown lane with these two women. Such extraordinary introductions were by no means uncommon in those strange and wonderful days. These women had no idea where to go. They were the wife and younger sister of a surgeon living at Stanmore, who had come home in the small hours from a dangerous case at Pinner, and heard at some railway station on his way of the Martian advance. He had hurried home, roused the women—their servant had left them two days before—packed some provisions, put his revolver under the seat—luckily for me—and told them to drive on to Edgware, with the idea of their getting a train there. He stopped behind to tell the neighbors. He would overtake them, he said, at about half-past four in the morning, and now it was nearly nine, and they had seen nothing of him since. They could not stop in Edgware because of the growing traffic through the place, and so they had come into this side lane.

That was the story they told my brother in fragments when, presently, they stopped again, nearer to Chipping Barnet. He promised to stay with them, at least until they could determine what to do, or until the missing man arrived, and professed to be an expert shot with the revolver—a weapon strange to him—in order to give them confidence. He told them of his own escape out of London, and all that he knew of these Martians and their ways. The sun crept higher in the sky, and after a time their talk died out and gave place to an uneasy state of anticipation.

"What is that murmur?" asked the stouter woman suddenly. They all listened and heard a sound like the droning of wheels in a distant factory—a murmurous sound, rising and falling. "If one did not know this was Middlesex," said my brother, "we might take that for the sound of the sea."

"Do you think George can possibly find us here?" asked the slender woman abruptly.

The man's wife was for returning to their house, but my brother urged a hundred cogent reasons against that suicide. "We have money," said the slender

woman, and hesitated. Her eyes met my brother's, and her hesitation ended. "So have I," said my brother. She explained that they had as much as thirty pounds in gold, besides a five pound note, and suggested that with that they might get upon a train at Saint Alban's or Chipping Barnet. My brother thought that was hopeless, seeing the fury of the Londoners to crowd upon the trains, and broached his own idea of striking across Essex, towards Harwich. Mrs. Elphinstone—that was the name of the woman in white—would listen to no reasoning and kept calling upon "George," but her sister-in-law was astonishingly quiet and deliberate; and at last agreed to my brother's suggestion. So they went on towards Chipping Barnet, my brother leading the pony to save it as much as possible.

As the sun crept up the sky the day became excessively hot, and under foot a thick whitish sand grew burning and blinding, so that they traveled only very slowly. The hedges were gray with dust. And slowly, as they advanced towards Chipping Barnet, the tumultuous murmuring grew stronger.

"That sound," said Miss Elphinstone presently, "is growing. It sounds now like the noise of a waterfall in the distance."

"Or that deep note one hears from a fire," said my brother. "It is the voice of a multitude of people. And very soon now we shall come upon the great north road."

As they went up a little hill towards the cross-roads they saw a woman approaching the road across some fields on their left, carrying a child and with two other children, and then a man in dirty black, with a thick stick in one hand and a small portmanteau in the other, passed us. Mrs. Elphinstone suddenly cried out at a number of tongues of smoky red flame leaping up above the houses against the hot blue sky. Then round the corner of the lane, from between the tall villas that guarded it at its confluence with the high road, came a little cart drawn by a sweating black pony and driven by a sallow youth in a bowler hat, gray with dust. There were three girls, like East-end factory girls, and a couple of little children crowded in the cart.

"This'll tike us rahnd Edgware?"

asked the driver; and when my brother told him it would if he turned to the left, he looked over his shoulder and remarked, "Told yer so," to his following.

My brother noticed a pale gray smoke or haze rising among the houses in front of them and veiling the white façade of a terrace beyond the road that appeared between the backs of the villas. Then as the noise of the cart wheels died away behind the man, the tumultuous noise before them asserted itself again, but stronger now and clearer—the disorderly mingling of many voices, the grind of many wheels, the creaking of wagons—and in another minute the cross-roads were visible. The lane came round abruptly not fifty yards from the turning.

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Elphinstone. "What is this you are driving us into?" My brother stopped. Then, fascinated by what he saw, led the pony into the very throat of the lane and stood amazed.

The main road was now a boiling stream of people, a torrent of human beings rushing northward, one pressing on another. A great bank of dust, white and luminous in the blaze of the sun, made everything within twenty feet of the ground gray and indistinct, and was perpetually renewed by the hurrying feet of a dense crowd of horses

and men and women on foot, and by the wheels of vehicles of every description. "Way!" my brother heard voices crying. "Make way!" It was like riding into the smoke of a fire to approach the meeting point of the lane and road—the crowd roared like a fire, and the dust was hot and pungent. And, indeed, a little way up the road a villa was burning and sending rolling masses of black smoke across the road to add to the confusion.

So much as they could see of the road Londonward, between the houses to the right, was a tumultuous stream of dirty, hurrying people, pent in between the villas on either side. The black heads, the crowded forms, grew into distinctness as they rushed towards the corner, hurried past and merged their individuality again



Drawn by  
Warwick Goble.

in a receding multitude that was swallowed up at last in a cloud of dust. "Go on! Go on!" cried the voices. "Way! Way!"

One man's hands pressed on the back of another. Edgware had been a scene of confusion, Chalk Farm a riotous tumult, but this was a whole population in movement. It is hard to imagine that host. It had no character of its own. The figures poured out past the corner and receded with their backs to the group in the lane. Along the margin came those who were on foot, threatened by the wheels, stumbling in the ditches, blundering into one another. There were sad-faced, haggard women rushing by, well-dressed, and with children that cried and stumbled, their dainty clothes smothered in dust, their weary faces smeared with tears. With many of these came men; sometimes helpful, sometimes lowering and savage. Fighting side by side with them pushed some

"DISGORGED A MASS OF SOVEREIGNS"

weary street outcast in faded black rags, wide-eyed, loud-voiced and foul-mouthed. There were sturdy workmen thrusting their way along; wretched, unkempt men, clothed like clerks or shopmen, struggling spasmodically; a wounded soldier my brother noticed; men dressed in the clothes of railway porters; one wretched creature in a night-shirt, with a coat thrown over it. The carts and carriages crowded close upon one another, making little way for those swifter and more impatient vehicles that darted forward every now and then when an opportunity showed itself of doing so, sending the people scattering against the fences and gates of the villas. "Push on!" was the cry. "Push on! They are coming!"

In one cart stood a blind man in the uniform of the Salvation Army, gesticulating with his crooked fingers and bawling "Eternity! Eternity!" His voice was hoarse and very loud, so that my brother could hear him long after he was lost to sight in the southward dust. Some of the people who crowded in the carts whipped stupidly at their horses and quarreled with other drivers; some sat motionless, staring at nothing with miserable eyes; some gnawed their hands with thirst or lay prostrate in the bottoms of their conveyances. The horses' bits were covered with foam; their eyes bloodshot. There were cabs, carriages, shop carts, wagons, beyond counting; once my brother saw a mail cart, and once a road cleaner's cart, marked "Vestry of Saint Pancras;" there was even a huge timber wagon crowded with roughs. A brewer's dray rumbled by with its two near wheels splashed with recent blood. "Clear the way!" cried the voices. "Clear the way!" "Eter—nity! Eter—nity!" came echoing up the road.

But varied as its composition was, certain things all that host had in common. There was fear and pain on their faces; and far behind them, a tumult up the road—a quarrel for a place in a wagon—sent the whole host of them quickening their pace, even as a man so scared and broken that his knees bent under him was galvanized for a moment into renewed activity. The heat and dust had already been at work on this multitude. Their skins were dry, their lips black and cracked. They were all thirsty, weary

and footsore. And amid the various cries one heard disputes, reproaches, groans of weariness and fatigue—the voices of most of them were hoarse and weak. Through it all ran a refrain, "Way! Way! The Martians are coming!"

Few stopped and came aside from that flow of men. The lane opened slantingly into the main road with a narrow opening, and had the delusive appearance of coming from the direction of London. Yet a kind of eddy of people drove into its mouth, weaklings elbowed out of the stream, who for the most part rested but a moment before plunging into it again. A little way down the lane, with two friends bending over him, lay a man with a bare leg, wrapped about with bloody rags. He was a lucky man to have friends.

A little old man, with a gray military mustache and a filthy black frock-coat, limped out and sat down beside the trap, removed his boot—his sock was blood-stained—shook out a pebble and hobbled on again; and then a little girl of eight or nine, all alone, threw herself under the hedge, close by my brother, weeping. "I can't go on. I can't go on." My brother woke from his torpor of astonishment and lifted her up, speaking gently to her, and carried her to Mrs. Elphinstone. So soon as my brother touched her she became quite still, as if frightened. "What does it all mean?" whispered Mrs. Elphinstone. "I don't know," said my brother. "But this poor child is dropping with fear and fatigue." "Ellen! Ellen!" shrieked a woman in the crowd, with tears in her voice, and the child suddenly dashed away from my brother, crying "Mother!"

"They are coming!" said a man on horseback riding past along the lane.

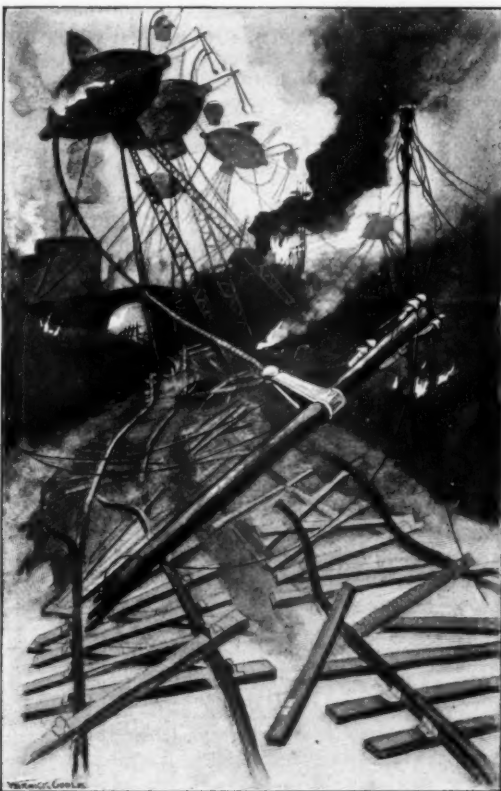
"Out of the way there!" bawled a coachman towering high, and my brother saw he was turning his carriage—a closed carriage such as doctors use—into the lane. The people crushed back on one another to avoid his horse. My brother pushed the pony and chaise back into the hedge, and he drove by and stopped at the turn of the way. It was a carriage for a pair of horses, but only one was in the shafts. From the chaise they saw dimly through the dust that two men were lifting out a man on a white stretcher, and

putting him gently on the grass beneath the privet hedge. One of the men came running to my brother. "Where is there water?" he said. "He is dying fast and very thirsty. It is Lord Garrick." "Lord Garrick!" said my brother. "The chief-justice!" "The water?" he said. "There may be a pump," said my brother, "in some of the houses. We have no water. I dare not leave my people." The man pushed his way against the crowd towards the gate of the corner house. "Go on!" said the people thrusting at him. "They are coming. Go on!"

Then my brother's attention was distracted by a bearded, eagle-faced man lugging a small hand-bag, which split, even as my brother's eyes rested on it, and disgorged a mass of sovereigns that seemed to break up into separate coins as it struck the ground. They rolled hither and thither among the struggling feet of men and horses. The Jew stopped and looked stupidly at the heap, and the shaft of a cab struck his shoulder and sent him reeling. He gave a shriek and dodged back, and a cart wheel shaved him narrowly. "Way!" cried the men all about him. "Make way!" As soon as the cab had passed he flung himself, with both hands open, upon the heap of coins and began clutching handfuls into his pocket; a horse rose close upon him, and in another moment he had half risen and had been borne down under the horse's hoofs. "Stop!" screamed my brother, and pushing a woman out of his way, tried to clutch the bit of the horse. Before he could get to it he heard a scream under the wheels and saw through the dust the tire passing over the poor wretch's back. The driver of the cart slashed his whip at my brother, and he ran round behind the cart. That multitudinous shouting dinned and confused his ears. The man was writhing in the

dust among his scattered money, unable to rise, for the wheel had broken his back, and his limbs lay limp and dead. My brother stood up and yelled at the next driver, and a man on a black horse came to his assistance.

"Get him out of the road," said he, and clutching the Jew's collar with his free hand, my brother lugged him sideways. But he still clung to his money and regarded my brother fiercely, hammering at his arm with a handful of gold. He thought they were robbing him, and he did not know as yet what had happened to him. "Go on! Go on!" shouted angry voices behind. "Way! Way!" My brother heard a smash—the pole of the carriage crashing into the cart that the man on horseback stopped. My brother looked up, and the man with the gold twisted his



Drawn by Warwick Goble.

"THEY CUT EVERY TELEGRAPH AND WRECKED THE RAILWAYS."

head round and bit the wrist that held his collar. There was a concussion, and the black horse came staggering sideways, his hind hoof missing my brother's foot by a hair's breadth, and the cart-horse pushed beside it. He released his grip on the fallen man and jumped back. He saw anger change to terror on the face of the poor wretch on the ground, and in a moment my brother was borne backward and carried past the entrance of the lane, and had to fight hard in the torrent to recover it.

He saw Miss Elphinstone covering her eyes, and a little child, with all a child's want of sympathetic imagination, staring with dilated eyes at a dusty something that lay black and still, ground and crushed under the rolling wheels. "Let us go back!" shouted my brother, and began turning the pony round. "We cannot cross this—hell," he said; and they went back a hundred yards the way they had come, until the streaming crowd was hidden. The two women sat silent, crouching in their seats and shivering. As they passed the bend in the lane he saw the face of the dying man in the ditch under the privet, deadly white and drawn, and shining with perspiration.

So my brother describes one striking phase of the great flight out of London on the morning of Monday. So vividly did that scene at the corner of the lane impress him, so vividly did he describe it, that I can see now the details of it almost as distinctly as if I had been present at the time. I wish I had the skill to give the reader the effect of his description. That is just *one drop* of the flow of the panic taken and magnified. Not only along the road through Chipping Barnet, but also through Edgware and Waltham Abbey, and along the roads eastward to Southend and Shoburyness, and south of the Thames to Deal and Broadstairs, poured the same frantic rout. If one could have hung that June morning in a balloon in the blazing blue above London, every northward and eastward road running out of the infinite tangle of streets would have seemed stippled black with the streaming fugitives—and each

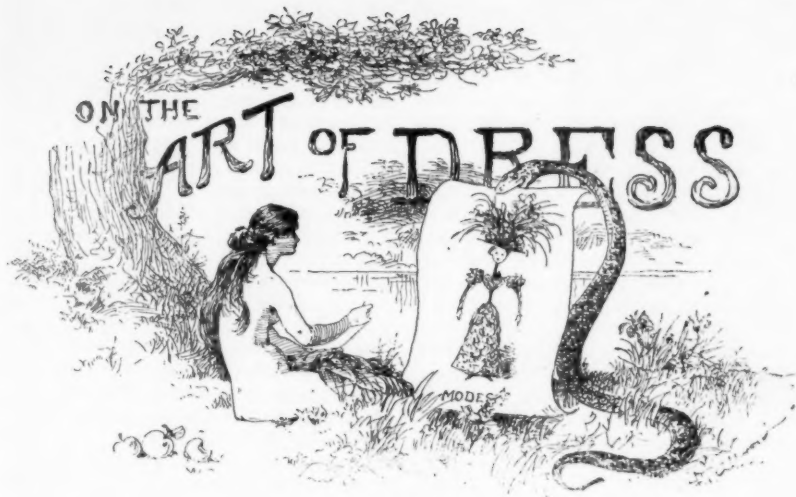
dot a human agony of terror and physical distress. Never before in the history of the world had such a mass of human beings moved and suffered together. The legendary hosts of Goths and Huns, the hugest armies Asia has ever seen, would have been but a drop in that current. And this was no disciplined march; it was a stampede—a stampede gigantic and terrible, without order and without a goal—five million people, unarmed and unprovided, driving headlong. It was the beginning of the rout of civilization, of the massacre of mankind.

Directly behind him the balloonist would have seen the network of streets far and wide, houses, churches, squares, crescents, gardens—empty and derelict—spread out like a huge map; and in the southward, *blotted*. Over Ealing, Richmond, Wimbledon, it was as if some monstrous pen had flung ink upon the chart, and each black splash grew and spread, shooting out ramifications this way and that, now banking itself against rising ground, now pouring swiftly over a crest into a new found valley, very much as a gout of ink spreads itself upon blotting paper.

And beyond, over the blue hills that rise southward of the river, the glittering Martians went to and fro, calmly and methodically, spreading their poison cloud over this patch of country and then over that, laying it again with the steam jets when it had served its purpose, and then serenely taking possession of the conquered country. They do not seem to have aimed at extermination so much as at complete demoralization and the destruction of any opposition. They exploded any stores of powder they came upon, cut every telegraph and wrecked the railways here and there. They seemed in no hurry to extend the field of their operations, and did not come beyond the central part of London all that day.

Just after midnight the fifth cylinder fell, green and livid, crushing a house, as I shall presently tell in fuller detail, beside the road between Richmond and Barnes. The fifth cylinder—and there were five more yet to come!

(To be continued.)



BY OUIDA.

MOST people will, I suppose, have read the recent article of M. Jules Lemaitre against the modern dress of woman, wherein he advocates a return to the Greek dress of Sappho's time. It is difficult to understand how Greek women moved about in their gowns, if the dust and the mud of Athens were in any degree what they are at the present moment. Their robes must have been inconvenient even on a marble terrace or in a laurel grove. Our dress, whatever its disfigurements and defects, has this advantage, that it takes many shapes according to occasion; and the dress for walking on moor or road is extremely easy and sensible, though it is excessively ugly. The only really beautiful form of dress which is our own invention, and which is at once modern yet artistic, and has close affinity to the Greek, is the tea-gown, which has in it many of the best graces of the Greek robe, with a brilliancy and adaptability all its own. There is a regrettable tendency now visible to make the tea-gown too tight; if it loses its ease and its undulating lines, it loses with them all its individuality, and also all its comfort, in those physical conditions to which Lemaitre rightly considers the Greek gown was so favorable. Moreover, the stupid prejudices which rule society do not allow the tea-gown to be considered

otherwise than a *déshabillé*, and most unhappily exclude it from the dinner-table and the evening gatherings, whilst the extremely ugly and immodest décolleté is still considered as the *ne plus ultra* of elegance and of etiquette. The décolleté gown is unbecoming to every woman, however perfect of form and fair of face. The nudity of shoulders and bust is out of keeping with the extreme tightness of the rest of the bodice. No grace is possible to it, and its general acceptance is a forcible proof of how usage and example warp the taste and deaden the susceptibilities. Jules Lemaitre takes it for certain that corsets must be worn with modern dress. This does not follow. They are, unhappily, nearly universal, but not absolutely so. I have known familiarly one of the most admirably made women of Europe; she has always been in the best society, and spent much of her life at courts; she has the figure of a Diana Chasseresse, and when she moves it is with such lithe ease and grace as to make one think of Ben Jonson's lines:

"It was as though the winds, not she, did walk,  
Nor press'd a flower nor bowed a stalk."

She has never worn stays of any kind, except at balls a satin corset under some tulle or lace dress. The terrible mistake which women have made is in imagining

that for the female form to be nipped into nothing in the middle, like an hour-glass, has any beauty in it. It can have none, because, as artists have said till they are tired of speaking truths to deaf ears, it is essentially a deformity. It is difficult to conjecture how the worship of the hour-glass waist can ever have arisen, for it is absolutely unendurable, alike in nature and in art, and can only find a prototype in the imbecility which crops dogs' ears and horses' tails; induces some men to indulge in fanciful trimming of the beard, as though the face was a garden plot, and leads suffering womankind to wear high heels and endure the torture of walking on their toes. I fear that many of the hopeful writers of the present day are in error, and that the corset is not doomed. It seems to me that instead of being gradually abandoned by the woman who goes in for athletics, its use is on the increase and in new fields, as with bathing suits, for instance.

The article of Lemaitre, with its pompous and sonorous title, begins well, and, so long as it deals with feminine attire, is interesting and sensible. But in the short paragraphs which are alone accorded to male dress it falls off lamentably; it is timid, halting, conventional, unsuggestive and unsatisfactory. If a man be satisfied with male clothes as they stand, it seems to me wholly needless for him to write about them; he may safely leave their praises to the tailors, and their continuance to conventionality. If he have nothing to suggest and nothing to amend, it appears unaccountably superfluous to touch the subject at all. Lemaitre says that the costume of the present day is chiefly designed to emphasize the difference of sex. This is true of some of it: but of the servile and exact copy of the male at this moment visible in much female attire, he seems to have no conception. Yet nothing is more significant of the bad taste and mistaken views of a large and unluckily often prominent portion of the feminine sex, especially in Great Britain and America, than their aping of men's appearance. The cropped hair, the stiff collar, the cutaway coat, the generally harsh and sharp physiognomy of the advanced female, are all intended to obliterate the differences of sex, and, happily for himself, Lemaitre does

not appear to have seen them. I have often amused myself with cutting out these portraits of "new women" from illustrated papers (without their names), and mixing them up with equally nameless portraits of men, and asking my friends to guess which were the men and which the women; and seldom has any one guessed aright. This is a much more painful and foolish confusion of sex than the toga or the stola could ever cause.\*

Moreover, in Greece and in Latium, the differences between the sexes were so clearly defined in public and in private life, in law and in custom, that any similarity in costume could never in either country have had the distressing effect it has in the modern world. Lemaitre has apparently no knowledge of the Pioneer Club of London; his only idea of woman is the brilliant actress of the Renaissance, or the no less brilliant grande dame who goes to see her performance. He does not know of, or at least takes no note of, the Gorgon of the bicycle or the Medusa of the reporters' bench. If he did know them he would certainly become aware of a large number of women who utterly neglect every physical charm of their sex; who are ignorant of repose, of grace, of charm; who have the restless fidgety-ness of the blood mare without her beauty or productiveness; and whose sole idea is to copy and worry out of its existence the male sex which they detest, whilst they servilely imitate it in all its ugliest lines and all its silliest features.

It is incomprehensible to me how a lady of the intellectual powers and social charms of Lady Dilke can associate herself with the clamor for female suffrage. A woman of any mental power and perception can make her influence felt, and can hypnotize her admirers with a force beside which the infinitesimal privilege of assisting at a political election is as the dregs of a water-butt to the tides of a sunlit sea. Madame Tallien's salon was more potent than the assembly.

It will be said that there is no salon anywhere now: this is scarcely true; but were it true it would be the most conclusive proof that woman has of her own will abdicated her throne to go down into the street and scream with Gavroche. Emile Olivier has recently said that D'Azeglio was so captivating, despite the



THE CLASSIC OUT OF DATE.

much time; and no time, I venture to declare, can be better spent. The woman who rushes through her first toilette, puts on her walking clothes, and tears off in the chill of the morning to board-room or grievance meeting, or horseshoe-shaped committee-table, is of necessity an unlovely object, even if nature originally made her good-looking. She appears at luncheon in jacket and bonnet, and gives a little pat to her hair before the dining-room mirror; she eats hastily, talks volubly; then jumps up, and rushes off again! What can she know, or diffuse, of the charm of life?

An ambassadress very well known in Europe for her undiplomatic directness of speech approached a lady who obstinately remained seated an unconscionable time in the reception-rooms of the embassy, and said to her: "Mais n'avez vous rien à faire chez vous que vous voulez rester se long-temps par ici?" One is tempted to ask those fifteen ladies who are described by Lady Dilke as sitting all day long for weeks as amateur clerks at the table of Mrs. Jacob Bright, if they have nothing to do at home? If they would only apply their minds to dressing themselves, their children and their men well, how much better they would be employed!



NEW.

absence of very great qualities, because "il se donnait le loisir d'être charmant." Admirable definition! No one can be charming who does not have (or make) the leisure to become so. To women the leisure required is long. The mere care of the person necessitates

men would long resist a feminine effort on the part of women to introduce some better male costume than that which at present makes the streets and the drawing-rooms alike hideous; that is, if the effort were general, sustained and persuasive. When a hostess puts at the foot of her ball invitations the two little words "frac rouge," the injunction is invariably obeyed; or, if ever disobeyed, is only by some man who does not know the world. In like manner women might without great difficulty enjoin, and command, a less grotesque male attire than that which now prevails; whilst with their children, they would, in the matter of dress for the nursery, have an absolutely free hand. One sees by the Lawrence, Romney, Gainsborough and Reynolds portraits of children that in their time boys and girls alike wore frocks until the age of seven or eight; charming frocks too, with bare shoulders and knees; and between the men those boys became and the fad-dists of the present time there cannot be for a moment any comparison which does not, whether physical or mental, turn wholly to the favor of the earlier generation. Nowadays little boys of three



OLD.

and four are dressed like old men; and all the lovely lines and hues of their infant forms are lost to sight under the ugly grays and brown checks and heather mixtures beloved of their parents. The spectacle of a small male child in a copy of his father's attire is a sight to make Sir Joshua rise out of his grave in horror. All this question lies with women, as does the financial side of costume. Here let me say that I am convinced that it is wholly impossible for women to go much into society (dans le monde) without spending a great deal on dress—expenditure of an unhesitating order must under the present style of toilettes be the accompaniments of such a life. To any one, however, who stays at home, it is very possible to dress admirably well at no immense cost; for, in home wear gowns do not soil quickly, whereas in society they do, and lose

I do not think that

almost immediately that freshness which is absolutely necessary to an attractive toilette; and besides, they cannot be seen more than twice, or thrice at most, without the wearer losing caste and looking dowdy. But who shall persuade the modern woman to remain at home? She only exists in a crowd.

There is a very unwise tendency in young women of the present day to be so reckless in their eagerness for distinction in sports that they forget that sport is not embellishing; that Venus, herself, scratched and splashed by a long spin over a hunting country, heated and blown by a lawn-tennis struggle, disheveled and dusty and disarranged after a fifty-mile bicycle race, is not a lovely or lovable object. If they are "fit" and can "break a record," they do not care, or they do not realize that they are voluntarily giving away their potent charm of sex for the sake of seeing their names printed in sporting papers.

The sporting woman is a hybrid animal; she is an exaggeration and a caricature of the sporting man; her mania for field sports and games is much more injurious to her maternity than the drawing-room gown condemned by Jules Lemaitre as hostile to her natural functions. I will not speak here of her cruelty since, concerning this, my opinions are so well known that I need not repeat them; but I entreat her, when next she has done a scorcher, or won a brush, or beaten a record, or hung a bleeding otter's head to her belt, to take a hand-mirror out of her pocket and look at herself.

Her grandmother and great-grandmothers, with the keepsake beauty she despises, knew better what they were about.

The article bears the somewhat pretentious title of "Philosophy of Contemporary Costume," but, as not seldom happens with M. Jules Lemaitre, is not very philosophical. A writer who can accept the trouser, and desire to maintain it in use, has many leagues to travel before he reaches philosophy. The trouser is the culminating point in modern male attire

of ugliness, indecency, unsuitability and anti-hygienic stupidity. To be the least protection against cold its lower regions must be swathed in the gaiter, its upper covered by the ulster or by some other form of great-coat. It is a garment which conceals all symmetry of proportion, yet most impudently suggests nudity. It is certainly a shapeless thing which may be pulled on in a minute or two, but there its sole merit ends. Well-to-do men wear drawers under it, but poor men do not; and it is painful to reflect upon what must be the state of this garment on their persons after many months of uninterrupted wear. And what is called by Mr. Lecky the best-dressed and best-groomed House of Commons ever seen is this very day sitting under chimney-pots everywhere—on heads; under seats, fondly nursed on knee, or temporarily serving as receptacles for documents.



TYROLESE COSTUME.

Jules Lemaitre combines with a singular and inartistic leniency to modern male attire an incongruous desire that it should be allowed to "float." It is difficult to conceive coat and trousers as floating; a suit of broadcloth, loose as he would have it, would stream on the north or east wind like the sail of a vessel with its ropes cut asunder. The mind refuses to contemplate the consequences. The sight of a brave man struggling with an umbrella blown inside out in a rainstorm is terrible enough, but the sight of one struggling with his garments flapping wildly above his head in a gale would be too piteous. The chimney-pot is the more ludicrous, but I think the trouser is the more odious, portion of masculine clothing. It would make a guy of Apollo's self. It is only necessary to see how well men look en culotte at a ball to realize all their appearance loses in the sacrifice which it makes to the trouser and to the dull and dingy colors which they wear. The Cretans have proved that they are not less men because they wear costumes of striking picturesqueness; and it would be hard to find a manlier race, a hardier, braver and more enduring race, than the mountaineers of the Tyrol, whose national dress is

conspicuous for its distinction and its individuality.

It is not necessary to return to the mauves or azures which alarm the mind of Jules Lemaitre; but it is preëminently necessary and desirable to see in the streets and in the salons some male attire which shall combine utility and ease with laws and lines which do not offend the educated taste. The cut of the George the Second coat should be renewed; and made in black velvet it would be perfect for evening wear. The George the Second waistcoat, gold-embroidered, was, if I remember rightly, revived by the late Duke of Clarence, and, had he lived, some improvement in male dress would probably have been seen in England; his father could at any time have made such changes at once accepted, had he chosen, as easily as he now procures subscriptions for hospitals.

It is, according to Lemaitre, democracy which has suppressed costume: it is rather the *mauvaise-honte* and morbid self-consciousness which are such strongly marked notes in the modern character, and which makes men nervously afraid of wearing anything which may appear "singular" or cause them to be suspected of having any idiosyncrasy of their own.

But if it be due to democracy, then the democrat is a very stupid fellow to follow such ludicrous and ugly examples as the "classes" set him. Turn over any volumes on costume that you will, and you will find that the most suitable to work and weather were the costumes of peasant and artificer in the time of the Plantagenets and Tudors and the Valois. They

were not only pleasant to the eye, but they were sensible, adapted to work, and excellent for battle.

Democracy has nothing to do with male dress. The working man could impose his taste on the gentleman, and the gentleman could with perfect ease alter his clothes when they were imitated by the workingman, as women of taste and position leave off a fashion when

it has descended into the street. But as the gentleman changes his entire clothing before he goes down to dinner, it would not be so much more trouble to don a Georgian dress, or a partially Georgian dress, than it is to put on the present unsightly articles; it only requires some great person to set the

example for the reform to succeed. Men wear the pink in the hunting field without feeling themselves absurd, and accept the various costumes of various continental hunts without any hesitation or self-consciousness. It would not be very difficult, therefore, for any person, such as a sovereign, or an heir apparent, to introduce something better than the present shocking fashions, which, as they descend amongst the multitude, become not only ridiculous, but injurious, for no attire was ever so unsuitable to labor, so unfit for stress of weather, and so absolutely detestable when copied in cheap stuffs. The blouse of France is, on the contrary, an ideal dress for the workingman, and only wants to be completed by some leg gear better than the trouser. I have seen the blouse made in dove-colored velvet for a man of rank, with belt and buttons of antique silver, worn with admirable effect.

The especial excellence of the blouse is that it lends itself to the movements of the wearer without strain or pressure upon him.

Chief of all the many ills engendered amongst the populace by the example of the rich and the false doctrine of the politicians, is the mischief done them by the ugly and clumsy clothing which they borrow from their masters. A wiseacre instanced the other day as evidences of the benefactions of modern machinery, that through it the laboring man could dress like the gentleman, and eat white bread like him! The one privilege is just about as valuable as the other. The shoddy clothing is just as trumpery and



THE TEA-GOWN.



A MEDIEVAL PEASANT.

unsuitable to work as the white bread is unwholesome and enfeebling as diet.

I am always unable to explain to myself why the present age considers itself civilized. It is a varnished barbarism.\* It may (or it may not) be a stage on the way to civilization, but civilization itself it certainly is not.

The characteristics of true civilization would be intelligent action, perfect repose, and supreme beauty. Can any one seriously claim that we, the so-called "civilized nations," possess these attributes?

I do not think, despite Jules Lemaitre, Who can tell us when this will be?



THE GEORGIAN COAT.

that there can be a philosophy of dress, because dress is an artificial thing, a capricious thing, a thing of mere habit and prejudice; and these are all things alien to philosophy.

But it is quite certain that as dress is but an adjunct to life, a ribbon hung on the tree of life and fluttering with every breeze that fashion and custom dictate, so it can never be given any harmonious shape except when life itself shall have become, if not philosophic, at least

\* NOTE.—Ouida says: "I am always unable to explain to myself why the present age considers itself civilized. It is a varnished barbarism." Perhaps no better proof of this could be found than the position which Ouida herself takes in this article. It seems impossible of belief that the brilliant mind of Ouida should be so far a slave to her environment and education as to hold some of the opinions here expressed regarding the subject of dress. Apparently she thinks it entirely in good taste that a woman of wealth and position should at once cast aside her garments, because a number of human beings, presumably not of her own fine social differentiation, should also adopt the prevailing style. Questions of excellence of artistic design, of graceful contour and becoming appearance, must give way before the inherently vulgar desire to be different in costume from the multitude—that feeblest of ambitions of feeble minds.—EDITOR.

## THE GOLDEN ARROW.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

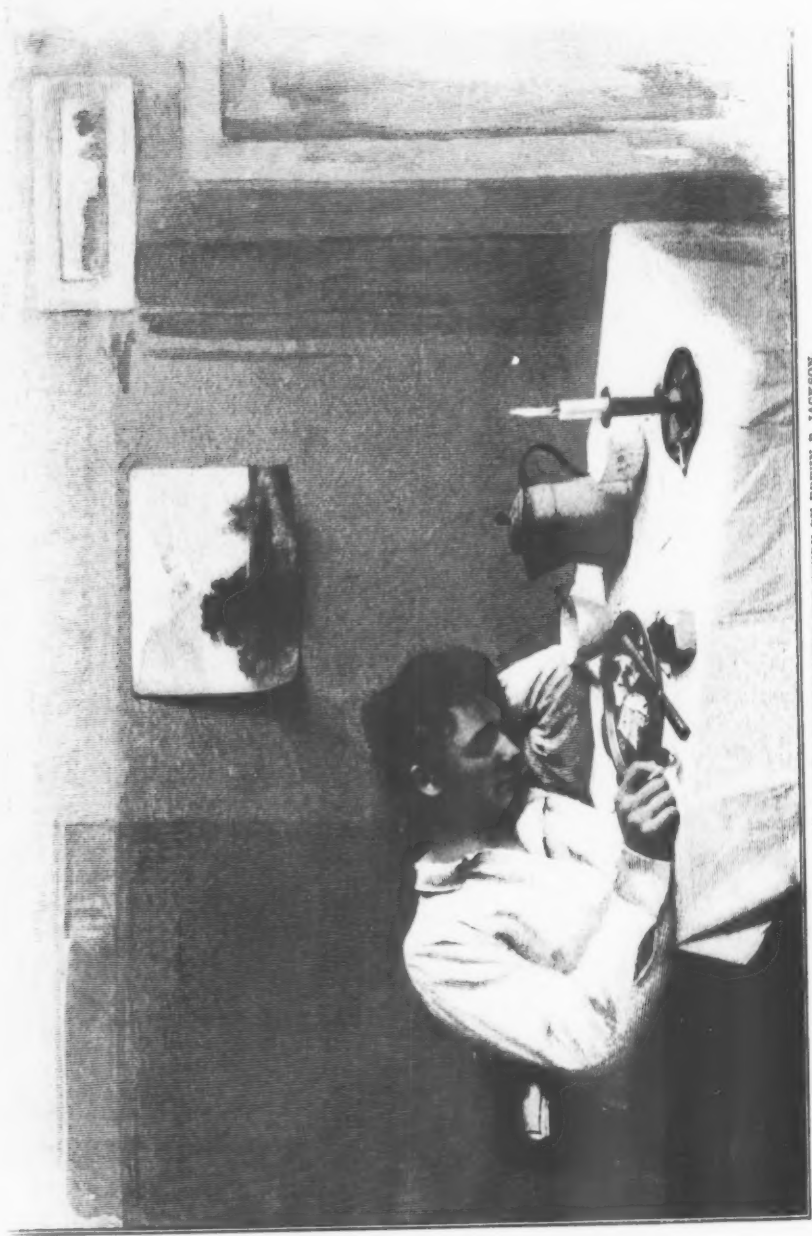
THE bluebird comes in spring,  
The swallow ere 'tis summer;  
But in between is another comer.  
He, too, has a pretty wing—  
He, too, has a song to sing;  
And he has—oh, have a care o'  
His bow with the golden arrow!

When to the wood and field  
Come lusty leaves and posies,  
Comes he, the boy, born to Love in the roses.  
Like a cloud, dropt asleep in the sky,  
Will he stop as he trips it by?  
Oh, beware o'—have a care o'  
The bow with the golden arrow!



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"AN AMERICAN GIRL."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.



"TIRED."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY EDWIN E. JACOBSON.



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"IN MEMORIAM."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.



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"ANXIETY."—PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY JAMES L. BREESE.



### THE HABIT OF THE FRAILE.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE end drew near of the longest siege that was ever in any of the three Americas. More than a year ago the red field of Ayacucho had crowned the triumph of the rebel colonies. The mother-nation that found the New World and tamed it and gave it to her sons no longer had sons there, for the very last had disowned her. Mexico, the first great Spanish kingdom in America, had turned republic; and so had the neighbor provinces. South America had followed suit; for the cry of "Independence," premature as it was among these peoples, then and still so unripe for self-government, carried contagion, and Peru itself, the gem of the conquest, the land of riches and romance, had thrown off the merciful "yoke" of home to stagger for generations under the tenfold worse yoke of her own corrupt sons. Of all the Americas that had been Spain's by discovery, by conquest, and by settlement, there now remained to her on the continent only the space boxed by the four walls of Callao—a space a mile and a half square. There the red-yellow-and-red flag still flaunted defiance to the victorious insur-

gents; for there Rodil, "the second Leonidas," was making the last heroic stand for Spain.

It was hopeless odds—this fiery loyalist against all rebel South America. There was no possibility of reinforcements from anywhere; no chance of retreat. Cooped up in what was then the largest fort in the New World, he saw the land fenced with the flushed armies of Bolivar; the bay blocked by the allied fleets. For twenty-one months he had repulsed their almost daily attacks and outwitted their ceaseless stratagems; and for twenty-one months, too, had baffled the still more dangerous foes within his walls. Of the two thousand eight hundred men at his hand when the siege began, March 1, 1824, over seven hundred had been killed and more than twice as many had died of the pestilence. Of the eight thousand citizens first within the fort—for all Callao was included by those huge ramparts—two thousand four hundred had been sent out to avoid famine, and over five thousand had fallen by the plague. The survivors had no heart left. Almost daily some new plot to betray the fort was discovered, and

almost daily the "iron general" gave a row of conspirators to the musketeers. To war, disease and treachery, famine added its terrors. Horse-meat and rats were already delicacies, and only yesterday a noble invalid had given a plate heaped up with gold for three lemons.

It was New Year's Eve. That down here, twelve degrees below the equator, meant high summer. Day long the tropic heat had beaten mercilessly upon Callao, and now the wan defenders lay sprawled along the ramparts beside their guns, drinking the grateful dusk. Here and there sounded the uneven tramp of the patrol down the cobble-paved streets, and their sharp challenge, "Alto! Quien vive?" to every one they met. It rang out now, and the soldiers crossed their muskets before a tall, gray-robed figure.

"It is I, my children," was the quiet answer. "Delay me not, for I go to the sick."

"Pass, Father," said the sargento, and all lifted their caps, stepping from the narrow sidewalk to make room for the priest.

"But what is this?" cried the officer, suddenly thrusting out his long arm and clutching something which was about to fly right between them. It was a thin, pale girl of ten, hooded in the black manta of her people.

"Que es esto?" repeated the sargento more gently. "Dost thou not know the orders that none shall move upon the street after dark, since so many drop letters over the walls to the rebels? Get thee in, for even children are not exempt," and he pushed her back into the doorway from which she had just burst.

But the child made no motion to obey. "The padre!" she panted. "The padre! For my brother is very sick."

"Si, pues? Well, go thou and catch the fraile, then." But much eye that thou come not near the walls." And the kindly old Spaniard led his men off down the street.

By this time the priest had turned the corner; and when the child came flying to that street, lo! he was far ahead. But she kept running breathlessly and at last, where the dark bulk of the castle of San Felipe overhung them, she plucked the gray robe from behind. Her bare feet had drawn no noise from the stones, and the

priest started violently, choking back what sounded like the beginning of a cry.

He wheeled sharply about with a stern "What is this?"—but his voice was pinched.

"My brother—very sick—padre! Please, your grace, come!" she panted.

"To the devils with your brother!" he growled, flinging her off. "Vayate!" and he was gone before the dumfounded child could speak again. She stood a moment looking stupidly after him, and then, sobbing, limped wearily homeward.

The house, like most of Callao in those ill days, was little better than a wreck after twenty-one months of the rebel cannonading. The dark stairway teetered and groaned dismally as she scrambled up, and overhead the southern cross blinked hazily at her through a tattered frame—the insurgent shells had left little of the flimsy roofs of the city where it never rains. Long, ragged strips of bamboo lathing dangled here and there, and at her childish tread dribbles of the gravel covering came pattering about her like uncanny footfalls. She was trembling all over when she pushed open a broken door and entered the room, the rude Moorish balcony of which overhung the street. There was a hole in the roof here, too, and the doors of the balcon had been splintered by a cannon ball. A twisted rag flared smokily in an iron plate of grease on a broken chair, and where the vagrant shadows began to stand their ground against its feeble rays, some one was bending over a tattered mattress upon the floor.

"No hay cuidado," said a strange voice as she stopped short, in alarm. "The sargento bade me bring a cup of caldo for thy brother, seeing thee so much a woman. For now that there is nothing to eat, he said, perhaps that would be the best medicine."

"God pay you!" cried the child nervously. "And my brother?"

"He drank the broth as one greedy, and in a moment fell asleep. How many days makes it that he is sick?"

"Two, señor. Since four days there was nothing to eat but two crusts of bread, and that he made me eat."

"Pobrecito! He has no more than hunger. To-morrow I will bring another caldo—for even broth of horse gives

strength—that ye may not starve. But have ye no father?"

"Papa fell in San Felipe; and our mother was sent from the city with many. But us she hid in the house, saying that the enemy had no mercy even to the weak. And so it was; for the women that tried to pass to Lima the insurjentes fired upon. And she never came back."

"Dogs of rebels! But now I go, little one. Have heart, for I will look to you. Hásta luego."

When he was gone the child crouched down by her brother and slipped her trembling hand into his. The shadows were so crawly! They seemed to draw back and then come stealing at her. And it was so still—only the hail of the sentries breaking across such a silence, as if they stood guard over a city of the dead.

"Que hay, little sister?" said the boy, starting up wide-awake with the suddenness of those that are fevered. "The Father? Couldst not find one? But it is all the same, for God sent us a friend with food."

"And he comes to-morrow also," she added eagerly. Then she told how she had followed the priest, but he had shaken her off with rough words.

"Eyah? But how is that? For the Fathers do not so. And how is it that thou followed him even to the castillo?"

"Pues, for that he went very fast and I could not catch him. He was at the corner even when the sargento let me pass; but when I came running there he was almost at the next cuadra, as if he too had run."

Vicente suddenly sat up on the squalid mattress. The smoky wick flung deep shadows in his hollow cheeks, and he looked so pale and wild that Lina almost cried out at him.

"I tell thee, 'manita,' he whispered earnestly, "I believe not in that priest! Running so, and so rough to thee! And thou sayest that at touch of thy hand to his robe he started and was to call out? There is a danger, I tell thee!" he repeated vehemently, striking his

thin fist upon the floor till the impish shadows danced again. "All is crooked now, when they say the very captains wait to sell our general. And if the priests be traitors too——"

"But what to do?" asked the girl, in awe of this fierce young brother.

"Aye! What to do? For we know nothing. But something there *is*, my heart tells me. Oh, yes! Wouldst thou know the padre again, seeing him?"

"Como no? For it was near the farol, and I saw under the hood his eyes; how shining they were."

"And his voice too—no? Come, then, and we will see who is this Father that curses his children!" And the boy rose eagerly, though his legs shook under him.

"But how canst thou go out, hermano, being so sick?"

"No hay cuidado. For now it is for our king against the rebels, and strength



Drawn by Irving R. Wiles.

"PLEASE, YOUR GRACE, COME!" SHE PANTED.

I shall have for that. The caldo also gives me new life. Vamos!"

Weak as he was he drew her down the tottering stairs and into the dark street; and there they stood a moment, not knowing whither to turn. "Claro!" exclaimed Vicente, "we will follow as he went—perchance we may meet him returning."

But at the very corner some one turning in hastily from the next street stumbled fairly over them; and Vicente and Lina and the stranger went down in a heap.

"Little animals!" snarled an angry voice. "Are you blind? For a so-little I would break your bones! Eh? He is *who?*" he hissed, catching them by the arms—for he had heard Lina's excited whisper, "es él!"

"She says you are the priest that would not go to her sick brother," answered Vicente in a steady voice, "and I believe it, for you are rough to the weak. But we will find a padre who is not so."

"Marchanse, brats!" said the stranger in a tone of relief. "But," he added, turning and shaking his finger at them, "no more running after me, or I throw you over the wall!"

"Have no care, señor padre," said Vicente, with sarcastic politeness; and taking Lina by the hand he hurried around the corner. In a moment he turned his head and caught a glimpse of some dark object peering past the wall. "Es!" he whispered, squeezing the slender fingers, and a few rods farther on drew Lina into a recess of the wall. He was trembling all over.

"Es!" he repeated. "Canst thou not see that *he* is no fraile, though he wears the habit? It is the voice of a soldier and not of the church. And here! This fell to my very hand when we all went to the ground together"—and he held up a crumpled paper. "But first it is to see whither goes this Father of rebels. Come so far as the house, and there wait me, for it is better that I go alone."

"But, Vicente—I—I'm afraid of the duéndes!"

"Epa! Fear not, sisterling, for the goblins touch not those that are true. Remember, it is for Spain!" And pushing her gently inside their own doorway, and stooping to kiss her, he hurried down the street.

Lina dared not climb the noisy stairs to

the deserted rooms. She crouched in the hall, shivering, drawing the manta about her shoulders as if with cold, but shutting her teeth bravely. The shuffle of Vicente's broken shoes had already died away; and it seemed as if the whole world had slipped past with him. Ages and ages she waited, till she was ready to scream with fear; and then she sprang nervously to the door at a sound in the street. It was only a patrol shambling over the crazy cobblestones, but as it drew nigh she was seized with a sudden access of fear. Between them stumbled Vicente, a heavy hand on either shoulder.

"Let him go!" she cried, rushing upon the soldiers as if to strike them down. "He is my little brother, and has done nothing. Only we found the—"

"Callete, Lina!" spoke up Vicente sharply. "If only the señor official will be so good as to take her with me to the general—for she is quite alone, señor."

"It is well—come on, little Amazon!" said the officer, from whom war and starvation had not dried all Andalusian humor. "Snails! But I thought she was to capture us! March!"

General Rodil pushed back his chair from the table, and his grave face took on a puzzled look as the officer and his odd prisoners were ushered into the room. "The general who never sleeps," they called him—for at whatever hour of day or night he was always appearing suddenly here, there, everywhere. Well-masked was the faint heart into whose depths those gray eyes did not bore; tiny indeed, the slackness that escaped them. Well might the ignorant invest him with a superstitious terror—this man who was really the garrison of Callao.

"Que cosa?" he demanded in a low, clear voice.

"Pues, señor general," said the officer, still standing at "salute." "This boy we found in the Street of the Pelicans, as if waiting for some one. And when we searched him, *this* was in his shirt."

Rodil uncrumpled the paper, and bent to read it by the flickering candle. Suddenly his haggard face turned even paler, and then a dark flush rose as he sprang to his feet and took two steps forward. As suddenly he stopped, and threw at the children a glance that seemed fairly to burn them.



*Drawn by Irving R. Wiles.*

"'LITTLE ANIMALS,' GROWLED THE CAPTAIN."

"Are there none but traitors?" he cried, with a choke. "Even to the babies! And now, my Ponce de Leon!" for the smuggled note read:

"Todo listo. No mas se espera al comandante rubio Arregla todo de San Rafael"—

[All ready. Only waiting the blonde commander. Fix everything in the castle of San Rafael.]

The "blonde commander" could be none other than Rodil's dear friend and trusted officer, in charge of one of the twin castles—a man whom he had "made" in rank and fortune. The general's face seemed of stone as he demanded:

"Boy! From where is this letter?"

"Vuesencia, I picked it up from a fraile who fell over us in the street: and because he had been rough to my little sister, I followed to see where he would go."

"Carefully! For when it is between the king's honor and traitors, even youth turns not bullets! What should a fraile be doing with letters of the insurgents?"

"For that I think he was no fraile," answered Vicente sturdily, holding his head erect, though his knees wavered; and he told all the happenings of the evening, while Lina nodded an earnest corroboration. Before he was done, something of the hardness had faded from Rodil's face.

"Your cuenta runs well," he said at last. "Give me proof and I will fill your hat with gold. But if not—if you are old enough to be a traitor, you are old enough to die one!"

Vicente's ragged shoulders squared still straighter. "When I ask you for money, señor general!" he replied proudly. "We are of Spain, and for that I do it. He that made as priest went not to the convento, but into the house 74, Street of the Viceroy."

"Hola! Señor teniente, take twenty men in the instant and round-up that house, bringing hither all that are in it; and that everything be searched. And send the teniente Ochoa with another file to bring hither prisoner the Comandante Ponce de Leon, Corriendo!"

For twenty minutes "the sleepless general" walked the room—sometimes apparently unconscious of the children, and suddenly flinging at them some question, sharp and searching as a javelin. Then there were reluctant feet upon the stairs.

"It has to report, your excellency," said Lieutenant Ochoa, "that the Señor Comandante Ponce de Leon is not to be found. Since the first dusk no one has seen him."

Rodil struck his forehead; but before he seemed able to command his voice, there was another commotion outside, and a group of officers bustled into the room.

"What is this, mi general?" cried one of them angrily. Here we are dragged from the house like criminals! What means this rat-catcher of a lieutenant?"

"Little by little, gentlemen mine!" answered Rodil in a suspiciously quiet tone. "You will excuse the molestation for my sake, since I ordered it. And now I beg you have the goodness to tell me of a fraile who entered your house half an hour ago."

"*Fraile*, señor general? No priest has entered the house," answered the first speaker, sharply. He was a tall, handsome officer, upon whom even the shabbiness of a uniform that had seen twenty-one months' fighting sat becomingly. "I think your excellency might have asked the question with less violence to us."

"Ill it sets me to show discourtesy to such loyal gentlemen," Rodil replied, with an added dryness. "And I am glad to learn that no priest has been among you—for I fancied, my Señor Captain Baca, that he might be converting you to the brotherhood. You would half pass for a Father yourself, now that I see"—and in spite of himself the general's voice rose ever so little—"the mustache which was the pride of the company is shorn off since midday."

"Pues—your excellency," stammered the tall captain. "For the heat—and—and—since time hangs heavily on our hands, I shaved for a joke."

"Well-edged is thy humor, captain mine!" The ironic respect had given place to the contemptuous tu. "Ojala we had earlier guessed thy wit, to ease the weariness of the siege. Tell me, boy—is this thy fraile?" The question came like a bullet.

"I know not, excellency," said Vicente, hesitatingly. "Of that size he was, but his face I saw not well."

"But it is his voice!" cried Lina impetuously. "And had he the hood, I would know if it is his face—for the capucho covered him well."

"Little animals!" growled the captain, starting as if to spring at them. But then, commanding himself, he said sullenly: "Until what will your excellency carry this farce? Am I to be burlado by lying brats of the street? With these gentlemen I have passed the time since I came off duty."

"It is true, señor general," declared the others, who had nervously watched their spokesman, the ranking officer among them. "We have all been together since—"

"Alto!" interrupted Rodil sternly. "You must bring me better witnesses than your tongues. For by my faith, I would see this joke of the mustache played through. Sargento, search this captain of the wits."

"For pity, mi general! Shame me not thus!" And the officer fell on his knees.

For answer, Rodil only stretched his lean finger grimly. The sergeant, awkward at disrespectful approach to his superior, laid his hand upon the arm of the risen captain, and in another moment lay sprawling upon the floor. Baca was a young and muscular man; and almost in the same motion with the blow he sprang at the window.

The dumfounded privates had no time to reach him; but Vicente, in a flash of rage, flung himself at his legs, and the tall officer crashed upon the floor. Before he could rise a dozen soldiers were upon him, and Rodil, his slender sword quivering at half-arm, faced the four other officers.

"There is nothing in his pockets, excellency," announced the sergeant.

"Claro! For he who changes his face so soon can as well change his clothing. In his shoes, then."

There was a renewed scuffle; but in a moment a cry of exultation—and the sargento dragged a thin, soiled paper from Baca's stocking.

"Still given to jests, capitan mio—that you walk on the mines which are to blow the rebels up at the next assault. It is a clever diagram, and Salom would have paid thee well for it, I warrant. *Hola!*"

For the door let in four soldiers and their petty officer; and over the arm of the latter hung the long gray-brown habit of a Franciscan friar.

"It was between the mattresses of the

Señor Capitan Baca," announced the sergeant. "And as for these little ones, I am their witness—for to my patrol passed first a tall fraile, and soon came running this womanling after him for her brother, who was very sick."

"And the boy is he to whom I carried a cup of broth—and I found him well-fevered," spoke up one of the soldiers, scared at his own thick voice before the grim general.

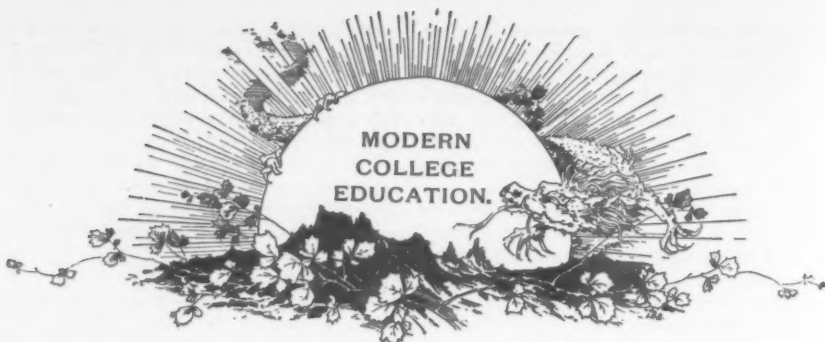
"It is enough," interrupted Rodil. "I give thanks to God that there are patriots yet—and eyes in them, too. These children stay with me. For the Señor Captain Baca and for these gentlemen who 'were with him all the time,'" he continued with grim terseness, "sunrise against the wall of San Felipe. Until then, your heads answer for theirs!"

That is all there is to tell of the habit of the fraile—except that it served for a shroud to the traitor who had masqueraded in it.

But already was the beginning of the end. The desertion of the Comandante Ponce de Leon, who had dropped over the wall and fled to the enemy, gave to the insurgents plans and information of fatal importance. Then Riera, the other comandante, turned traitor too, and delivered to the foe the castle of San Rafael.

Resistance was no longer possible, even to "the second Leonidas." On the 11th of January he entered into correspondence which ended with the honorable and advantageous capitulation of Callao, January 23, 1826. Of the original two thousand eight hundred soldiers only three hundred and seventy-six remained, and a scant seven hundred citizens of all the former thousands. There was little left save glory—but of that so proud a share as was earned by no other man of either side in the war of the Colonial Rebellion. For that matter, history has few pages like the resistance of Spain's last fort in America.

When Rodil, in full uniform, boarded the English frigate "Briton" to sail away to the long years and high honors that awaited him in Spain, he carried with the banners of his favorite regiments a boy and girl who seemed less embarrassed by their fine new dress than by the attention which everywhere greeted "the little orphans of Callao."



DOES IT EDUCATE, IN THE BROADEST AND MOST LIBERAL SENSE OF THE TERM?

VI.

TWO NEW EDUCATIONAL IDEALS.

BY ELISHA BENJAMIN ANDREWS, PRESIDENT BROWN UNIVERSITY.

INTEREST in education is a leading phenomenon of our age: witness this country's educational plant, which has grown to be so colossal. Probably not less than four hundred millions of dollars are now expended annually in the United States for educational purposes. Hundreds of college edifices are palatial, not only in size, but in the elaborate perfection of their appointments. The seats of primary education are no longer the rude huts which housed so many pedagogues, with their flocks, a generation ago. A high school may now possess better apparatus than the wealthiest university in America owned before the Civil War. The intellectual ability of teachers is superior, comparing well with that exhibited by the other learned professions. Professorships and schools of pedagogy have been founded; theories of education have been examined; the psychology of education has been studied; the history of education has been searched; and few methods of training mind have found acceptance in any age or land that are not in vogue somewhere in the United States at present.

But we have not yet attained, educationally, neither are we already perfect. We still need partly to enlarge and partly to amend our educational appliances in order to render our national system of schooling one which shall meet the needs of the American people.

There is in the country an immense population of school and college age totally destitute of opportunities for liberal literary culture. These people live mainly, though by no means wholly, in the South and West. The mass of them are of the best Anglo-Saxon stock, but they comprise not a few extremely intelligent young people of foreign parentage. Many are teachers—young men and women who have been obliged to take up that calling in order to subsist. They are continuing in it without those qualifications which their present labors make necessary, and still more lacking in those which might enable them to rise. Similarly circumstanced are a host who have begun other sorts of professional labor to a great extent unprepared. These hopeful subjects—teachers, physicians, journalists, lawyers and clergymen—would acquire further learning if they had the opportunity. Nor can it be doubted that this vast army contains many individuals who would excel in the higher studies were the means of due instruction within their reach.

It is often said that a young man or woman, however situated, who really wishes a liberal education is sure somehow to attain such even now. This is far from being the case. Under the very shadow of colleges and universities may be found scores of choice youth who long to become students, but for one reason and another cannot attend classes. In lo-

calities remote from the great teaching centers, such cases must be far more numerous. Some candidates are chained by poverty; others by obligations to family or relatives. The incumbent duties, however, frequently require but part of the person's time, leaving the rest free for noble studies, which would be taken up and pursued with avidity if any system of teaching adapted to such cases were within easy reach.

People of school and college age are not the only ones who suffer for want of guidance in the mental path. It is usually thought that unless a college man is to enter a profession, his education must needs stop at graduation. Why should this be so? Many of us, to be sure, find that our life-work absorbs our whole time and strength. We are obliged, soon after we leave college, to remit all special and leisurely book-work. But there must be great multitudes who are not thus pressed and who would continue their intellectual progress if their efforts could somehow be systematized and inspired. Such adults, too, are usually tied to their homes. Whatever study they engage in must be done there. A wise scheme of enlisting in the pursuit of literature, art, philosophy, science and other high studies bright minds situated and inclined as we have indicated must have the effect of immensely enlarging and enriching the intelligence of our people.

It is in response to this need that university extension has arisen. That form of teaching has achieved extremely good results. The same praise is due to the Chautauqua movement. However, the benefits accomplished by these schemes are to a great extent local, and will continue to be so, while innumerable promising pupils, who might be reached by the one or the other, are held back owing to the cost of tuition. Besides, the Chautauqua circles are under particular religious auspices, which may alienate vast numbers whom it is desirable to attract. These excellent undertakings indicate, but hardly more than indicate, the magnitude of the social uplift which education can yet effect when it is duly popularized. What benediction might not be conferred upon future generations of American citizens by the enlarged opportunities above sketched, could they,

from this time on, be offered to every man and woman in the Republic willing to use them? With the offer, when made, should go a general, detailed and persistent effort to awaken attention to it and to secure its acceptance far and wide. The schooling should be provided, and understood to be provided, in the interest of no sect, section or party, but to "widen the skirts of light" and render the kingdom of darkness narrower.

That such a system of popular education, carried on at arm's length, so to speak, would be attended with considerable imperfections, both theoretical and practical, is manifest. Doubtless the best teaching can be done only when master and pupil are face to face; also, the best teaching in the sciences requires laboratory facilities. But these difficulties will not, in thoughtful minds, essentially detract from the dignity or the value of the enterprise. Courses of reading in the various ranges of art, science, philosophy and literature can be carefully prescribed and conscientiously supervised; examinations thereon can be conducted; the merits and defects of work pointed out; promotions instituted and, ultimately, degrees offered. Much scientific experimentation is already possible at home, and a great deal more than is now in use can be devised and introduced. To students in botany, zoölogy and geology, the infinite book lies open everywhere. Meantime every science has its history, and also its descriptive portion, which are set forth in accessible treatises. These can be systematically studied, and examinations held upon their contents.

Many, and the number is increasing, feel that the results of our already established educational work are far from satisfactory. The pleasure of a thoughtful educator nowadays is not wholly unmixed when he recalls that golden age when Dartmouth College, too poor then to be sure of a permanent existence, enriched the world with a Daniel Webster; and when Bowdoin, in equal poverty, from a single class endowed America with Longfellow, Hawthorne, Franklin Pierce and George B. Cheever, a score or more of men almost equally renowned being their college contemporaries in other classes. Somewhat later that galaxy of men, Rutherford B. Hayes, Stanley

Mathews, Edwin M. Stanton, David Davis and H. Winter Davis rendered lustrous little Kenyon College, in Ohio. For some reason such cases of gigantic mental output from colleges no longer occur.

Pupils' minds do not grow as they should under processes of education. Even the amount of facts which the average scholar amasses is very small in proportion to his advantages; and this notwithstanding the circumstance that modern education is to a painful extent nothing but a heaping together of facts. The poverty of thinking power is still more deplorable. Young people end their studies with flabby minds, unable to analyze keenly or to generalize truthfully or far. This comes out clearly when they undertake to write. The bad quality of the written work done by fresh college graduates is notorious. Not to mention commencement orations and theses, usually the most arid and awkward compositions imaginable, young doctors of philosophy, brilliant specialists in their chosen lines, not seldom compose altogether wretchedly. Wry grammar and a shocking choice of words are not their worst faults. It is the higher traits of rhetoric which suffer most. The report, newspaper article, essay, treatise, or whatever the writing is, lacks unity, continuity and progress. The discussion is begun with points that ought to come later. Arguments, if any, are not arrayed, but hopelessly jumbled. The author says what he does not mean; often contradicts himself, and not seldom ends without giving the reader any clear idea of the view which he would like to present. These are the results of general mental confusion. The department of rhetoric is never wholly, and hardly ever mainly, responsible for them. The trouble is that the whole mental training has been defective.

Worst of all, the majority of our students, even at maturity, are distressingly lacking in moral enthusiasm. They unduly prize money, fame and success. They are at peace with the world. Their sense of justice is lax. Great principles and great causes fail to appeal to them strongly. To sum up: they know too little; they think too little, and they care too little about highest things.

That the exceptions to this general statement are many I need not declare. They are very numerous, indeed, and some of them striking. Had we not a few fair fruits to crown our toil, we instructors of youth should find our calling intolerable. For all this, the average outcome of schooling is disappointing; and none recognize this fact more readily or lament it more deeply than teachers themselves.

The evils of ignorance, feeble logic and moral apathy doubtless have their roots in more than one department of educational effort. Primary and secondary schools are not so good as they ought to be; neither are universities. The faults of lower and middle and the faults of highest education deserve careful survey. But as those portions of the subject have already been much reviewed of late, our criticism will bear mainly on collegiate education, or the course by which candidates are expected to attain the bachelor's degree.

Part of the difficulty under which college education suffers is seated in the methods of teaching and part of it in the matter.

Wordsworth, and after him De Quincy, distinguished all literature into two great kinds: the literature of knowledge and the literature of power; books that inform and books that inspire and create. You can fruitfully divide modes of imparting instruction in the same way. There is instruction that merely gives information, and there is instruction that awakens, arouses and sets on fire the pupil—consumes him even, and then recreates him. The one kind conceives the pupil as a receptacle, and its motto is: Fill him up. The other kind conceives him as a living spirit, and its motto is: Build him up. Your ordinary college instructor represents the one kind; Arnold of Rugby, in his best teaching days, the other.

Enthusiasm in teaching is not fashionable any more. What is said and read in the class-room does not take hold of men, life, the soul, history and society as were to be wished. There is in the teaching little to appeal to the sense of conduct, to the sense of duty, in the pupils. Teachers are too few who, through absolute mastery of their departments, are able to

utilize for inspiration the studies upon which they are called to hold forth. The various disciplines inculcated in schools all offer abundant suggestions nutritious to the higher life of man, but a master artist is required to draw out and utilize these. There is not enough of drill in the class-room, especially in the upper classes; not enough of close, resolute grapple between the teacher's and the learner's mind; not enough of the Socratic method of give and take. The crib is laid with food, but little effort is had to impart to the eater voracity or assimilating power. He may eat or he may starve, as he pleases. A great many teachers nowadays utterly repudiate their calling as creators of manhood, and are anxious solely how they may be faithful to the subjects which they expound. They will compass heaven and earth to excogitate a system, compose a book, or prepare a course of lectures, but do nothing toward the infinitely more needful and precious task of building up in character the human beings who face them each day in class.

These ill features of college education are closely connected with those classical studies which, in most of our colleges, still remain the center and pivot of the curriculum. It is not proposed here to enter upon the general question of the merits and demerits, absolute or relative, of classical education. The writer is, however, bound to say that, although he began teaching as an enthusiastic classicist, considering Greek and Latin the education *par excellence*, and all other attainments of little or no worth, long experience and observation in college have persuaded him of certain grave intellectual and moral vices connected with classical training which debaters on this subject mostly overlook.

No one—and it should be observed and emphasized at the outset—no one objects to the fullest possible converse with classical things on the part of pupils who, having gone through college, have entered upon university work proper. The university as distinguished from the college we are not here reviewing. Universities should, of course, so far as they have the resources, teach Latin and Greek, as well as all other matters whatever, useful or ornamental, common or

recondite. The points sought to be made tell only against the classics as material for bachelorship training.

Not a little precious time in college is still spent upon classical prosody. This is downright waste. Such exercises afford a certain drill to the memory, but that is all. Far better effect the same discipline through the mastery of useful matters. Happily, classical instructors are seeing this. Perhaps no college in America any longer requires the grinding out of Latin or Greek verses, and few freshmen are put to the torment of memorizing those mechanical rules which fill the later pages of classical grammar-books. To disuse this portion of so-called learning is a movement in the right direction.

I cannot but regard it a pity that students who pursue the classics in college are forced to spend so much effort upon the sections dealing with mythology. This labor, too, is almost entirely wasted. That branch of literature teaches nothing whatever which we now need to know. In one important particular it is much worse than useless. It cultivates and increases one's inability to think reality. It confronts the mind with mere fancies, images of things which do not exist and never did exist. The antiquarian and the devotee of the science and history of religion may have some use for a book like "Ovid's *Metamorphoses*," but the majority of us have none. On the contrary, we suffer net loss by every moment we devote to such reading.

The value of the information to be derived from the great classical writers is usually not exaggerated. During the period of Greek and Roman history, art, philosophy, administration, law and religion assumed forms which almost promised to be final. The Grecian, Roman and Christian bodies of ideas are, with the exception of the German, the sole storehouses from which the modern world has derived its stock. This being true, many argue that if one would be educated, one cannot proceed more economically than to go straight back to these primeval sources. But does this necessarily follow? I think not. If collegiate education meant the exhaustive understanding of every item of knowledge with which we need to become conversant, research in antiquity

would certainly be necessary, but, while the specialist must make those fundamental attainments, the college student cannot be expected to go so far. It is said that we understand modern literature only by reading the ancient. What is true is that most literary origins lie far back in the past. But practically to understand Chaucer, for instance, to feel the force of him, to get his whole meaning for our life and times, we need not know his debt, through Boccaccio and the old French *fabliaux*, to Roman story-tellers. The continuity of political history is closer than that of literary history, yet one might grasp sufficiently well for all practical purposes the history of England and the United States without knowing that Rome ever existed.

More than this, the effort to apprehend modern things by the aid of ancient, unless carried very far and made perfectly thorough, is worse than useless. It confuses what it seeks to clear up. History does not exactly repeat itself. The modern world is wholly unlike the ancient in every important detail. The Athenian and Roman republics were not prototypes of the republics now in existence. Rome always had its agrarian question, to be sure, and no one would deny that the ancient evolution of that question might, in here and there a point, illuminate modern imbrogljos. Yet, for the ordinary college student, desiring to understand granger laws and Henry George, reading about ancient land quarrels would be as likely to do harm as to do good.

At any rate, men will say the study of classical authors is an invaluable help in acquiring the art of facile and correct writing. With all respect to the weighty authorities who express themselves thus, I must declare otherwise. One's vocabulary is enriched by classical reading, but it is questionable whether a larger and better store of words would not be gathered in a given time by poring over the great English masterpieces. Be this as it may, the study of the classics is a positive obstacle in the way of acquiring an easy, idiomatic and forcible English style. The awkward structure of sentences in both the classic tongues sufficiently explains this. To be reminded that Milton was a consummate Latinist, you have only to read his prose works. True, a

great number of brilliant classical students, though by no means all—write English well. Cardinal Newman was almost an ideal stylist. But so was John Stuart Mill, and Huxley, and Darwin; and so is Herbert Spencer—men whose power as writers originated wholly without assistance from classical studies. And the classicists themselves, such as Newman, if they told us all, would admit that they found their familiarity with old letters in many wise a hindrance to the foundation of a good English style—a hindrance which they had to labor long and arduously to overcome.

Certain moral aspects of classical training are worth reconsideration. That classical history and literature offer much stimulus to noble sentiments is, of course, admitted. We have classical instances of friendship, gratitude, self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, dwelling on which can do youth naught but good.

Says Cicero, in his first paradox, "I ask you whether those who so gloriously founded this republic and left it to us ever desired gold in the way of avarice, or pleasant sights or fine house-furnishings just to delight in them, or feasts simply to be filled? Put before your eyes one after another of our kings. Take Romulus. On what steps, pray, did he mount to heaven? Was it by those which your common herd calls *goods*, or by his exploits and his virtues? Or Numa Pompilius? Think you that the rude clay crocks with which he sacrificed were less grateful to the immortal gods than the engraved ware which moderns use? The other kings I name not, for, except Superbus, they are all alike in this. Ask Brutus why he freed his native land; ask those comrades of his who were of the same mind with him, what they were looking for, what aim they had; and is there one of them of whom we can think as having been moved by pleasure, by riches, or by anything whatever but a great and brave man's sense of duty? What force impelled Mucius to slay Porsena or held Horatius, single-handed, to the bridge, against the enemy's whole army? What was the motive when Decius, the father, or Decius, the son, devoted himself and rushed upon the armed forces of the foe? Of what reward were Fabricius and Curius and the Scipios and Cato

thinking except that what they did was praiseworthy and glorious?"

This is good enough to be taken as the gospel for the day. And so is that sweet prayer of Socrates at the end of Plato's *Phædrus*: "O beloved Pan, and all ye other gods that inhabit in this place, grant that I may become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever external fortunes I do possess may be at peace with those within. May I esteem the wise man rich, and may I possess only such measure of gold as a wise man can at once *bear and use*."

But there is another side to the picture. Large parts of classical literature reek with filth. How many classical authors would one like to have read out in full in unexpurgated editions before a class of young persons? Much of Virgil and Horace that is used in class-rooms, editors and teachers violently misinterpret to make it decent. Ideas of the social and class relationships in classical times were vicious in the extreme. Ancient patriotism itself was a sentiment which no one could now commend without large qualifications. The individual was the slave of the state.

Classical theories of ethics present much that is noble and right, yet certain tendencies of classical ethical doctrine are quite unwholesome. Not a single one of the ancient moral teachers got more than a glimpse of that thought which forms the center of modern ethics of every school—the thought of altruistic obligation. I condemn not so much the epicureanism of seductive writers, like Horace, who are safe only while misunderstood; but rather the much-lauded view of the Platonic school itself. Of all heathen moralists, at any rate till the days when heathen morality began to be touched by Christian, Plato tells the most truth. Yet Plato everywhere identifies virtue with high and far-sighted prudence. It is symmetry of character, the avoidance of moral eccentricity, fair, well-rounded personal development; these phases of it, however, being conceived as almost entirely unrelated to altruism.

It is true that Plato's thought often, and his spirit oftener, soars far above this prudential level, presenting hints worthy of place in the most modern system of ethics; as that virtue and vice must in-

evitably bring each its due guerdon; that might does not make right; that the moral law is eternal in its nature; that this law is cognizable by reason; that it is binding even on God, and that the various virtues reduce in final analysis to one. All this is excellent. You feel in reading that the author is better than his doctrine, groping for a truth high and rich, which influences him, while yet he does not catch or distinctly see it. But when we have searched and have laid bare his essential conception of virtue in man, we find it to be, in principle, the ethics of Hobbes himself. Rigidly egoistic is he still—no benevolence, no altruistic sentiment in his heart. He does not teach merely that virtue will bring me weal—which is most true—but that this is the determining reason why I should be virtuous. Morally ennobling as Platonic study has ever been, therefore, close as the excellent heathen sometimes comes to the best ethical precepts ever set forth, the integrating conception of contemporary ethics does not a single time emerge in Plato. And the lack in Plato's moral philosophy is that of Aristotle's and of Zeno's as well.

In connection with all the above should be remarked that fault of classical culture which has been so emphasized by one set of writers and so earnestly denied by another, namely, its unpractical character, its lack of direct helpfulness to men living to-day. This drawback afflicts nearly every college graduate. Many, to be sure, master it and come to be accomplished in practical business. The address displayed by such is often ascribed to their classical schooling. It exists, rather, in spite of this, as the result of natural versatility, or as a knack acquired outside of college. I confess to considerable sympathy with business men like Mr. Andrew Carnegie in their criticism of old-fashioned collegiate training as, in its direct and immediate influence, unfitting rather than fitting men for affairs. All whetting of the mind is certainly worth something for any and every use of the mind; so that the "business" view on this point is usually extreme. Yet it has its relative justification, and educators must not ridicule it any longer. Only do not let business men or anybody, from the too little value of liberal education

hitherto, conclude that no sort of liberal education could have value.

The inevitable *gaucherie* of youth who have dwelt too long on what is old and far away is wont to be accompanied by sickening pedantry. Able to scan Homer and to work out pages of Titus Livy with the aid of a lexicon, the young man thinks himself wise. He expects obeisance from all. Serviceable information or manual dexterity of any sort, as well as persons interested in either, he scorns. He deems none educated who have not traveled over his highway. The original aristocratic idea of a liberal education, viz., one suited to a gentleman of leisure and denied to him who must work for a living, still clings to the classically bred prig, and he looks down with disdain upon such as are ignorant of the ancient tongues, though they may infinitely excel him both in ability and in wealth of mental stores. The prig aforesaid, if not a *misanthrope*, is no philanthropist, and probably lacks all moral enthusiasm of every sort.

Our strictures upon classical studies in college would have less weight were it not that these subjects crowd from the curriculum numerous others which would be, at least, equally suitable for college drill and incomparably more valuable later. This consideration deserves the most serious thought. The common opinion seems to be that, to be useful in disciplining the mind, matter for study must be useless for the purposes of life. There could be no greater error. Studies like social, political, physical and biological science, and modern literature and history, all of which are vitally important for intelligent men and women who must live and act their parts to-day, are precisely the ones best calculated to enlarge, cultivate and strengthen the intellect.

But it is high time to turn from criticism to construction. The engineer who points out flaws in an old structure should hold himself ready to make drawings for a better. If the standard curriculum is not good, what shall we put in its place?

The substitute must not be a school of technology, but a seminary for liberal training. The aim is not to change. Early specializing is to be avoided. It is too common. What we need is scholars, well-rounded thinkers, men of broad and

generous mental sympathies. Precisely wherein lies the difference between the technical and the liberal in education? It is mainly one of purpose. Technical study primarily regards the objects of knowledge, the mastery of certain facts, processes and methods, with the purpose of utilizing the same in some art or craft; whereas liberal learning has ever in view the subject of knowledge, the choice, roundabout furnishing of a human mind. Mental gymnastic development is the great thing for which we are planning, though the masterful grasp of some special department of fact is an indispensable instrumentality thereto.

Proper reform of the college course requires some modification in the earlier stages of education. Owing to the insufficient remuneration of teachers in our lower schools and to the too slight honor paid the profession by Americans, the teaching in most of our lower schools is very poor compared with the corresponding service in Germany and France. Much that the pupil should begin at twelve or fourteen we postpone until his sharpest observational power is gone forever. Often his condition is worse than this. He has contracted habits of inattention which no amount of effort at a later time can overcome. Our methods in language are nearly as bad. Youths of seventeen should, and easily could, were they only taught with due system and ability, know as much Latin and Greek (or of some substitute for these) as now, besides having a first-rate reading and speaking knowledge of Spanish, French and German. In place of Greek and Latin we would substitute ethics, United States history, botany, descriptive astronomy, physical geography, and the elements of physics and chemistry. Without losing, nay, even gaining in mental maturity and power, pupils would be ready for college two full years earlier than now, which is a great desideratum.

The new college curriculum must not be amorphous. There is a distinction of better and worse between branches of study in reference to their fitness to be pursued in college. Further, among those matters which are suitable to be taught, there are some which should of right receive the pupil's attention earlier than others. First ought to come the disci-

plines calculated to build up the power for steady, methodical and long-sustained mental exertion. Next, filling in the middle half or two-thirds of the course, you may well crowd in, for election by different pupils, according to their preferences, all the natural sciences, mathematics, phases of history, sociology, philosophy and literature for which teachers are at hand. And last, crowning, unifying and vivifying all, should come a good deal of specially hard drill in the science of mind. Some such arrangement of studies as this, articulate without rigidity, compelling effort and repelling gross idiosyncrasy, while nursing individuality, will be found educative far beyond either a metallic curriculum on the one hand or mere *laissez faire* intellectual browsing on the other.

To be thorough, collegiate education must give a large play to the principle of election in studies. A cast-iron curriculum enforces superficiality, rushing pupils from subject to subject without allowing time to master any. But the course must be an elective system, not an elective chaos. Let each student's subjects be naturally allied, so as each to aid the others in aiding the mind. Again, election works mischief if accorded to pupils before they are intellectually of age. Certain studies highly helpful to our mental build are to most pupils irksome. They include mathematics, logic, and the elements of philosophy. Without going the length of the pedagogical theorists who speak continually of a "rounded" education, the writer is forced to believe that the branches just mentioned will be greatly missed in any man's mental life unless made familiar early. But those most certain to need them are the most certain to neglect them if permitted. We must not, even in the conservative way spoken of, turn our pupils adrift too soon.

The elective system of studies—system, mark the word—has the great advantage of unity. One subject is before the mind all the time—not a narrow subject, of course, at least it should not be; a generic one, rather, yet *one*, with its different sides and phases so connected that each will aid to grasp the others. This is a measureless help.

But it is not the only help, and perhaps

not the greatest. With it works the principle of enthusiasm. This arises not merely from the joy natural to the mind that is let go in its own track, to the boy permitted to skip what he hates, and bidden to take up what he relishes; but from the joy of knowledge itself, of attainments, of mastery. The bright pupil, given free rein in an elective system, choosing as his main subject chemistry or physics, biology or history, soon comes to know something, not to guess at it, not to have been told it, not to have read it out of a book, but actually to know it. Inexpressible delight attends such an achievement. He who has once tasted joy of that sort will never lack for intellectual spur.

To work out in detail such a reform curriculum would be too technical a business for this place. The main innovations in it would be as follows:

I. Unprecedented emphasis upon thoroughness, logic and system in all the studies pursued. Very much greater attention than now should be given to students' compositions, not so much to better them rhetorically, in the usual sense, but to render them more satisfactory logically, in the elements of unity, continuity and progress of thought. To this end it would be necessary for a competent master to sit down with each pupil over each composition presented and point out its errors one by one with care. After this the work should be rewritten by its author and criticised again. Every instructor, without distinction of departments, should be charged not only to make his own work a model in logical particulars, but to insist on the same in all written work submitted to him. This practice was followed by Edward Caird with his philosophy classes while he was professor in Glasgow University, and it largely accounts for the number of brilliant thinkers who then issued from his charge.

II. Unprecedented emphasis upon moral character and conduct. There should be a continuous training in ethical matters, not confined to a single miserable term, which is only better than nothing, but running through the entire course. Ethical teaching should be more scientific, based at every point on theory, and carefully and pungently applied to all the capital moral problems of life. Pupils should

be introduced to the most inspiring ethical literature, the best dialogues of Plato and the meditations of Marc Aurelius, with many a fine essay from Seneca, Cicero, Epictetus, Philo Judæus, Kant and Fichte. The simple reading of these noble books under an enthusiastic master would effect wonders.

This inspiration would be reinforced by the influence of the curriculum. True scientific study is rich in moral promptings. Instance the love of right for right's sake, the idea of simple truth, irrespective of consequences, which has come in to being almost solely from the inculcation of exact science. This is a result for which those who love righteousness should be grateful to the positive philosophy. In this respect, the positivists have, without thinking of it, become powerful ethical teachers. They have insisted, as had never been done before, upon the importance of laying aside prejudice and interest and getting at simple, unalloyed fact. There has been called into existence thus a new, distinct and most beautiful form of the love for truth. This noble phase of virtue is emphasized and nourished to-day in every scientific laboratory and class-room throughout the world. It has come to possess even theology, and will yet revolutionize that science. It has gone over into the study of the past and founded the science of historical investigation. Many false but time-honored judgments touching the men and things of former times are changing in consequence of the truer historical apprehension engendered from this cause. It results that national and ecclesiastical animosities are becoming less intense, opening the way for larger peace and good-will among men.

III. Biology in the largest sense in place of Latin and Greek. Biology is an immense subject, including botany, zoölogy and the entire range of social science, viz., political economy, political history and the science of society and of government. No studies are more disciplinary than these and none can be more useful.

Few are aware how humanity suffers for lack of fuller biological knowledge. Bacteriology is perhaps just now the most important study in which the mind of man can engage. Armies of human beings die yearly, and other armies ceaselessly suffer indescribable pain, in consequence of this ignorance. Competent experimenters find but few pupils ready or able to experiment fruitfully in this field. The whole structure and spirit of liberal education avails to turn pupils' minds in other directions. The college course outlined above, being generally adopted, would entirely change this. As many brilliant college graduates would then be ready for advanced experimentation, calculated to save life and health and promote happiness, as now go forth to become proficient classical teachers.

Society suffers hardly less from its ignorance of its own structure and laws. Many are to-day in despair, thinking that a rational life in common on the part of the children of men is impossible. Such pessimism is unreasonable. We have as yet hardly begun to study society. College teaching has in effect dissuaded from this. Saving change will come when the collegiate system throws its influence in the direction of these useful investigations, as it now does, or till recently has done, in favor of acquaintance with the dead past.



## FOUR SWEETHEARTS AND A WIFE.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

MY first sweetheart was a little girl, whose face I can perfectly recall now, after twenty years. I can see, as if it were yesterday, the lovely baby-curves of her cheeks, and those heavenly blue eyes, as she turned her pink sunbonnet towards me, walking home from school—the yellow curls that peeped from under the frill at the back. About a million faces—roughly estimated—have passed across the camera of my mind and sight since then—passed, and been forgotten for the most part, but I still recall her's; aye, and the luscious taste of the blackberries in the wood near her father's house, like our plays and talks, lingers fresh and sweet in the immortal part of me. I always carried her books to school. I was the cock of the walk there, and fought my way up to this honor steadily for two years. For Annie McLean was the prettiest and dearest little thing on the girls' side, and other boys wanted her for a sweetheart, too, and were likewise ambitious to escort her home and call for her every day. I had a tough time of it with Bill Palmer on Annie's account. He was a bigger boy than I, and got me down one day in our lane and bit a piece out of my ear that made of me a marked man for life, if not a man of mark. But Annie was looking on, and was on my side, and I drubbed him well and left him sitting ruefully on the bank, mopping a bloody nose with a docke leaf as I walked off with the lady. I met him the other day, and we talked that fight over and laughed until the waiters at our club stared as if the champagne had been too much for us; and old Stokes, our social policeman, looked as if he were inditing in his mind a letter to the governing committee, representing our conduct as scandalous in the extreme. Bill told me that she had married Fred Finch, a boy we had both despised, and that she now weighed two hundred and was the mother of seven.

My second narrow escape was an attack that came one spring just as I was going into long trousers and puppyhood. It was very severe, and in point of our ages a case of Fotheringay. My charmer was twenty-seven, if she was a day, and I was barely seventeen. My taste in women

has always been good. I think I may say that much for myself without vanity. My own mother and sisters were accounted very charming women, and my aunt a notable one. I had, too, a bevy of cousins who were all thoroughly nice girls, if consumedly ugly; and my "taste" may be said to have been a cultivated one. Number two, then, was a very accomplished woman. As to dress, she was one of Worth's women; and among women that counts more than to be a woman of worth. Even among men—we need not deny it—the girl who is bien chaussée, bien gantée, and gets her gowns from Paris, is the girl who has the partners and gets the bouquets and has a good time. I don't say that she marries well. Oftener than not she marries badly. Men have more sense than they are credited with when it comes to matrimony.

She had been educated abroad by the most expensive masters. She spoke four languages; she fenced beautifully; she rode and danced well; she sang without much voice, but with any amount of "method." She was good, clever, witty, amiable, and, like Dick Steele, I found her "a liberal education." She turned her cheek throughout the whole affair—I kissed it—indeed I kissed the hem of her garment. "*Il jà toujours un qui tend la jone, et un qui boise.*" I believe she used to speak of me to her friends as "a nice boy who adored her." And adore her I did—fervently, distractedly—ridiculously, some people would say, I suppose.

I would sit by her in mute rapture for hours while she talked of life in St. Petersburg, the Czar, the court, the secret police, the Nihilists, the peasants—or of her experiences in an Italian convent, at Vienna, in Cairo, in Madrid. Her mother had died in her childhood, and her father having been accredited to three European courts, she had seen and known more of society in those countries than many women of forty belonging to them, while still a young girl. A certain amount of clean dirt had adhered to her, as to all girls who receive a continental education. But I am bound to say that she was by nature and temperament pure-hearted and

good. Some of her stories sounded a little queer to my American ears. She sometimes talked of things that no American woman even mentions in the dead of the night, behind closed doors, to a man other than her husband. But it was as if a bird had flitted over a mud-puddle and lighted on a rose. I have since known a great many village-bred girls of the strictest sect who were not half as sweet and innocent.

Well, I haunted the house; I spent all my allowance on Madeleine. I fetched and carried for her like a water-spaniel; and how I enjoyed our walks and talks and boatings! And how madly jealous I was of every man who approached her! And how I dressed to look twenty-five! And how my timid and retiring mustache did weigh upon my mind, to be sure! And how I longed to propose and dared not. Are not all these written very clearly in that "Him-book" which she used to show me, consisting entirely of photographs of the men who had admired her—"with whom she had been great friends."

We were at the opera in New York one night, and I was supporting as well as I could, with the aid of all my personal dignity and that of my entire family (colonial), my first evening canonicals, when Madeleine laid a hand on my arm gently, and made of me a beet endimanché in one second—one huge burning blush of enraptured delight.

"Well," she said, "you and I have been such friends, I can't keep it from you any longer, though I don't mean to announce it for six months—I am engaged to be married to this gentleman coming toward us. Aren't you glad for me? I am so happy."

I bounded out of my seat as if it was stuffed with scorpions. I felt one of the keen stabs (dagger-thrusts we think them, until we know trouble indeed, and real anguish of spirit), which only youth, warm, generous, unsuspicious, can ever know. I looked in the direction indicated, and surrendered my seat to a handsome, nice fellow, well-known in society, and went home and tore off tragically the well-cut waistcoat that I had donned with such pleasure, and fell on the bed and pounded my pillow, and wept great, hot, honest, foolish tears, and thought I had

shaken hands with happiness forever, like the ass that I was. So ended episode the second.

I still think Madeleine was an enchantress, a siren, and that she liked me immensely. I am now grateful for it. She might have doubled my joys. She would certainly have quintupled my expenses, for she was as lavish as Ceres. But, on the whole, I am thankful that she was not the woman to take advantage of youthful folly. I went to her wedding as pale as ashes, no doubt, for a friend of mine chaffed me into a rage about her afterward, and acted as a very valuable counter-irritant indeed, little as he suspected it. Her husband bought her a château in France (not Spain), adored and indulged her to the end, which, sad to say, only means for one brief year.

My third, as the acrostics say, I met in a very curious way. In our set of men there was a fellow called Morris, who was the vainest man that ever strutted on the stage of this mundane sphere. He was knock-kneed, he stooped, he was near-sighted, he had nose enough for the club, but he fully believed himself to be an Adonis—and fatal to everything in petticoats that he met from sixteen to sixty.

How such an impression ever became a rooted conviction in his mind, heaven only knows. Perhaps his fond female relatives implanted it. Perhaps it was fostered by his tutor, who knew on which side his bread was buttered; by the servants, by other parasites and henchmen. Perhaps some mischievous girl had something to do with it. At all events he was the laughing stock of the club. And the brightest man in it, Weldon, of New Orleans, undertook to cure him of posing as a cruncher of young women's bones.

I have nothing to say about the manner of doing it except that I detest all practical jokes. The way of it was this. Weldon began a correspondence with Morris under the name of Kate Coventry. He represented himself as utterly enslaved by Morris—captivated completely. Morris' replies he read to his intimates, and I must say that for fatuous conceit and imbecile credulity they were unsurpassed.

The thing went on for three months, and then Weldon asked a lot of us up to his rooms one afternoon "for a rich treat." He had handsome quarters on Fifth ave-

nue, and the day being warm, I remember that when we sauntered in one by one we were not sorry to find everything iced that Tripp (his man) could find or invent. Tripp was a nonpareil, I may remark en passant. Over our cigars Weldon, with sparkling eyes, explained the situation. He had written Morris that "a close and unsuspected study of his character had revealed that union of mental and moral qualities which your correspondent has long vainly sought, and regards as indispensable in any man aspiring to be her husband." He added that Kate Coventry had yielded to his repeated and earnest requests for at least a glimpse of her, and had told him that if he would pass down Fifth avenue opposite such a number that she would push open her window and wave her handkerchief to him. Long before the hour appointed, we fellows, choking with laughter, beheld Morris, arrayed to kill—not wound—his charmer, walking with his own lordly strut backward and forward opposite, affecting to look in windows and up at the sky, but really craning his neck to see the author of all those dulcet-sweet missives for months past.

The purple tie and yellow kids upon which Kate Coventry had insisted he carefully adjusted and smoothed, whereupon Harry Oaks, from Maryland, tied his handkerchief to the shutter and let it flutter in the breeze. The result, as shown in Morris' expressions and behavior, his steppings and prancings and mincings and conquering-hero attitude generally, doubled us all up completely. And it was while we were in this state that Weldon threw back the shutter, waved his handkerchief, and disclosed the group to poor Morris. One look only did he give us, and then fled, aghast and furious; nor has he ever forgiven one of us for what he held to be a deadly affront, or so much as spoken to us since.

As Morris rushed away he tumbled over a young girl immediately behind him, and knocked her purse out of her hand; and seeing that she was still looking for it when I went down, I stopped and helped her in the search. I do not claim much credit for this action on the score of gallantry.

Oaks offered his services at once, with the easy devotion of the Southern man to

every wearer of the petticoat. All the other men were envying us and hanging around waiting for a chance to chip in, too. For she was a beauty—"a raving, tearing beauty," Oaks called her. Her purse found, as one man the five of us lifted our hats and stared at and after her until she was out of sight.

"Should you say that she was a lady?" said Weldon.

"Well—er—um—hardly," said Parker in his most critical style—Parker is critical or nothing.

"A lady! She is a *divinity*," cried Oaks. "Beauty is its own patent of nobility. When a woman is *that* lovely, she passes everywhere, like a twenty-dollar gold piece."

I agreed with him. One of the lady's parting Parthian arrows was still sticking in my back, and I was not surprised to find that my views coincided so warmly with his. I hate ugly women, and what eyes! What a backward glance that was—modest, deprecating, grateful and sweet; my eye, and Tommy Martin—how I hated the thought that I should never see her again! But in this I was mistaken—for I changed my lodgings the week following, and who should open the door of the modest house where I had engaged board but the divinity! I dragged off my hat. I have no doubt that I blushed purple, and she cast down her eyes and said: "My mother is out—your room is quite ready. We dine at seven and ring two bells!" The jade pretended not to remember me; but she knew me perfectly. Women are such humbugs. But then, as Mrs. Poyser said, "They are made to match the men."

I had engaged board from an elderly, fusty lady in bombazine, who proved to be the beauty's mother. I did not catch her name, but when I got the chance that day I asked the young girl (who was dispensing spring chicken and green peas at dinner—such a vision of loveliness, that I replied, "Yes, sausage if you please," in my confusion) what I must call her, and you can imagine my astonishment when, with an enchanting blush, she said, "Kate Coventry, sir."

"What!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean it!" and then had to apologize for the "by jove!" that followed it, seeing that the lady looked both surprised

and offended. This is a queer world, and nowhere do things happen more strangely. Had Weldon been deceiving me when he said that he had taken the name of one of Whyte Melville's heroines for his bogus correspondence? I soon found out that he had told me the truth.

Lovely she was. She seemed to me to get prettier and prettier every day of that long, hot, dull summer. My women-folk all went abroad that year. They always make a bolt for Europe on the slightest possible pretext. One year it is for health, another for study, a third for change, a fourth because they are in mourning, a fifth that they may enjoy all the things that they "missed while in black."

It was a case of flirtation, pure and simple, at first—attention without intention. My work as a lawyer done, it was pleasant to go home and find my room in excellent order, my slippers at hand, my student-lamp filled, my bath ready, my cock-tail brewed and iced—as like as not fresh flowers about, or a new magazine. No man is ever looked after properly at a boarding-house unless he is unmarried and attentive to the daughter or daughters of the house. It was pleasant to have a beautiful girl in a white gown, or a blue gown, or a pink gown, with roses in her belt and kindness expressing itself in all she said and did, to welcome me and make much of me.

Bit by bit my aristocratic training and prejudices crumbled under the soft influence of a pair of wonderful dark eyes. I took her to the Park. I took her for drives. I positively went to church with her. I wouldn't have Morris, Weldon & Co. know it for a good deal, but I actually took that girl to the Eden Musée and the Chamber of Horrors!

I am afraid "my little English rose," as I used fondly to call her in my spoony fits, was not a lady. Her verbs and nouns did not always agree. She dropped an occasional *h*—Mrs. Coventry being a "Cockney of purest ray serene;" a perfect type of the London lodging-house keeper transferred to New York by "usband," of whom I heard enough to know that as a father-in-law he would have been intolerable.

Kate's hands showed the rough labor exacted by her mother, who kept no other

"slavey." In mind, in manner, in heart, she was just a good, gentle little girl, who obtained such an influence over a man of the world that I was ready to renounce society and all its standards, prejudices, advantages and entertainments forever, and incur the utmost wrath, scorn and contempt of the entire Van Duysen-Mivington connection—yes, settle down into matrimony and a third-class boarding-house for life contentedly, if fatuously, when, as my family put it, I was "rescued from such a fate" by the death of my uncle Joseph.

I was sitting on the sofa with Kate when that telegram came; and she was looking so distractingly lovely in a sort of sea-foam gown, with a tea-rose in her hair, that I wanted, and proposed to her, to cut off a curtain-ring, send for a minister, and marry her then and there! But the yellow envelope had to be opened, and I released Kate's hand and took it. The boy had to be dismissed, and to that dispatch I had to reply: "Be in Paris on the tenth."

My uncle Joseph belonged to that large class of American patriots who get or make all their money in America and spend it in Europe. He belonged to so many learned societies, he had so many valuable pictures, he had bought or hired so many houses, not to speak of his yacht, opera-box, servants, carriages—there were, in short, so many things unwillingly left me, as his heir, that no shroud could hold that, do what I would to master the tiresome technicalities of the French law, it took two years of hard work to let the world know that my uncle was dead, and to take possession of his property. If I had been Abelard I should, of course, have given up all this for Kate; but I was Horace Mivington, and I thought the little thing loved me and would wait. But I was mistaken; she wouldn't. She was far too sensible.

"Mamma says you have gone back to your family, and I know you don't belong to such as us, except for a time. And John Horton, our grocer, in a good way of business, has arst me in marriage, all honorable and above-board, which we've been owing him an awful bill this two years. And it is all settled for March. And it is all for the best, seeing we couldn't ever have suited really. And

this goes to you wishing that every blessing from my 'eart, sir, and hoping to see you some day in Brooklyn, where John has bought a house for me, and everything convenient and handsome"—was what I read on a bench in the Place de la Concorde one day. It was in this way that the real Kate Coventry wrote. And two years in Paris with his mother and sisters does knock that kind of thing out of any fellow. I was only half sorry. I had thought a great deal about her, and had written to her and sent presents.

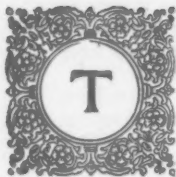
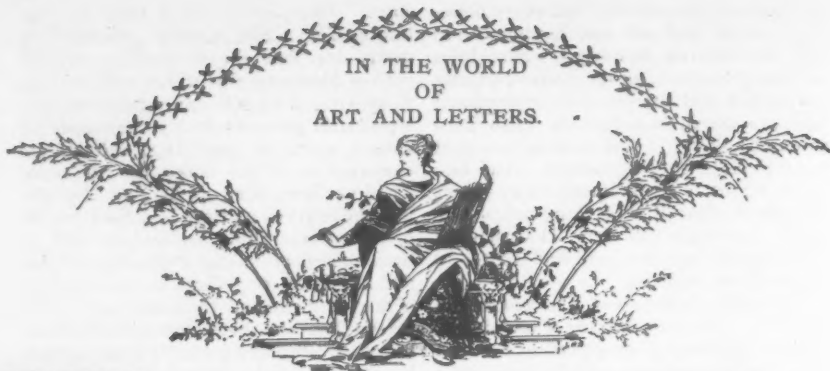
I had often heard about that grocer and his bill. And there seemed a certain fitness in securing your grocer before you advertise for boarders; and it was giving hostages for good butter in a way that could not but meet my approval as an ex-habitué of the house. Nevertheless I never expect to have a sweetheart one fiftieth part as pretty as Kate. I am not, in fact, entitled to think of such luxuries at all now, for I am an old married man. And this was the way that I came to know the fourth possessor of my temporary affections. Among my sister's friends in Paris was a Spanish heiress, whom I met everywhere—Lucia La Casa by name. Strange to say, she was a blonde—stranger still, cold and reserved, and not in the least like the typical Spanish girl of romance. She had green eyes—"opos verdes" are greatly admired in Spain. She had pride enough for a Bourbon princess. Her father was, I believe, a wealthy contractor. She was extremely clever, in her own way, though she hated a book and never was guilty of a bon-mot.

I don't remember—I really can't say how that girl got her hook through my nose. But she did it as she did everything—most effectively. I think she appealed to a vanity wounded by Kate's defection, as I was pleased to consider it in my more selfish moods. I know that she obtained a sort of ascendancy over me, of which I cannot now think without a disgust for myself, which is certainly as wholesome as it is disagreeable. She was nothing that I admired or respected in women, yet she ruled me for five years with a rod of iron and made me crawl on all-fours, who had greatly prided myself on my manliness—she was deceitful, she lied magnificently, she did not care a fig about me, and I knew it; yet I was her

slave. There never was a more terrible infatuation. She always promised to marry me, but she eventually ran off with a Montenegrin prince, and left me wondering at myself and execrating her—poorer in purse by many thousands of dollars spent in gambling, and almost bankrupt in all that makes the true man. I had not been blind to the fact that she had the heart of a grisette—I disapproved of almost everything she said and did. I threw overboard all my Puritan principles and American prejudices in consequence of her influence all the same, and I felt utterly lost and distracted without her—regretted her as no perfectly good woman is ever regretted, behaved like a boor to the relatives and friends who tried to be kind to me, and finally broke away from them all and returned to America "a perfect wreck," my friends said. I lived the life of a hermit for five years more, or rather that of a business pendulum. From my office to my lodgings, from my lodgings to my office, did I vibrate with the regularity of a clock, and eschewed all society, male and female. But at the end of that time, a young cousin of mine came down to New York from Maine and began with cheerful courage supporting herself and her invalid mother by teaching music. I met her at my mother's, where she dined every Sunday. She was and is as good as gold, and as cheerful as the sun. She is the personification of energy, unselfishness, truthfulness, conscientiousness. She laughed me out of my blues. She bullied me out of my solitary habits and false ideas. She encouraged me into recovering my ideals. She heartened me so in six months that I did not know myself, and took to going to dinners and parties where she was, so we met of course. She picked my pocket for her poor—she made me read for her "News-boy's Refuge" every Monday night and become a manager for her "Widows' Home." She loved me, finally, a thousand times better than the best man could have deserved, and—Heaven be praised!—married me and brought peace and order and comfort and happiness to me by way of a portion.

Sweethearts, good or bad, pretty or ugly, amount to very little, after all, in a man's life, when once he has married the right woman, as I have done.

IN THE WORLD  
OF  
ART AND LETTERS.



**THE Month in England.**—"To see ourselves as others see

us" is usually supposed to be synonymous with humiliated surprise. But the picture of "The English Stage," drawn by M. Augustin Filon, leaves one with a complacent surprise. The Victorian stage is taken seriously by our amiable critic, whose bright anecdotal treatment of it, biographically and critically, has yielded an enjoyable book. He analyses the causes why our drama *has been* behind the times into (1) the timidity resulting from excessive severity of manners; (2) the dramatist's lack of opportunity for the study of social life; (3) the Shakespeare cult that stifled originality; (4) the open treasury of French plays. These causes have disappeared or dwindled, and now he thinks our drama, especially as influenced by Ibsen, is on the right path; for Ibsen, he contends, is "not a foreigner to England," but akin by blood to our northerly race. In fact, says M. Filon boldly, he has given Englishmen the kind of drama, more or less, that Shakespeare, were he living now, would have given them. (By the way, let me here protest against—not a book, but—the title of a book by Sir Edward Russell and another hand, "Ibsen on His Merits," a title unworthy and provincial.) M. Filon having left the English drama "on the right path," it is rather amusing to find Mr. Henry Arthur Jones—in the interesting introduction he has supplied to the English translation of the book—complaining that there is no longer any drama at all to be seen on the path. His wail seems to have been contemporaneous with that which I contributed to these pages on the disappearance of the British drama—a sad fact, which he explains by one of his wonted tirades against British morality. For the hundredth time we hear it is "wax-doll morality." However, so rapid is the whirligig of time that, before his introduction was published, the British drama was back on the path again. At any rate, both Jones and Pinero were once more represented on the stage. But at the moment of writing the path is empty again. And where the wax-dolls come in I do not understand. If both "The Physician," of Jones, and "The Princess and the Butterfly," of Pinero, have had comparatively brief runs, it is not because of the ceraceous quality of our morality, but because of the inferior quality of the plays.

Both have admirable points, but as wholes they do not grip. "The Physician" (brilliantly played by Mr. Charles Wyndham) suffers from "the malady of the century"—agnostic pessimism—but Mr. Jones ought not to have complicated it with ordinary love-sickness, still less made the sufferer himself the great healer of nerve complaints. The person he is called upon to cure being a dipsomaniac, who is also the great temperance leader, there is too artificial—I had almost said



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wax-doll—a symmetry of structure. But there is prettiness, as well as earnest teaching, in the idyl by which the Physician is himself healed by "white muslin." Mr. Pinero's comedy is an idyl of middle age, inartistically interwoven with social satire. The first act catches the cosmopolitan note of modern society life as I have never yet heard it on "the English stage," and fortifies me in the hope that Pinero will yet give us the comedy of our generation. Miss Fay Davis, an American, made the hit of the piece, but Miss Julia Neilson also showed that she is not merely suited for "wax-dolls."

There is a suggestion of "wax-doll morality" about "The Life and Letters of Jowett," a close, celibate, university atmosphere, amid which moves the figure of "The Master," not very alive. Theology was the chief interest of his life, as it is of these serried pages. He was a great pedagogue, who preferred to influence the aristocracy because, his biographers plead, so much power over the world lay in their hands. His otherwise caustic personality may live through tradition and a few sayings, but it will not live through this professorial biography. Pedagogics is also the theme of a very bright and sensible book called "Some Observations of a Foster Parent," dealing with many sides of the great education

problem, and the Tommy and the school-aristocracy needs Jowett is demonstrated by accept her pictures—cessful novel, "The and not entirely unto lurid imagination tion. Massarene, the of all the bad qualities of the day. We know vulgar, and another society and a third a incautiously to accept failings of all and the sarene has avenged nary Duchess by mak—"Once he wiped his of her gown. 'A a nice door-mat,' he you squeal, my pretty, wipe 'em with your



I say, with the French, "oui-da—yes, indeed." But Ouida's horrors are reasonable and natural compared to those with which the latest school of fiction is exhilarating us. I opened the new book of Robert Hichens—"Flames"—with grateful reminiscences of his clever realistic pictures of Cairo (which I had just verified), but found myself in for the most improper allegory I had ever read. It is a tale of incarnations. The souls of saints and scoundrels play at cross-purposes and get into each other's bodies, and one poor soul, not finding an empty body to get into, has to wander about as a tongue of flame. The story has both weirdness and power, but would hardly be chosen as a prize volume by our aforesaid Foster Parent. I looked at Marie Corelli's "Ziska." Again, "the problem of a wicked soul!" Again, incarnations and impossibilities. Ziska is a fiend, a "scientific" phantasm, who only exists to murder Gervais, the great French painter, because in the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, when he was Araxes, a famous warrior, and she was Ziska-Charnazel, the dancer, he murdered her. I took up "Dracula" by Bram Stoker, Sir Henry Irving's genial manager. This time it is Vampires. There is a whole nest of them—beautiful blood-sucking ladies in a castle in Transylvania, to say nothing of Count Dracula himself, the Napoleon of Vampires. I turned over the pages of "The Martians," to discover that the people of that

eternal duel between master. How badly etts to influence them Ouida—if we are to in her new and suc-Massarenes." Clever true, it yet owes more than to sober observamillionaire, is compact of all the millionaires that one millionaire is anxious to get into swindler, so we are apt as true a type with the virtues of none. Mas-himself on a merceing her his mistress. dusty boots on the hem duchess's frock makes said with relish. 'Don't or damn me if I don't hair next.'" To which

planet occasionally inhabit *us* for a change and make us do things. Some ill-advised American publishers have sent me of their novels, though my function is only to report on English ones. Still I opened Miss Dawson's "An Itinerant House" (William Doxey, San Francisco). Now, it is a haunted house that moves about the world. And the other stories are all equally uncanny. I turned to Verner Z. Reed's "Lo-To-Kah" and "Tales of the Sun-Land" (Continental Publishing Company), thinking to breathe fresh air with the noble red man. Alas! theosophy had crept into the wigwam of the Sioux, and astral bodies into the Apaches. There are superbestial serpents in caverns of corpses. Surely this craving for the abnormal is an unhealthy sign of the times. I take the taste of all this out of my mouth by re-reading for the twentieth time bits of Stephen Phillips' beautiful poem "Christ in Hades," a rare example of the legitimate and classic use of the supernatural. Christ appears among the ancient ghosts, but says never a word throughout. The author not only thus avoids Milton's dilemma, but the Divine silence produces a more powerful impression on the reader than any speech. "Hast thou not brought," the legendary shadows ask the strange, sorrowful visitant,

"Even a blossom with the noise of rain,  
And smell of earth about it, that we all  
Might gather round and whisper over it?  
At one wet blossom all the dead would feel."

But *did* Antiquity feel Nature so passionately? This question, with many other aspects of ancient life, is discussed in the enjoyable work on "Rome and Pompeii," by Gaston Boissier, of the French Academy (translated by D. Havelock Fisher). The section on "The Catacombs" is especially illuminating, and corrects many ideas as to the early days of Christianity, and I have learnt almost more about Pompeii than from my actual visit to the exhumed "provincial town." But as to whether the ancients loved the country, the author decides that they did love *calm* scenery. Did not even the poor Romans annoy the rich dwellers in suburban villas by making holiday excursions into the outskirts of Rome and dancing "each with his female other," as Ovid says, for all the world like our own 'Arry and 'Arrriet?

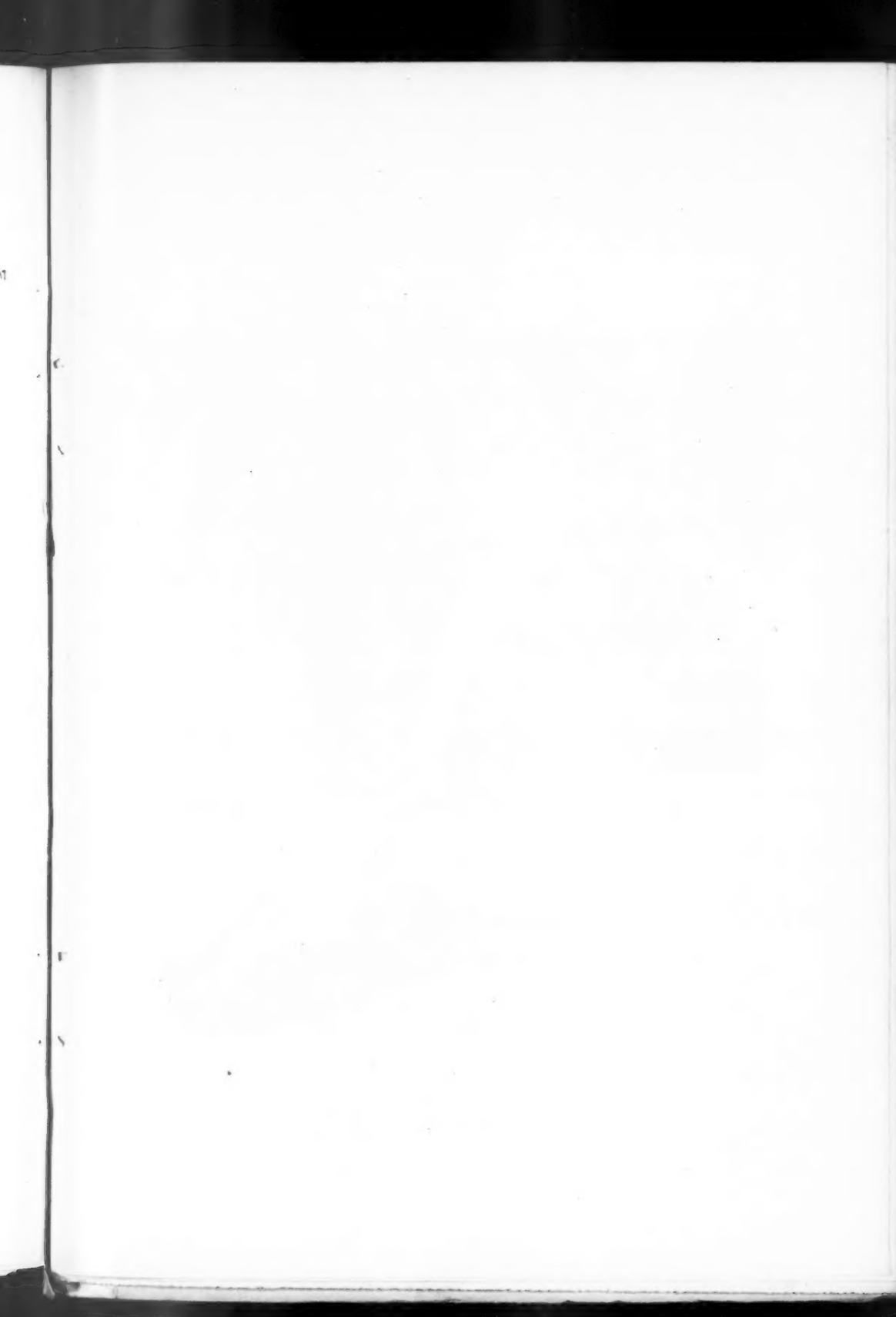
I. ZANGWILL.



ANOTHER RE-INCARNATION.



**THE** Cosmopolitan University Plan has aroused wide interest, not only as to its scope, but as to the class of people who will take advantage of it. A careful investigation of personal requirements, among a considerable number of people of widely differing occupations in life, gives excellent promise of usefulness. Not only will it serve the purpose of those who are just entering upon life and whose advantages have been limited, but it seems likely to be of service to the most intellectual classes—the minister of the gospel, the doctor, the teacher, the man in public life or the engineer. Nearly every one, who desires to grow mentally, has some special topic upon which he or she wishes to educate him or herself, but, regarding which, special information and the direction of expert professors is required before the course of study can be followed intelligently. Many persons put off, from year to year, carrying out intentions looking to additional culture, because they do not know just where to obtain the requisite directions. The Cosmopolitan University makes all this simple, and places it within the power of any one to begin work with the least possible effort.





Drawn by  
R. West Chisardist.

"A SUDDEN FURY GAVE HER STRENGTH."

(See page 935.)